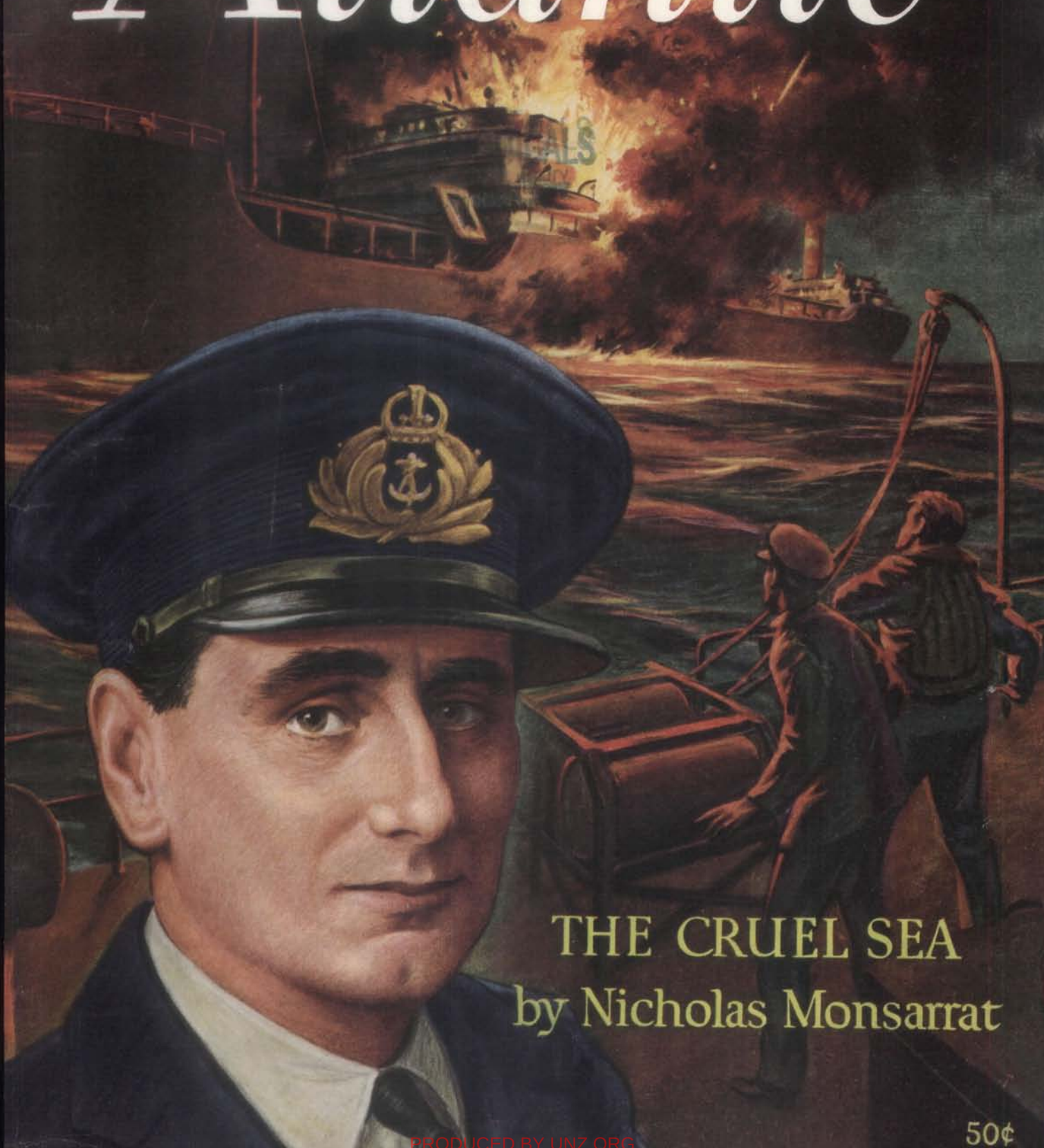


AUGUST 1951

THE *Atlantic*



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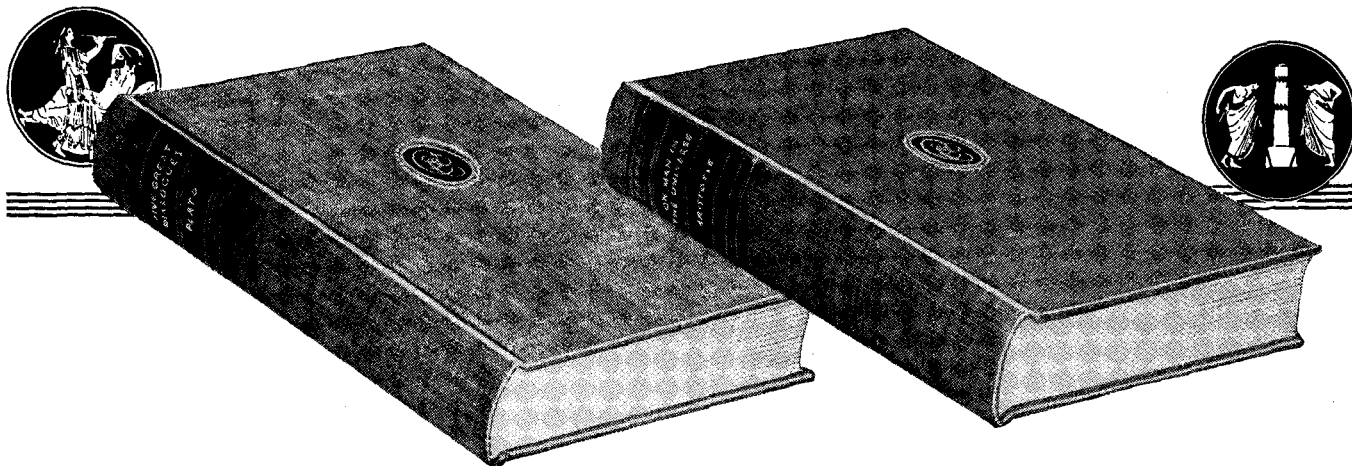
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Middle East

IT WOULD be a mistake to appraise Iran's nationalization dispute primarily in terms of oil. What is basically at stake is the security of the entire Middle East. The danger now, both for Iran and for the West, is that the militant nationalism which has been aroused by the argument over oil in Iran may go beyond the point where the weak and uncertain leadership of the Iranian government can control it.

Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, in his negotiations with representatives of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, faced a dilemma not unlike those faced by leaders in the Arab countries, particularly in Egypt, when the momentum of a hypernationalistic campaign carries it far beyond rational ends. And throughout the negotiations with company officials he must have been aware that his slightest move to recognize discouraging facts in the situation would be labeled appeasement.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he could not openly acknowledge that his country has neither the means nor the technical competence to operate such a vast and complex industry, whose worldwide distributing and marketing systems (including its indispensable tanker fleet) are not subject to expropriation and therefore not available to Iran. The irony of Dr. Mossadegh's situation is that he has thus rapidly become the prisoner of the xenophobia which he has preached and fostered.

The possibility that Iran might become the next Soviet satellite caused the United States government to feel, as Mr. Truman put it, "the strongest anxiety." That anxiety stemmed from the fact that it appeared doubtful that Dr. Mossadegh's government could survive the dispute. Therefore it was

in the hope of arresting a rapidly deteriorating situation that Mr. Truman expressed officially in June his support of Iran's right to nationalize its oil and urged moderation and negotiation upon both sides.

Iran's right to independence

This move, like that of Secretary of State Byrnes in 1946 in backing Iran's right to plead the Azerbaijan case before the United Nations Security Council, is in line with consistent American support of Iran's neutral independence. To this end American policy has been to bolster Iran's defenses with military aid and advice, and to encourage post-war reconstruction efforts, in the hope of creating there, as elsewhere, a situation of strength on the perimeter of the U.S.S.R.

In all of these efforts the dilemma for the United States representatives has been how to build on the foundations of an established order which is both weak and corrupt. In the present emergency there has been no choice but to back up such leadership as exists.

If Iran's oil industry is seriously dislocated, the result will be unemployment, financial difficulties which will mean that the army and civil servants will not be paid, and political chaos. It is this prospect which is alarming. It also suggests that no acceptable or lasting solution can be founded on mere legalistic, economic, or possibly even logical grounds; but that what must come is an imaginative scheme of partnership, firmly backed by the conviction that Iran has a right to run her own affairs.

The essence of such a partnership would be that Iran should be regarded as an equal; that her oil

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The Atlantic Report *on the Middle East*



industry should no longer exist as an alien entity within the country. Given such recognition, it is possible to hope that Iran would rise to the challenge, as India has risen to that offered by British statesmanship after the war.

Meantime it would appear that regardless of the outcome of the oil dispute, Iran's repudiation of the Anglo-Iranian concession cannot fail to deter at least the private business activities abroad envisioned by the Point Four program. For it cannot be expected hereafter that much needed capital for foreign investment will be freely forthcoming to develop resources and to create skills in backward countries if the governments of those countries repudiate the agreements they have made. Thus Iran's drastic action may at best have jeopardized not only her own chances of attracting further capital, but those of her neighbors as well.

American aid without strings

The continuing uneasiness of relations between the Western powers and the Arab states has been indicated recently by critical Arab comments on the proposed American Mutual Aid Program for the Middle East. The \$50 million proposed as a United States contribution toward resettlement of Arab refugees was interpreted immediately by the Arab press as a further effort to relieve Israel of the need to carry out the 1948 United Nations resolution on Arab repatriation and compensation. The \$25 million suggested for economic aid to Arab countries was compared with the equal amount proposed for Israel to prove that the United States' concern for the welfare of one million Israelis equaled its interest in forty million Arabs.

Syria has rejected any United States Point Four aid — partly on the grounds that it would commit her politically, and partly for internal political reasons. Acceptance of United States Point Four aid in the rest of the Arab states has been hedged by stipulations that it must be given without political strings and that it cannot, above all, be tied to peace with Israel. However, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Jordan, and Lebanon have all signed agreements for technical assistance and begun to carry out long-cherished economic and agricultural improvements. Of these the most promising appears to be the development of the Litani River along the lines envisioned by a former Lebanese director of public works, Dr. Abdel-Ali, and endorsed by the Clapp Report of 1950.

Point Four funds will greatly expand the facilities of the American University of Beirut to train stu-

dents from all Arab states in agriculture, engineering, preventive medicine, and public administration. This expansion of the missionary enterprise at Beirut indicates the practical lines along which the U.S. Point Four directors expect to produce results with relatively small appropriations.

From the American point of view the success of such efforts as these in Lebanon, and that of the Near East Foundation (now receiving a Point Four subsidy) in Iran and Syria, will accomplish the purpose for which the entire program has been established — namely, the improvement of living conditions and economy in these countries.

The hostility of the refugees

The appointment of an American, John B. Blandford, Jr., as the successor to Major General Howard Kennedy of Canada as head of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, and the United States government's projected plan for greatly stepping up a resettlement program for the refugees, signify increased determination in Washington to remove the most immediate hazard to peace and stability in the Arab countries.

Assistant Secretary McGhee's visit to these countries appears to have convinced him that the inflammable situation among the refugees has not been exaggerated by field reports and that it is made to order for Soviet propaganda.

Thus it cannot have escaped Mr. McGhee's attention that the Partisans of Peace in Lebanon have taken up the cause of the refugees and are loudly demanding their repatriation to Palestine — a solution now no longer regarded as possible, even among most of the refugees themselves. Nor did it take his escape from the bombing of the Damascus legation to demonstrate that hatred and contempt for the United States prevail throughout much of the Arab world.

The problem is to remove the immediate cause of this hostility by accepting greater responsibility for refugees who, rightly or wrongly, attribute their misery to American support of Israel. This is the background for the pleas which will be made from now on for appropriations for Arab refugee aid.

Syria's boundary dispute

To understand the intensity of feeling which the Syrian-Israeli border dispute has aroused, it is necessary to go back into Syrian history. Aside from Syria's discontent over the imposition of the mandates after World War I, there has been chronic

dissatisfaction over the arbitrary boundary line established in 1923 between Syria and Palestine, which gave Palestine territory and water rights in the Huleh region east of the Jordan. To Syria the river should have marked the boundary. With this still in mind, Syrian forces were withdrawn from the Huleh area after the fighting in 1948 only on the understanding that it would remain a demilitarized zone. In this incident, as in larger issues, Israeli arguments based on reason and economic advantage for all run counter to the Arab belief that any relaxation of the political and economic boycott against Israel will mean its further expansion.

The incident has only heightened Arab intransigence toward Israel and increased the determination to guard against further invasion. Thus at the Arab League meetings in May differences between the Arab governments were glossed over to reach agreement on continued support for Syria, tightening of the boycott against Israel, and further coordination of defense among member states. The collective security pact initialed some months ago was ratified in every country except Jordan. In Damascus, staff talks among military chiefs of all participating countries resulted in unanimous agreement on improving Arab defenses.

The Arabs turn to Turkey

The heightened Arab obsession with Israel has almost overshadowed any real concern that these countries may feel at the increasing threat of Soviet thrusts via Iran. The recent visits to Turkey of King Abdullah of Jordan and of Azzam Pasha, Secretary General of the Arab League, were significant indications, however, that strategic considerations are not being entirely ignored.

It is symptomatic of the deterioration of relations between the Arabs and the Western powers that the former should turn again to Turkey for support against external threats. In this connection it is of interest to note that Dr. Charles Malik, Lebanese Minister to Washington, has been advocating closer ties between the Arabs and Turkey and suggesting at the same time that unless the Arabs are willing to fight again, if necessary, for their independence, they may lose it.



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South Africa

AFTER two years of austerity the Union of South Africa is breathing more easily, in spite of the high cost of living. This year the new gold fields in the Orange Free State actually will produce some gold and South Africa will have her first taste of the annual 50 million pounds (at the pre-devaluation figure) which Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, South African industrialist, predicts will come, eventually, from this field. This year, too, the price of gold in the "free" market is higher, so the Union will be able to buy more in return for her principal export. There were times in 1948 and 1949 when it was feared that South Africa's industrial revolution might be slowed down for lack of capital with which to expand; but by tightening her belt through import control, by borrowing, and by devaluing her currency along with Great Britain, she weathered the abrupt drop in capital inflow. So once more the thin, dry air of the high veld has the tang of prosperity.

Dr. H. J. van Eck, Managing Director of the Industrial Development Corporation of South Africa, describes the expansion of the past twenty years as South Africa's industrial revolution. From 1927 to 1946 the amount of new registered capital rose from 13 million pounds to 186 million; and by his reckoning, during the past ten years alone the Union's real production increased by approximately 60 per cent.

The glamour of gold surrounds South Africa, and without her fabulously rich mines the country could not have paid for her industrial raw materials from abroad. But, as elsewhere, it is coal which makes the wheels go round and the Union has tremendous reserves, easily accessible in very wide seams. Coal production in 1950 was 50 per cent more than in 1940, reflecting the industrial development which has taken place. South African plants turn out shoes, textiles, clothing, glass, cement, iron, steel, electrical equipment, canned fruit, to name but a few items the Union makes for her own consumption and for export.

Wanted: skilled immigrants

In spite of the country's progress and potential, South Africans have been leaving the Union more

rapidly than immigrants arrive, and Cabinet ministers scour Western Europe for the skilled labor so desperately needed. It is estimated that 25,000 skilled immigrants must be found within the next three years, 4000 of them immediately.

Oddly enough, this situation exists only two years after the Government put an end to the scheme for assisting immigrants, initiated by the previous Government under the late General Smuts. During the two years the scheme operated, prospective settlers flowed into the Union at the rate of about 35,000 a year, which is in marked contrast to the 10,518 who came in the first ten months of 1950, when 12,404 left, most of them for the Rhodesias. Southern Rhodesia has taken 36,000 South Africans in the past five years.

When the first all-Afrikaner Nationalist Government came into office in 1948 it immediately put an end to state aid for immigrants, reasoning that there were signs of unemployment in some industries, that the housing shortage was acute, that undesirables had entered the country. Machinery for rigid screening of prospective immigrants on a financial, health, and security basis was set up because, as the Minister of Interior put it, "Only the best is good enough for South Africa."

At the same time, the naturalization laws were tightened and the former two-year residence qualification in favor of those from the British Isles was upped to five years, the same as for all other nationalities. It may be significant that of the 2200 granted naturalization certificates in the latter half of 1949, 90 per cent were German — one of the predominant national strains in what is called, today, the Afrikaner nation.

United Party followers charged that the Nationalists' attitude toward immigration illustrates their desire to dominate and, if possible, destroy the very identity of English-speaking South Africans. Similarly, when the Smuts Government threw open the doors of South Africa, the Nationalists accused it of trying to swamp the Afrikaner population, on the assumption that most of the immigrants were British and would strengthen the United Party.

Although both parties agree that the European population needs strengthening in relation to non-Europeans, who outnumber them about four to one, each section of the European population charges the other with trying to swamp it. "Whatever the immigration policy, it arouses resentment in one section or the other." The upshot of the situation is that this new country of expanding industrial horizons attracts money and industry, yet is short of skilled labor.

Cheap, unskilled labor is the backbone of South African industry and there was a time when the supply seemed inexhaustible. Yet today the mines, the farmers, and industry complain of a labor shortage — a situation which many thoughtful South Africans attribute to the wasteful use of the available labor force. Cheap, unskilled labor in the long run is costly. This very serious handicap to the Union's industrial progress may be paving the way for acceptance of some change in the country's traditional labor policy.

Signs of the change were voiced by the leader of the Opposition, J. G. N. Strauss. He recently announced that his party favors a labor pattern designed to raise the productive capacity of non-Europeans in industry, and therefore their value as consumers, which in turn would lift European workers into higher income groups.

Challenge to the color bar

In a country where even the job of waiter on the railways is reserved for white men, it would be political suicide for any South African political leader to advocate removal of the color bar in industry. Yet, in effect, Mr. Strauss seems to approve lifting the natives to the ranks of semi-skilled or even skilled labor, while the white worker advances ahead of him into higher technical skills and management. Such a proposal is revolutionary. If it cannot be called a challenge to remove the color bar entirely, it is certainly aimed toward raising the level at which the bar is applied.

Even the Nationalist Government has been pressed by the serious housing shortage among urban natives to the point of allowing native carpenters, instead of European, to build native houses. If this can happen, it seems not impossible that a shortage of skilled labor which threatens the

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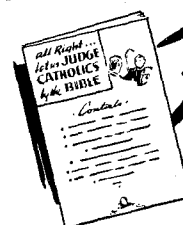
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The Atlantic Report *on South Africa*



expansion on which South Africa's future depends may arouse the country to the need of getting the most out of its labor force, whatever its color.

To date, the effect of the Nationalist policy of separateness seems to have resulted in increasing race tension. Actually, of course, the races have not been separated, except in such matters as fixing separate entrances to a railway station or separate coaches on suburban trains, and removing Colored voters from the common roll. The slow wheels of the Group Areas Act by which everyone is to be labeled by race and then assigned to the living and business areas of his race are just beginning to turn. It takes time to count and label people and then move them hither and yon.

Meantime, South Africa must produce more, attract more capital for more industries with which to raise her standard of living, find more skilled men to run even the existing industries; and finally, she has yet to create South Africans.

No melting pot

At present, the trend is toward Afrikanerizing the population. The Afrikaner nation began in 1657 with nine free Dutch burghers in Cape Town, who by 1688 had become six hundred. In that year and the next, two or three hundred Huguenots arrived and in time were absorbed by the Dutch. When the British first took the Cape in 1795, a century and a half after the Dutch East India Company set up its vegetable patch to revictual eastbound ships, the population density of the Cape was about one to ten square miles, or roughly 21,500 people. In 1820 five thousand British immigrants were brought out and settled on the eastern frontier as a buffer against marauding native tribes.

The Boer population increased by birth and by absorbing assimilable elements such as the Germans. Beginning in 1836 ten thousand Boers left the Cape on the Great Trek for the unknown north and there, eventually, they founded the Boer Republics. There, too, the frontier of loneliness, great spaces, and hostile natives put its imprint on the Dutchman and molded him into an Afrikaner. Today the Union's population is roughly 60 per cent Afrikaans and 40 per cent English-speaking.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the Nationalist Afrikaner is that he believes himself without a home other than South Africa, while assuming that his English-speaking fellow citizen has a home to which he may return in Great Britain. Not that the English-speaking South African of

the second, third, or fourth generation agrees. The Union is his only home. Unlike an American who recognizes the Americanism of his fellow citizens, whether their forebears arrived in 1663, 1820, or 1900, the Nationalist Afrikaner feels himself the only true South African. His is not a melting-pot philosophy in which people as different as Dutchmen and Britishers might be blended. He sees no safe future for South Africa unless the European population is Afrikanerized, made in his image.

Rift between British and Boer

Although his country is an independent, sovereign state, it is part of the British Commonwealth, and the Nationalist Afrikaner resents that tie to which English-speaking South Africans are loyal. He cannot accept it as Australians, Canadians, or New Zealanders do. He is "different." His aim is a republic with the Afrikaner stamp, either with or without the dissolution of the Commonwealth tie, as may suit South Africa.

Directly and indirectly pressure is being exerted toward that end. The most startling step has been the passage of an act to put Cape Coloreds on a separate voters roll which, in effect, seems to have torn up the Union's constitution. The "will of the people" is now the law of the land and many South Africans fear further changes may be as easily negotiated. For on its second reading this act embodying the constitutional change was passed by a Parliamentary majority of seven; by a minority government, at that. In recent speeches Prime Minister Malan has predicted the dissolution of the Commonwealth and of the United Nations.

The widening of the old British-Boer rift naturally weakens the structure of a society already taut with race tension. Whether or not English-speaking South Africans will resist the changes is the question. The Briton has a genius for compromise, allied to the guilt complex he carried out of the Anglo-Boer war. Yet there are signs that English-speaking South Africans are aroused against intransigent Afrikaners, who so far have made the demands and won their points without, in turn, making concessions.

The choice of the future lies between the economic liberalism of the industrialist, to which a vast expansion in South Africa could be geared, and a future whittled to the composition of the present population and rigidly regulated to the purposes of the Nationalist Afrikaner. Dynamic economic, national, and racial forces are pulling South Africa in both directions.

Washington

THE grand inquest on the Far East is useful only in so far as it provides lessons for the future. General Wedemeyer offered some objective counsel on a national policy. He wants the Administration to set up a planning group in the National Security Council composed of distinguished citizens in all walks of life. The purpose would be to show the way to capture and retain the initiative in world leadership.

Such an idea had already been canvassed. Many organizations have been concerned to "potentize" the National Security Council. Here, under the President's chairmanship, particular points of view by civilian and military leaders are reconciled. The trouble is that the members have little time for global thinking. They are all in posts of high administrative consequence, the duties of which take up a full day.

To take one example: Secretary Acheson. No man in the Capital is more burdened with the detail of administration. This is partly because he is less of an executive and political leader than an administrator. But mainly it is because he is ill served on the deputy level. He has nobody under him who can step into his shoes whenever the occasion warrants. Hull had his Welles, Stimson his Cotton; but there is nobody anywhere near comparable to these men under Acheson.

If General MacArthur had talked about the lack of organization in our government, he would have struck pay dirt. In his own field there is evidence of the waste of time and the mountain of red tape lying between the evolution of new weapons and their employment. This has been noticeable in Korea.

One of the new weapons to be used in the last war was the proximity fuse. It is said to have won the Battle of the Bulge. You don't get any such impression in the memoirs of any of the military leaders; nevertheless the fact remains. What was done after the war to train men and officers in the use of the proximity fuse is little known. But the indoctrination can have been only sketchy. It is doubtful, indeed, whether MacArthur, who is a soldier of an era that is rapidly passing, knew any-

thing about the proximity fuse. At any rate, the fuse, though sent to Korea in the early days of the operation, lay around the dumps and was not a factor in our firepower until General Ridgway took command.

By common consent the 8th Army is one of the finest military instruments that the United States has ever had. They were highly indignant — down to the lowest level — over the Almond and Walker split command which allowed the Chinese Communists their golden opportunity. The tide turned before Ridgway arrived. The reason lay partly in the fact that the Reds outran their lines of communication, but mainly in our soldiers themselves. The men never lost their fighting spirit, and showed their mettle by hitting back when they appeared about to be cast into the sea. General Ridgway, when he saw the material he had to work with, told Washington to stop all the inquiries about evacuating Korea.

The high cost of mutual aid

The budget for the mutual security program for fiscal 1952 is \$8.5 billions. The sum set aside for military assistance shows the kind of world we are living in. Military aid will take up \$6.3 billions, with economic aid \$2.2 billions. All but \$1 billion of the military aid will go to Europe, and three quarters of the economic aid — showing the Administration's preoccupation with our partners in Europe.

However, virtually all parts of the world are due for some American bounty. In what one writer calls the "moribund" state of the Truman Administration, the program is bound to run into difficulty, but there is no dispute over the need for American largess. The argument is over the amount and the distribution.

There is a sweetener in the program for the Formosa-obsessed Republicans, but how much goes to Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold cannot be determined in the Administration's print. Asia would get \$555 millions in military and \$375 millions in economic aid. It is a safe bet that in both respects Formosa will head the list of recipients. For Secretary Acheson is hurriedly making up for his aloof-



The Atlantic Report on Washington



ness toward Formosa. In the last budget, to be sure, he agreed to a handout for Formosa, but only as the price of getting something for Korea.

Before Acheson, Secretary Marshall, who came from China determined not to give Chiang a nickel until he had reorganized his government, similarly had to bow to Republican pressure as the price of getting ECA through. No accounting was asked then either; and Formosa is the only recipient which can get money out of Uncle Sam without having to show what is done with the money.

How much Chiang's regime has received is variously estimated. The investigation into the China lobby will be of value if it gives the country a figure, together with some idea of disbursements. The suspicion is that a lot of the money came back from investment in lobbying for more money and in propaganda in behalf of Chiang Kai-shek.

The Chinese have developed a technique for combining influence with purchasing. Instead of buying goods from big suppliers through a central organization, the Taipeh government is spreading its business direct, and, in return for relatively inflated prices, is able to cash in on good will.

The China lobby

Hitherto the State Department has been either too pusillanimous or too ignorant to provide any data on the pressure group for China. Perhaps the department deserves the benefit of the doubt that the files are sparse and unrewarding. Certainly the Treasury has more information. However, the Treasury, as it happens, is as reticent as the State Department, and with much less reason. Why has the Treasury hitherto dragged its feet?

The China lobby was the great nourisher of McCarthyism, the deadly enemy of the Administration, let alone decent government. Yet the feeling exists that the China lobby has many a shield in the government agencies. The President has now ordered all government agencies to go through their files for data on the China lobby, and Senator Brien McMahon may be counted upon to put the screws on Administration officials who try to cover up.

The man from Connecticut has shown an energy and a quality of leadership which have landed him among the most influential of the Senators. He was the outstanding interrogator of General MacArthur. But his chief service, in company with Senators Morse, Sparkman, and Kefauver, was to put some fight into Secretary Acheson. Acheson, who spent

thirty-eight hours on the stand, was extremely cautious, and it was only the above-named Senators' questioning that put any punch at all into his testimony. The pledge from the White House on the China lobby came from this questioning. The questions were much against Acheson's grain, but the senatorial pressure was relentless, and the President could not avoid making a pledge to cooperate.

The China lobby is not an organization, and it is difficult to pin it down to names. But the influence of pressurists is all-pervasive, and those Senators who are needling the Administration know by actual experience what they are looking for. Some of them have been "approached." But such activities are covert, and little is known about them beyond the publication of sundry contributions to senatorial campaigns.

Military policy-makers

During the MacArthur hearings, Secretary Marshall made a blunder when he virtually denied any hand in the drafting of the instructions which he carried to China as Special Ambassador in 1945. It was left to Secretary Acheson, by agreement with Secretary Marshall, to put the record right. At the same time Acheson reaffirmed the Marshall statement that the United States would block, by veto if necessary, any effort to seat Red China in the United Nations. He swore, with a straight face, that the Administration had never contemplated any such recognition of Red China.

Secretary Marshall confessed that the idea of dismissing General MacArthur had never been discussed with the civilian secretaries of the armed services. This revelation escaped most of the commentators, yet it is significant of current trends. The utmost confusion seems to prevail in Congress over the respective roles of military and civilian in our government. The confusion would have appalled the founding fathers.

To those with any sense of history, it is highly uncomfortable to hear and to see military men asked questions on policy-making which are strictly within the civilian province. Even General Wedemeyer's excursion sounded a trifle odd. Perhaps we are becoming accustomed to military men expressing themselves on such matters because of the failure of the civilians to assert themselves.

Secretary Marshall is, of course, in a civilian role, but his habit of mind and sense of organization are military, and that is why it never occurred

to him to consult the civilian secretaries of the armed services in the matter of the MacArthur dismissal. The failure gave point to General MacArthur's protest that his dismissal came as a surprise. Army Secretary Pace at the time was visiting MacArthur, and no sign had come from him that the General was on the skids.

The farmers and Point Four

In spite of the President's leadership, the Administration seems to regard Point Four as a stepchild. Few officials have had either the imagination or the understanding to appreciate what the President was driving at. Yet Mr. Truman had a noble concept. Point Four was nothing less than an effort to find means divorced from imperialistic exploitation of shoring up the independence and improving the living standard of the underdeveloped areas.

The idea was to introduce American know-how at the village level in enabling less fortunate people to do better what they are already doing. This has nothing to do with the provision of big works for development. Yet most officials looked at the project as an opportunity for big-scale investment. They seem intent upon absorbing and in the process destroying Point Four.

However, there have been attracted to Washington many persons who believe in the President's objective. These men have profited from the new seeds and new plants, such as the soybean, brought to our farms by the explorers of the Department of Agriculture. They have profited from the bounty brought to American agriculture by one wave after another of immigration. Among the immigrants were the Mennonites, who came to this country with Turkey-red seed for wheat culture. That seed has helped to create the wealth of Western America. So the farmers think of Point Four as reciprocity. They seized the President's initiative as a chance to export American know-how.

The man who has this idea firmly in mind is Dr. Henry G. Bennett, former President of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical (land-grant) College. He is director of the Technical Coöperation Administration which is located in the State Department. Point Four in Dr.

Bennett's view is a county agent program. He has sent out missions to many underdeveloped areas.

The administrator in Iran, a Mormon from Utah, was in Washington this spring and talked to all and sundry of the demonstration projects he had initiated in the villages of Iran. India has four of Dr. Bennett's lieutenants. One returned for consultation recently, and brought an old wooden plow that has been traditionally used by the Indians, together with an iron head for it that TCA is introducing. The speeding up of plowing by this device is amazing.

New gadgets to attach to old implements are not the only innovations. New seed, fertilizers — these are what they are trying to introduce. The demonstration is the thing. Here, perhaps, is the new frontier of our pioneers, but the activity needs to be recognized officially as an opportunity which will pay dividends in good will and stability.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is that the Administration has gained ground as the result of the MacArthur hearings. This is indicated by two factors. McCarthy has been encouraged to revert to his last summer's name-calling, so as to divert attention from the hearings, and General MacArthur has taken to the political stump.

What is the General's future? It looks from here that, in spite of his initial repudiation of party interest, he is intent upon gunning for Truman. This may go on till the conventions. The feeling is that he will appear at the Republican convention in, first, a self-abnegating role, and, secondly, as the stalking horse for Senator Taft. That would be a double service to the old guard.

General Eisenhower remains the most popular candidate of the people for the nomination of both parties. If General MacArthur were to turn up at the GOP convention, and declared that no general should ever allow his name to be put before a convention, he might be able to blunt any call for Eisenhower. Only in that way could he prepare the way for Taft. But the MacArthur-Taft play will meet with many obstacles from such progressive Republicans as Duff, Warren, and Dewey.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

I Personally —

SIR:

In "Mob Justice and Television" (June *Atlantic*) Thurman Arnold concludes that, because some hearings become hippodromes when televised, no hearings at all should be televised. Such a conclusion is nonsense. The remedy is to require the presiding officer to enforce traditional, existing standards of comfort and fairness for witnesses, rather than to deprive all of us of matters of legitimate public interest. The prospect of a publicity-hungry Senator becoming chairman of an investigating committee whose sessions are televised is as alarming to me as it is to Judge Arnold, but the solution is not to lock up the television cameras. It is, rather, for the Senate to require the members of its committees to behave.

DAVID M. SOLINGER
New York City

SIR:

"Mob Justice and Television" echoed my convictions. But I object to Mr. Arnold's insistent use of the "housewife" among the 20 million listeners as the ogress of the piece. Mr. Arnold is a gentleman who distinguishes well between black and white and also notes subtle shadings of gray. Let him, however, learn to apply some of his tolerance to housewives.

I am married to a housewife who objected to the Kefauver hearings for the same reasons that Mr. Arnold does. I am acquainted with other housewives who hold similar opinions.

On the other hand, some of my colleagues (males) at the office were so entranced by the TV spectacle that

they spoke about nothing else for a week. When I mildly indicated a few of the dangers, they told me to peddle my papers down the block.

LAWRENCE GREENBERG
Long Beach, N.Y.

SIR:

After a careful reading of Lovell Thompson's scholarly article, "Progress and Decline" (June *Atlantic*), limned against the dark background etched by Adams, Spengler, and Toynbee, I recalled the incident of the little boy whistling in the dark to boost his courage, and the redoubtable Mrs. Partington with her broom attempting to sweep back the encroaching tide. The evidence of history, ancient and current, seems overwhelming. Unless the dire Communist threat to dominate the world is somehow stifled, the end of an era appears in sight, thanks to atomic — and perhaps hydrogen — bombs. Mr. Thompson may not be accused of sheer wishful thinking, but my conclusion is that few readers will affix to the article "Q.E.D."

LABAN LACY RICE
Ware Neck, Va.

SIR:

When something of extraordinary beauty is suddenly met with, like a perfect moon emerging suddenly from clouds, then one should make one's appreciation and spontaneous emotion articulate, so that others can perhaps share it also. That is how I feel about Dorothy Thompson's "Sinclair Lewis: A Postscript" (June *Atlantic*).

Deservedly famous are her political insights, as what she calls a "progressive conservative" and as one of the

very first to warn America against the menace of Hitlerism in the 1930s and of Stalinism after World War II. Less widely known perhaps, her psychological and human insights are equally impressive, as her piece in the June *Atlantic* reveals. Its aching, smiling, gentle, and powerful humanity makes it a memorable literary and human document.

PETER VIERECK
South Hadley, Mass.

SIR:

As a reservist recalled to active duty with the "flying Navy," I diligently read "The Balance of Military Power" (Anonymous, June *Atlantic*). I take exception to the statement that the B-36 is "the only bomber known to exist which is capable of two-way operation between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R." The Navy long ago announced that its carrier air arm is capable of delivering the A-bomb. Carrier operations presuppose the return of all strike missions except for combat losses.

The advantages of the fast carrier task force to make a high-speed run in and attack our potential enemy are as great today as they were in World War II when such action brought devastation and chaos to Japan even before use of the bomb.

Sentimentally, we who today actively man a carrier and who number in excess of 3000, hailing from every nook and corner of the United States, like to think of ourselves as being an integral part of the nation though we are cruising the seas thousands of miles from our homeland.

J. A. MULLIGAN, JR., Lt. (jg), USNR
FPO, New York, N.Y.

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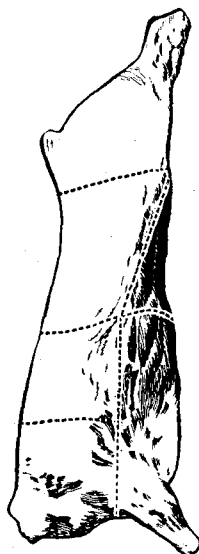
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Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1950.

Naturally, in these inflationary times, many people are wondering about livestock and meat prices.

The chart above answers a lot of questions about these prices during times when the law of supply and demand is in effect and full-scale competition is hard at work.

It shows that the packer sold beef for less than he paid for the animal on the hoof. This is true most of the time.

The reason, of course, is efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—by-products such as hides for leather, pituitary glands for insulin, and many, many others.

This is one of the reasons why meat normally moves from farmer to packer to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



Editor of the Atlantic from 1908 to 1938, ELLERY SEDGWICK built his policy on the belief that an editor should be his own legman. From his annual trips to England and his visits to France, South America, Japan, Italy, and Spain, he returned with personal impressions and manuscripts which enlivened the Atlantic. Despite the handicap of arthritis, he is still an ardent traveler, as will be seen from the enjoyable essay which follows.

GREECE FROM A WHEEL CHAIR

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

WHEN, in the eighteenth century, the "European Tour" first became fashionable, travelers were wont to bathe the wonders they had seen in what they called "reflections of the philosophic mind." It is still pleasant to be a philosopher in one's own thinking, and any old grad with scraps of education in his head can follow the sententious wisdom of his forefathers. So as one walks the neoclassic streets of Athens and sees, above the dreary perspectives about him, rise the legendary Pnyx and the Acropolis shimmering in russet gold, one wonders how long the pulpits will preach their idle doctrine of the comfortable spiral of human progress. "Onward and upward" seems to give place to "Down we go." There, right before one's eyes, is physical proof, obfuscating theory. Two thousand years ago, beauty, intellect, the noble curiosity of life, reached their zenith. There, in front of you, is the authentic picture of history. Twenty centuries have followed a descending path, now pitching into deep valleys, now rising over uplands, but ever further from the height.

It is on one of those uplands that Greece rests now, and an American can feel just pride that his country has put her shoulder to the wheel at the last difficult rise. Whatever our motive, we are building ruggedly and well. Tools to work with, American buses, trucks from Detroit, cars innumerable, with the blessed ECA emblazoned on them, are all evidence that a thorough job is in progress.

Hope is born again, new building is going on everywhere — building in a bad tradition, it is true; but then it is borne in on us Americans that the functionalism of modern architecture has made beauty unnecessary — and a trifle vulgar.

In the modern world, democracy turns on words. Remember our kindly feelings for Chinese communists when American reformers described them in luminous terms as "liberals" or "agricultural reformers"; so too, when the reporters told us that the incendiary hordes of Elas and its confederates were revolutionists precisely in the sense of the Continentals of 1776, we lent our long ears to them. Fortunately this imbecility has been suppressed, if unhappily not obliterated. We know now on which side is patriotism and on which imposture. This is the beginning of our wisdom and we are following a straight path.

Nor is England far behind us. She too plays her essential part in rehabilitation. The new model farms in the north, built where lakes once were and water still remains, are her work. Ever since Athena gave them the olive, the Greeks have been an agricultural people. What tools the goddess presented them with, history does not relate, but very probably they differed not one jot from current instruments of toil. The Greek spade is an adze with its blade turned horizontal. This the peasant pulls towards him, once the blow has been struck. Of wheelbarrows I saw one, and that a mason's, all the time I was in Greece; and the earth is shifted

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as though it were material for a laboratory experiment with selective samples. But Greek soil is hard as flint and any peasant will tell you it must be hacked, not spaded. Another difficulty with agriculture is the indurated goat habit. Every family keeps a goat and every goat keeps a family. No tender crop is safe. No flowers, no homely patch of vegetables softens the landscape about the cheerless little cottages. To clap Greek economy into a nutshell: the goat lives on nothing and the nation lives on the goat. In a country where the cow is not much commoner than the griffin, goat's milk is a prime necessity of life and cheese its staple.

Poverty in Greece is stark. Perhaps a score of Athenian households are rich, clinging to fortunes, or memories of them, once made in the tobacco trade with Alexandria or some other foreign operation. Here and there are fine new houses; but with the bulk of the population, conditions are often just on the hither side of misery. How one admires the people! Their cheerfulness, their resilience, their passionate love of free Greece. Half a millennium of Turkish misrule, a century of war, invasion, rapine, and destruction, have not quenched their faith. From the besetting sin of the world today, they are gloriously free. They know not envy, ugliest of the cardinal sins — envy which is the virus of Socialism, the venom of Communism. If you have a car, and the peasant doesn't, his first thought is, "How lucky that one of us is so fortunate!" Hospitality is sacred to him and he offers what he has. He welcomes you to his two-room cottage, often too small to hold the stove, which is set on a convenient porch. His worldly goods are a table, a couple of chairs, a stool or two, and a halo of ikons above the bed's head — these, the inevitable goat, and of course the donkey.

How the Greeks toil, supported by the food they have, must puzzle the dieticians. Breakfast is a literal thimbleful of coffee and a crust, dinner mostly cheese and an ample bowlful of weeds, vinegared to a salad. Everywhere women roam the fields and hills for weeds. There are, so our cheerful cook, Diamonda, told us, thirty-six edible varieties. You see huge baskets of them at the grocer's door, the coarser and dustier at 600 drachmas the pound, the more select at 800. These the laborer washes down with a thin wine, but on festal days the drink is supplemented with what I took to be a distillation of banana skins. To celebrate our call the hospitable peasant, borrowing an extra glass from a neighbor, would offer us this horrible beverage. All the courteous guest can do is to gasp, gag, gulp — and shout with pleasure!

Another drink universal in Greece is so characteristic of the taste of the people that Philhellenes look up to its appreciation as an index of a foreigner's affection for the country! Retzina is a sour wine impregnated with resin. Odysseus and his mates, it seems, used resin to ward off the air when the legs of the wineskins were sealed, and the

following three thousand years have cultivated a taste for its turpentinish bouquet or at least fortified the Greek palate against the pungent horror of its flavor. At any rate retzina is the daily solace of those fortunate enough to be able to spend 7000 drachmas on a bottle of the better brands.

This sounds expensive but it isn't. The visitor never learns just what the value of a drachma is, but it costs a thousand of them to shine your shoes. One day, cashing a draft of \$500, I was appalled at the operation. A pile of paper some eight inches high, neatly folded in a stringless newspaper, was handed me, and I was informed that I had come into a fortune of 7,300,000-odd "drachs." To transfer this wealth to my pockets was impossible. With both hands I banked it on the back seat of my car, hoping the bundle might be mistaken for half a dozen loaves of bread. But thanks to the American loan, drachmas still have their uses. It is wonderful to see the change in expression when a boy who has made himself useful receives a thousand of them as a gift.

2

EVERY traveler from Herodotus to Winckelmann, and from Winckelmann to me, descants on the magical refinement of the Greek atmosphere. It seems rather a quality of the mountains themselves than the medium through which one gazes with delight at Hymettus or Parnes or Pentelicus. The outlines are sharp but there is an ethereal delicacy in their razor edges. I remembered and contrasted the subtle beauty of Japan. There, the hills are burred with the contours of the tremulous leafage of bamboo. My excitement was great then, when I realized that the tender poetry of Hiroshige's prints is, in fact, photographic realism. But here in Greece the naked mountains seem to rise in the vision of a dream. No wonder the gods loved them.

There is no window-shopping in Greece to divert the visitor; no possible purchases to make, except perhaps a coverlet of lambskins, a jacket of raw silk, or an interesting ikon. Beauty and history alone beckon the traveler. There the talk moves naturally on archaeology and the "digs." I took especial interest in the American excavation of the Agora, begun some twenty years since and still incomplete. Unlike their brother archaeologists, these Yankee diggers are not lured by hopes of unearthing a sixth-century Apollo or an Aphrodite of the golden age. They uncover not statues but a civilization. For the first time the geography and systematic arrangement of the center of Greek life are completely understood. Here Socrates walked among the stoas, and here buzzed the timeless chaffering over merchandise that has been merely transported to the modern streets.

Discoveries these tireless Americans do make, quite as important to the understanding as any

marble or bronze to the eye. Here for example are the recovered fragments of the actual bill of sale published when all the goods of Alcibiades were auctioned off in punishment for his sacrilege and set up as a sober warning to future generations of roysterers. Every schoolboy can — or rather, could — recite the story. The young and magnificent Alcibiades, prize pupil of Aristotle, heir to the nobleness of Greece, idol of the crowd, on the eve of sharing the command of the Sicilian Expedition, went, so it was said, on a wild debauch. Desecrating the Mysteries of Eleusis, painting the holy statues, he scandalized all decency. Inevitably and properly, the hoodlum hero was recalled from his high command and driven into exile. His goods were auctioned off; and to pay the price of shame, the City Fathers had the bill of sale cut in marble and set up in the market place, so that the disgrace might never be forgotten. Nothing in the books could make history more vivid. There, cut for eternity, is every distressful item: tiles from the roof, beds, linen, chairs, the very remnants of food left in his larder. Everything went to the highest bidder, and the last footnote to Alcibiades will be written when the epigrapher translates the final word and discloses the complete inventory of every article in the house of a noble Greek.

Another near-by showcase in the makeshift museum casts white light on another facet of Greek life. All museum adepts are familiar with examples of ostrakoi, the oystershells used in balloting. As a matter of fact, these "oystershells" are usually shards of pottery, conveniently glazed to enable the voter to express his wishes in writing. In the Agora a great number of these have come to light, bearing the thrilling name, Themistocles. Into rival jars were dropped the ballots for or against his banishment. On account of the huge vote taken on that memorable day, it was to be expected that many ostrakoi would be found, but the interest of this collection is that a number of these ballots are inscribed in an *identical* handwriting. There is nothing mysterious about it! The Boss was on the job, then as now. He prepared these ballots and the voters cast them — no doubt for the consideration of an obol or two. *The ballot box was stuffed.*

How is the glory of the American boss diminished! A vile imitation, he. His methods as old as Time!

3

WHAT have old men like me to justify our conception of the pace of history? We have lived through but a minikin fraction of it, yet it seems quite possible we overestimate the speed of the revolution which has overtaken us. To simplify our guess, let us segregate one example — the rapidity of the shift in taste. I recall the aesthetic principles of my boyhood. Lessing was not quite forgotten. Raphael was incomparably the greatest of painters. Apollo

Belvedere defied comparison; while the color and line of El Greco were grisly and grotesque. This revolution in our standards certainly exhibits a high degree of velocity, yet reflecting on the transformation, it is amusing to note how firmly embedded in the thinking of the times are certain axioms, slowing the pace of change. The Age of Pericles still stands on the summit of human perfection, but then almost instantaneously came inevitable decline. It is now perilous to praise above our breath statues made too late to admit the possibility of supreme excellence.

But questions come. I am startled when I remember that the Winged Victory of Paris was shaped full three hundred years after perfection had passed forever and in the Museum of Athens there is a bizarre example of how every classical canon can be flouted by a Greek artificer. The statue dates from a hopeless epoch, a century or so before Christ or some such degenerate era. Beauty is not its motive, but a more admirable example of a sculptor's purpose one cannot hope to see. This bronze figure is of a jockey, a street Arab new-climbed from the gutter, his legs stretched apart to the human limit as he straddles his mount, his features distorted by the violence of excitement, as he squeezes every ounce of speed out of his horse, which alas was drowned two thousand years ago on the journey to Rome. The little rascal riding high on the withers still grips the useless reins. You can, if you listen, hear him whisper "Get on, you bitch" as he crouches over the mare's ears. Here is everything a Greek statue ought not to be, vehement, uncouth, living for time, not eternity — but marvelous. Only a year or two ago, fishermen caught him in their net; and ever since, fish are forgotten in hopeless casting for his lost steed.

The effect of such a statue as this on one's conception of classical art is startling. In your confusion you turn and there before you is the Charioteer, perhaps the most glorious statue in the world. He stands divinely tall, palpitating with life within, but without, calm as a Greek should be, the fillet of victory on his brow. The race is won and he is passing the stands, his hands still guiding the reins. It takes one's breath away to think that this magnificent youth was but a minor figure in a group. His royal master once stood at his elbow receiving the plaudits his skillful driver deserved. In front of them, steeds of glowing bronze once strained at their collars.

Everyone knows the Charioteer, but no guide-book explains the most wonderful thing about this figure. On earlier visits I had remarked the eyes, their pupils wrought of some dark gem or marble, the iris of oyster gray, giving an expression of resolution wholly foreign to that blank serenity with which the faces wrought by Phidias and Praxiteles look out on a world that concerns them not. The eye is the light of the body and the eye of the Charioteer has the glint of victory in it.

This I had understood, but what was it that gave those eyes their intensity of life? I looked intently

and there, wonder of wonders, I saw that long eyelashes, even to the fringes of the lower lids, were threaded out in filaments of bronze.

Who was the great Anonymous who so transcended the sculptor's art? We only know that havoc and twenty centuries have respected this work of his hands.

Bronze and marble are but a facet of that whole which makes our debt to Greece completest of our existence. The famous scholar, Sir Henry Maine, puts it truly and simply: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in the whole world which is not Greek in its origin."

Often in our wanderings we stopped at cottages. As we were in charge of a devoted friend of Greece, who has played his useful part in her last liberation, our welcomes were tumultuous. Kissings on both cheeks, handclasps, and vows of brotherhood would be followed by the death squawk of a chicken destined to regale us. It chanced that one of these new friends was an ancient dweller in Chicago, who after a notable career in the prize ring had settled down to enjoy his last years under his own vine and fig tree, surrounded by his pretty daughters.

While we drank his coffee and sipped his home-made wine, the gleam of triumph came into his steely eyes, and quickly he brought the talk around to his own career. Mr. Scoufis, so our host was named, had journeyed farther than Odysseus. He had been part and parcel too of the American fighting tradition and then — tremendous climax — he, he himself, had trained Gene Tunney for his first fights. There was the telegram from Gene to prove it. But that was only a beginning. At this moment, Mr. Scoufis was molding a new Greek hero. Tsaldaris had the punch, Tsaldaris had the guts, Tsaldaris should be honorably discharged from the army. He should fight for his country in Madison Square Garden. The diamond belt should be his, and the glory that was Greece should come again!

The expression on the old warrior's face showed that his life had not been idly lived; and when we went, the tonneau of our car was piled high with newspapers full of currants, a demijohn of his vintage, and oranges innumerable. A new friendship was sealed.

Watch the papers, O *Atlantic* readers, for the day when the name of Tsaldaris will flash in the headlines from New York to San Francisco.

In one poor village we searched for a night's accommodations. Hotel there was none, and the rooming house displayed three beds to each tiny chamber and a single tin basin as the sole bathing resource of a dozen lodgers. The situation was dispiriting. My arthritis and I always travel together in a wheel chair which, when not in use, collapses into the iron basket on top of our car.

In this I was being pushed rather disconsolately, when of a sudden our hearts were lifted up by shouts of joy. In the midst of Station Square, a wedding party was celebrating the "day before." Fiddlers sweated out their liveliest tunes. Men and girls danced in their separate circles, one uproarious, one demure. The crowd sang and clapped time. A barrel of retzina, source and symbol of happiness, gave rationale to the festivity.

As my chair made its dignified approach, the master of ceremonies, cousin to the bride, danced toward us in welcome, waving a decanter in one hand and a glass in the other. There was nothing for it but a drink all round and then another, following them with judicious selections from a dish of unrecognized appetizers, each spiked on its own toothpick.

The fun grew furious and at its climax there arrived a procession which would have done honor to the Queen of Sheba. A horse, three mules, and a donkey bore the bride's dot and her wedding gifts. Perilously piled on the horse's back were a mattress, six pillows, and a dozen blankets. The mules carried twin bridal chests, four chairs, linen, a table, crockery, while the donkey, built to twice his size by an enormous heap of carpets and shawls, bore on the peak of his load the gift of gifts — a cradle. I thought of my hours of puzzlement over a choice of gifts for Boston weddings. Here was the answer to every bridal prayer.

The crowd was in ecstasies, and when the cradle was set down at the door of the empty two-room cottage, every old lady in the village rocked it with grins of confidence. One gift more, too precious to trust mules and donkeys with: bringing up the rear, pirouetting from side to side, a wedding guest waved aloft a pier glass, the first to brighten that distant village.

Here, coming down the centuries in long straight line of descent was the Panathenaic Procession. Here was the symbol of what Greece was meant to be: the love of life and color and glorious sunlight, the bubble and foam of happiness in spite of Turk and Russian and Bulgarian, in spite of the unremitting toil of yesterday and tomorrow hacking the unrewarding earth, in spite of endless fear of sowing where another may reap; here the spontaneous joy in the moment which all motorcars, golf courses, gadgets of America, cannot call into existence.

There was a further significance in the scene. This wedding was the culmination of a success story. The waiter was marrying the daughter of his restaurant employer. And such a restaurant as their future was built upon — half a dozen chairs, a deal table, bread, cheese, a pot of honey, and the promise of a Paschal lamb next Easter — that and the courage to secure one day of happiness to look back upon.



An Englishman who served as a Lieutenant Commander of the R.N.V.R. in command of escort vessels in the Second World War, NICHOLAS MONSARRAT writes in the great tradition of English seafarers. The narrative which follows is a condensation of one section of *The Cruel Sea*, a long novel about the men and ships that played a part in the Battle of the North Atlantic — the most protracted, the cruelest, and perhaps the most heroic battle of World War II. *The Cruel Sea*, the midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, is to be published by Knopf.

THE CRUEL SEA

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

I

VICE-ADMIRAL Sir Vincent Murray-Forbes sat at his desk in the operations building overlooking Liverpool harbor. He was writing a report: it was one of hundreds of reports, on ships and men, that he was to write, month in and month out, until the end of the war. He did not know what lay in store for these ships or these men: it would not have made an atom of difference if he had been writing an epitaph on men due to be drowned tomorrow. He was concerned only with facts; and of these he had mustered a great many, during the past three weeks.

"H.M.S. *Compass Rose*," he wrote, in an old-fashioned, somewhat laborious longhand, "completed her program of training on February 2, 1940, and may be regarded as having passed out satisfactorily. The ship has been well worked up, and is clean and generally efficient. Further attention should be given (a) to fire fighting, which was below the requisite standard of speed, and (b) to the drill for Abandon Ship, which did not go smoothly on the only occasion on which it was tested. But with these reservations, the organization of H.M.S. *Compass Rose* now meets the high standard necessary to a ship engaged in the exacting task of convoy escort."

He consulted a batch of reports from his staff. "Gunnery," he wrote, as a subheading, and underlined it. "The single four-inch gun which is the sole major armament of this class of ship will only be adequate if constant attention is given to gun drill and to ammunition supply. H.M.S. *Compass Rose* did well in her various gun-trials, and the night-shoot was successful, both as regards the handling of the ship and the actual firing. Anti-aircraft shooting, conducted with a towed streamer-target, was less successful: it is recommended that more provision be made for anti-aircraft gun-control, possibly by loud-speaker operated from the bridge.

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"Asdics," he went on, and underlined again. "On her arrival, H.M.S. *Compass Rose* was inadequately trained in this branch, and the Anti-Submarine Control Officer and the asdic ratings were clearly in need of intensive practice. When this had been provided, her efficiency improved rapidly, and she developed an effective anti-submarine team.

"Depth-Charge Organization," he wrote. "Only constant practice will bring the depth-charge crews up to the high standard of efficiency necessary in this branch. Time-tests of reloading and firing were generally disappointing, and it is emphasized that speed and accuracy may be vital here when the ship is in action."

He added three short subheadings: "Engine-Room Branch: satisfactory." "Telegraphy and Coding: adequate." "Signal Branch: excellent." Then he took a fresh sheet of paper.

"H.M.S. *Compass Rose*: Reports on Officers," wrote the Admiral, and referred again to his notes. "Lieutenant-Commander George Eastwood Ericson, R.N.R.: Commanding Officer. This officer exhibited a high standard of seamanship, and showed himself expert at ship-handling. I judged him to be a conscientious and determined officer who, when he has gained more experience in this new class of ship, will extract everything possible out of his command. His relations with his subordinate officers appeared satisfactory, and it was clear that he inspired their confidence and would be followed by them without hesitation.

"Lieutenant James Bennett, R.A.N.V.R.: First Lieutenant and Anti-Submarine Control Officer," wrote the Admiral. "This officer has a remarkable self-confidence, and with more experience and application his executive capacity may come to match it. He tends to rely too much on his junior officers implementing his orders (and in some cases issuing them themselves). In the initial stages there were

serious flaws in the internal organization of H.M.S. *Compass Rose*, doubtless due to this officer's inexperience. A downright, forceful personality who should make a good First Lieutenant when he learns to set an example of self-discipline.

"Sub-Lieutenant Keith Laing Lockhart, R.N.V.R.: Gunnery and Navigation Officer," wrote the Admiral. "I was impressed by this officer's competence, in novel surroundings and in a position of responsibility, when backed by very little practical experience. His gun's crews were well worked up, and he seemed to inspire confidence in the ratings in his division. He should develop into a good type of officer, very useful in a ship of this class. He should pay more attention to the regulations governing dress for officers when on duty.

"Sub-Lieutenant Gordon Perceval D'Ewes Feraby, R.N.V.R.: Depth-Charge Control and Correspondence Officer," wrote the Admiral. "This officer lacks both experience and self-confidence, and appeared hesitant in giving orders. There is no reason why he should not develop into a useful officer, but he must learn to trust his own judgment, and to give the ratings under his charge the impression that he knows what he wants from them. His department improved during the latter stages of H.M.S. *Compass Rose's* course of training."

The Admiral drew a thick line under his report, and blotted it neatly. Then he added, at the bottom: "Addressed, Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches: copies to Flag-Officer-in-Charge, Glasgow: Admiralty (C.W. Branch): H.M.S. *Compass Rose*." Then he sat back, and rang for his secretary.

Ericson, at ease in his cabin, read his copy of this report with some satisfaction and a good deal of amusement. The Admiral had come well up to standard, by way of farewell: it was a perfect picture of Number One, despite the limits of official phraseology, and he liked especially the crack about Lockhart and "dress regulations" — Lockhart having mislaid his cap on one crucial occasion and greeted the Admiral with something between a wave and a bow. Then, as he folded the sheets of paper again, there was a knock on the door, and Leading Signaller Wells came in with a sealed envelope in his hand.

"Secret signal, sir," said Wells, in not quite his normal inexpressive voice. "The signal boat just brought it aboard."

Ericson ripped open the envelope, and read slowly and carefully. It was what he had been waiting for.

"Being in all respects ready for sea," said the pink slip, "H.M.S. *Compass Rose* will sail to join convoy AK14, leaving Liverpool (Bar Light Vessel) at 1200A 6th February, 1940. Senior officer of escort is in H.M.S. *Viperous*. Acknowledge."

Ericson read it through again. Then: —

"Take this down," he said. "'To Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches, from *Compass Rose*."

Your 0939 stroke four stroke two acknowledged.
And send it off straight away."

So they went to war.

2

THE war to which they went had hardly settled down, even in broad outline, to any recognizable pattern.

The liner *Athenia* had been torpedoed and sunk, with the loss of 128 lives, on September 3, the first day of the war: the first U-boat sinking, to offset this ruthless stroke, was on September 14. Thus, at the beginning, the pace was hot — forty ships were sunk during that first September, and two fine warships, *Courageous* and *Royal Oak*, both went to the bottom before the turn of the year; but the pace did not last. The casualties had been mostly independent ships that happened to be at sea when war was declared; like the *Athenia*, they were in the wrong place at the wrong time; but with the growth of the convoy system this chance ill-fortune could be avoided, and ships and shipping companies were quick to see that any effort to remain in convoy, instead of straggling behind or charging proudly ahead of the pedestrian field, was worth while.

The U-boats were on the offensive — that was their role — but it was not a coördinated attack, nor even a very efficient one. Probably there were not more than a dozen of them at sea at any one time during this stage of the war, and so they hunted alone. They hung about off the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and in the Bay of Biscay, on the lookout for stray ships that they could pick off at leisure; it was a series of individual forays — sometimes successful, sometimes a waste of time: the coördination and the control were to come later, and in the meantime the whole thing was unpredictable and rather amateurish. Britain was short of escorts, Germany was short of U-boats: the Atlantic was a very big ocean and, in winter weather, the finest hiding-place in the world. The danger was there, but the two sides were hardly engaged: the U-boats lurking always, but playing their luck instead of their skill. To join this untidy battle, *Compass Rose* sailed early in the year 1940.

Their first convoy was a bloodless skirmish, as were many others in that momentary lull; but it was a useful foretaste of what was to come, as well as a proving of the ship in weather worse than they had yet met.

The sun was out as they sailed down into Liverpool Bay, on that fine February morning, to meet their convoy: it had pierced the early mist, melted the frost of their cold night passage, dried out their clothes with a cheerful warmth. Ericson knew the port well — he had lived there for ten years, and had sailed in and out of it scores of times: he looked for the familiar landmarks with an affectionate eagerness. As usual the first sight of land was the

tall Blackpool Tower, away to the north; then the Bar Light Vessel, riding uneasily in the jumble of tide-ripped water that marked the entrance to the River Mersey; and then, faintly glimpsed in the mist and smoke upriver, the twin spires of the Liver Buildings, in the heart of the city. Somewhere there, in a little house on the Birkenhead side, Grace was undoubtedly knitting. . . . He had a moment's pang that they should be so near to each other and yet be unable to meet; and then he forgot it altogether. Five miles ahead of them their ships were coming out; they were led by a destroyer — an old V. and W. Class, which must be *Viperous* — already giving them the “interrogative” on her signal lamp.

While Leading Signallman Wells was replying, first making *Compass Rose's* number and then taking down a long signal about the organization of the convoy, Ericson studied the line of ships coming toward them. They were of all shapes and sizes: tankers, big freighters, small ships that would surely have been better off in the coasting trade than trying the hazards of an Atlantic passage. Some were deep-laden, some were in ballast and uncomfortably high out of the water: they steamed in single file from the narrow Mersey channel: their pendants flew bravely in the sunshine, they seemed almost glad to be putting to sea again. . . . That could hardly be true, thought Ericson with a smile, remembering the tearful good-byes, the hang-overs, the feeling of “Oh-God-here-we-go-again” that attended every sailing; but there was something about the file of ships — forty-six of them — that suggested a willingness to make the voyage, a tough confidence in the future.

Ferraby, hanging about at the back of the bridge (it was not his watch), was more stirred by the sight of those ships than he had ever been before. He liked everything about this convoy: he liked its air of purpose as it cracked on speed after the cautious passage down-channel: he liked individual ships — particularly the tough and shapely tankers: he liked the men on board who waved cheerfully to *Compass Rose* as she passed down the line towards the tail of the convoy. This sort of thing — this moment of significance and determination, this comradeship, this sea-brotherhood — was what he had had in mind when, at the training establishment, he volunteered for corvettes: there had been times when it had seemed impossible of attainment, when he was convinced that he was going to be fobbed off with a third-rate drama of pretense and frustration: now he knew that all his wishes were coming true.

Here were the ships, assembling for their long uncertain voyage: here was *Compass Rose*, appointed to guard them: here was Ferraby himself, a watchkeeping officer — or practically so — charged specifically with a share of that guardianship. His pale face flushed, his expression set in a new mold of determination, Ferraby surveyed the convoy with pride and a feeling of absolute proprietorship. *Our* ships, he

thought: *our* cargoes, *our* men. . . . None would be surrendered, of this convoy or of any other, if it depended on any effort of his.

Ferraby was only twenty; his eyes were new, and took a good deal on trust. Other eyes — Ericson's among them — were not new, and to them, it must be admitted, the convoy was somewhat more impressive than the escort, which reflected perfectly the pinched circumstances of the Royal Navy at this stage. To shepherd these forty-six ships through waters that were potentially the most treacherous in the world, there had been provided one fifteen-year-old destroyer, of a class that, though valiantly manned and valiantly driven, was really far too slight and slender for the Atlantic weather: two corvettes — one a pre-war edition of crude design, the other *Compass Rose*; a trawler; and a rescue tug that already, in the sheltered waters of Liverpool Bay, was bouncing about like a pea on a drum. Five warships — four and a half would be nearer the truth — to guard forty-six slow merchantmen was not a reassuring prospect. But there it was: the best that could be done.

3

THE first night with the convoy was a restless affair that gave them very little sleep. They were still organized on a two-watch basis — that is, the Captain and Ferraby alternated with Bennett and Lockhart, four hours on and four hours off. It was a trying arrangement at the best of times, hard on the endurance and the temper: even if they could fall asleep as soon as they came off watch, they had to wake and dress and climb up to the bridge again almost before they had turned over. But this was not the best of times, and *Compass Rose* was far from a restful place when they were off duty. The wind was rising, and the Irish Sea with it: the ship responded to the movement with a deplorable readiness, rolling and thumping as if she were being paid by the hour for her travail. In the noisy turmoil between-decks, sleep was barely possible, even to men already dog-tired.

There were other things. An aircraft, flying low over the convoy, brought them needlessly to action stations at two o'clock in the morning: one of their ships, straggling in the rear (where *Compass Rose* was stern escort), needed constant chivvying to keep it in touch with the main body. Their progress was dishearteningly slow: Chicken Rock Light, at the south end of the Isle of Man, was their mark for so long that at times it was difficult to believe that they would ever leave it behind and reach the open sea. The second day saw them make more tangible progress, northwest between Scotland and Northern Ireland; and nightfall gave them, as their last sight of land, the lovely rain-washed hills of the Mull of Kintyre, and Islay away to the north. Then they turned due westward, to the teeth of the wind, and

the deep-sea voyage had begun. As a final introduction to it, U-boats were reported in the area immediately ahead.

They never met those U-boats, which were doubtless thankful enough to stay submerged and escape the fury of the weather; for it was the weather that was the most violent enemy of all. For eight days they steamed straight into a westerly gale: five hundred miles at a grindingly slow pace, buffeting through a weight of wind that seemed to have a personal spite in every blow it dealt. The convoy was dispersed over more than fifty square miles: the escorts were out of touch most of the time: it was impossible to establish any sort of "convoy speed" because they were no longer a composite body, just a lot of ships making the best they could of the vile Atlantic weather. The big ships in the van slowed down till they had almost lost steerageway, and tried to preserve some sort of order; but the smaller ones still straggled away behind, virtually heaving-to at the height of the gale and often having to steer many degrees off their true course, simply in order not to batter themselves to pieces. On the eighth day, *Viperous*, which had had a very bad time and had lost two men overboard, signaled: "Convoy disperse — proceed independently"; in the circumstances, the signal had an irony that they were scarcely in the mood to enjoy.

The escorts collected: *Viperous* with damage to her bridge superstructure, the old corvette minus one of her boats, *Compass Rose* intact but rolling villainously, the trawler riding well, the tug tossing about with a ludicrous, almost hysterical violence as she tried to keep pace with the rest. They had a rendezvous with the incoming convoy, and they found it — somehow: in that wilderness of wind and rain, with visibility hardly more than five hundred yards at any time, they found the single pinpoint in mid-Atlantic that brought them up with the ships they were waiting for. It was navigation of a very high order; it had been *Viperous's* responsibility, and Ericson, with years of experience behind him, found himself watching *Viperous's* bridge rolling through a sixty-degree arc, and wondering, somewhere between amazement and deep admiration, how on earth her captain had managed it. Taking sights and fixing their position, under these conditions, was very nearly impossible: somehow it had been done, and done with the absolute accuracy of fleet maneuvers in calm weather.

They turned for home, with the new convoy of thirty-odd ships that, in the better weather to the westward, had managed to preserve a reasonable formation. But now, with the fierce wind behind them, it was more uncomfortable still; and another U-boat alarm involved "evasive routing" that took them many miles off their proper course and kept them nearly two days extra at sea. Aboard *Compass Rose*, conditions were indescribable. She rolled furiously, with a tireless malice allowing of no rest

for anyone. Cooking was impossible, even had they not exhausted their fresh meat and vegetables many days previously: the staple diet was tea and corned beef, at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, for nearly a fortnight. Everything was wet through: some water had come down a ventilator and flooded the wardroom: forward, the mess-decks were a crowded hell of saturated clothes, spare gear washing about round their feet, food overturned — and all the time the noise, the groaning, slamming violence of a small ship fighting a monstrous sea. There seemed no end to it. *Compass Rose*, caught in a storm that could take hold of her bodily and shake her till the very rivets loosened: a storm that raged and screamed at her and never blew itself out until they were in the shelter of the land again: *Compass Rose*, adrift on this malignant ocean, seemed doomed to ride it forever.

4

BENNETT, disliking the experience they were all sharing, said so with honest persistence. He was now the most vocal of the wardroom, complaining with an ill-temper colored by a real uneasiness: the rotten ship, the lousy convoy, the bloody awful weather — these were the sinews of an unending dirge that was really grounded in fear. Like the others, he had never seen weather like this, or imagined it possible: he knew enough about ships to see that *Compass Rose* was going through a desperate ordeal, but not enough to realize that she was built to survive it, and would do so. He doubted their safety, and doubt was translated by a natural process into anger. He had made a fool of himself over working out their position, too — so much so that the Captain, taking the sextant from him, had said: "Leave it, Number One — I'd rather do it myself"; it had not helped matters.

He should have done something about getting the mess cleared up in the fo'c's'le, but he couldn't be bothered. He should somehow have organized at least one hot meal a day, even if it were only warmed-up tinned beans: the galley fire was unusable, but with a little ingenuity it could have been done in the engine room. This, again, was more trouble than he was prepared to take. Instead, he sulked, and shirked, and secretly longed to be out of it.

Not much more of this for him, he decided: there were other ways of winning the war. . . . It was all so tiring, too: if he hadn't been able to hand the watch over to Lockhart, and get forty winks now and again, he'd have been out on his feet.

Lockhart was desperately tired, and rather numbed, for nearly all that voyage. His thin wiry body was not built to withstand the cold: he was not yet accustomed to staying awake and alert when every nerve under his skin was crying out for sleep, and bitter cold and wakefulness were all that the present offered. Bennett might shirk his watch,

spending most of it inside the asdic shelter; he himself could not do so. Four hours on, and four off, for seventeen days at a stretch — that was his share; and the hours on were an unending strain, trying his eyes and his tired body to the limit. And when he stumbled down the ladder at the end of his watch, there was little relief to be had: tea and corned beef in the shambles of the wardroom, with water washing about all over the place and the furniture lashed together in one corner, and then the effort to sleep, wedged in his bunk against the endless rolling of the ship, with the light left burning in case of an alarm, and the thought, nagging all the time, that he must get up and face the wind and the sea again within a few hours. When he *did* face it again, and felt the gale whipping and tearing at his face and clothes, and *Compass Rose* lurching under his feet as if the world itself were drunk, it was with a body from which every instinct save a dumb endurance had been drained.

There was one night he remembered especially, toward the end of the trip, when the wind had veered to the north and the gale was at its height. A gigantic sea was running at them from the beam: *Compass Rose* would rise to it as if she were going up in a lift, balance herself uneasily at its peak, and then fall away into the trough of the wave with a wicked sideways roll. Sometimes the next wave, towering up in its turn, would catch them as they lay there sluggishly, and beat down on them before they could rise. That was the moment when the heart quailed: when solid tons of water fell with a thunderous drumming on the bridge and the upper deck, and the spray flew over in clouds, wind-driven and cutting. The storm was indeed incredibly noisy: the water crashed and thudded against their side, the wind howled at them out of the blackness as if it had a conscious intention of terror. Round them was nothing but a waste of sea, a livid gray whipped up here and there to white foam; and then beyond it, like a threatening wall, the surrounding dark, the chaos and flurry of the night.

With Bennett dozing inside, Lockhart was clinging to the rail in one corner of the bridge, staring through misted binoculars at the single merchant ship on which he was keeping station. He was wet through, and cold to the bone: his feet inside the sodden sea boots squelched icily whenever he moved; from the pinched skin of his face the water ran down, riming his eyes and lips with salt. He felt little resentment against Bennett, who should really be doing this job: he had a general disgust that someone nominally his senior should be content to evade responsibility at a moment like this, but he was really feeling too remote from personalities to care. For him, the world had resolved itself into a storm, and a small blur to leeward of *Compass Rose*: the blur was a ship that he must not lose, and so, for hour after hour, he nursed *Compass Rose* in her station, altering the engine revolutions, edging over

when the blur faded, and away again when it loomed too large.

He was roused at one point from this tremendous concentration by someone nudging him, and he turned round to see a figure in the darkness beside him.

"Who is it?" he asked. It could hardly be Bennett.

"Coxswain, sir," said a voice.

"Hallo, coxswain! Come to see the fun?"

"Just for a bit of air, sir."

They both had to shout: the wind caught the words on their very lips and whipped them away into the night.

"I brought a mug of tea up, sir," Tallow went on. And as Lockhart took it gratefully, he added: "It's got a tot in it."

Tea and rum. . . . When Lockhart bent down to shelter behind the rail, and took a sip, it ran through him like fire: it was the finest drink he had ever tasted. He was oddly moved that Tallow should have taken the trouble to make tea at two o'clock in the morning, add a tot of his own rum, and negotiate the difficult climb up to the bridge with it. He could not see Tallow's face, but he divined a sympathy in his manner that was nearly as warming as the drink.

"Thanks, coxswain," he said when he had finished it. "I needed that." He raised his binoculars again, confirmed that *Compass Rose* was still in station, and relaxed slightly. "What's it like below?"

"Terrible, sir. Couldn't be worse. It'll take us a week to get straight, after this lot."

"Not much longer," said Lockhart, though he did not feel that very acutely. "Two or three days, and we'll be in shelter."

"Can't be soon enough for me, sir. Proper uproar, this is. A lot of the lads wish they'd joined the Army instead."

They talked till the end of the watch, shouting at each other against the storm. Lockhart was glad of the company: it was a tiny spark of warmth and feeling in a furious and inhuman onslaught. They would need a lot of that, if the Atlantic were going to serve them like this in the future.

Physically, Ferraby was in a worse way than any of them. He had been acutely seasick during most of the voyage, but he never gave in to it: always, when it was time for him to go on watch, he would drag himself up the ladder, his face the color of a dirty handkerchief, and somehow last out the four hours on the bridge. Then he would stumble below again, and force himself to eat, and be sick once more, and lie down on his bunk, waiting for sleep to blot out the clamor of the storm, and his misery with it. Often sleep would not come, and he lay awake throughout his time off watch. Those were the worst moments of all, when doubt as to whether he could go on with this job pressed on his consciousness like a living weight of guilt.

Toward the end, the strain nearly proved too much for him. This was particularly so when he had to go on watch at night, after an hour or so of sleep snatched in the stuffy heaving cabin. He would get into his sea boots and duffle coat, listening to the sounds of the storm outside, and the thud of water hitting the side of the ship and the deck overhead. Then he climbed slowly up the ladder, tired beyond belief, fearing the wind and the misery waiting for him up on the bridge: watching the square of dark sky at the entrance above him, to see if the gale was passing. He was very weak, and without any will except to last out this watch, and the next one, and a few more until they made harbor. Once, he stopped halfway up the ladder, and found himself crying.

He bore his ordeal alone, bravely: his set white face invited nothing save the kindness of ignoring it. He did not give in, because to fail to go on watch, to confess his defeat, would have been worse than any seasickness, any fatigue, any wind or rain or fury. There was no way out that was not shameful; and that was no way out.

5

THE Captain carried them all. For him, there was no fixed watch, no time set aside when he was free to relax and, if he could, to sleep. He had to control everything, to drive the whole ship himself: he had to act on signals, to fix their position, to keep his section of the convoy together, to use his seamanship to ease *Compass Rose's* ordeal as much as possible. He was a tower of strength, holding everything together by sheer unrelenting guts. The sight of the tall tough figure hunched in one corner of the bridge now seemed essential to them all: they needed the tremendous reassurance of his presence, and so he gave it unstintingly, even though the hours without sleep mounted to a fantastic total.

He was tired — he could not remember ever having been so tired — but he knew that he was not too tired: there were always reserves. . . . It was part of the job of being captain, the reverse side of the prestige and the respect and the saluting: the tiny ship, the inexperienced officers, the unbelievable weather — he had taken these on as well, and they would not defeat him. So he dealt with everything that came, assuming all cares out of an overflowing strength: he was a professional — the only one among amateurs who might in the future become considerable assets to him but at the moment were not very much help — and the professional job, at sea, was not without its rewarding pride. It had to be done, anyway: he was the man to do it, and there was no choice and no two answers.

They grew, almost, to love him, toward the end of the voyage: he was strong, calm, uncomplaining, and wonderfully dependable. This was the sort of captain to have: *Compass Rose* could have done with nothing less, and *Compass Rose*, butting her patient

way homeward under the blows of the cruel sea, was lucky to have him.

No voyage can last forever, save for ships that are sunk: this voyage ran its course, and presently released them. There came an afternoon — the afternoon of the sixteenth day — when the horizon ahead was not level, but uneven: not the pale gray of the sky, but the darker shadow that was the land. The foothills of Scotland came up suddenly, beckoning them onward: their rolling lessened as they came under the lee of the northern coastline: presently, toward dusk, they were in shelter, and running down toward the home port that promised them rest and peace at last. It was difficult to realize that the worst was over, and that *Compass Rose*, on a steady keel, could become warm and dry again.

So the first convoy ended. It had been a shock — the more so because of the doubt, in the background, as to how they would fare in action with U-boats, if action were added to so startling an ordeal. But they did not think of this straight away: that night, tied up alongside the oiler after seventeen days of strain, they were all so utterly exhausted that a dead and dreamless sleep was all they were fit for.

As soon as they got in at the end of their first trip, Ericson applied for another officer to be appointed to the ship; it was clear that there was far too much work for a First Lieutenant and two subs to handle, leaving out of account the chance that accident or illness might make them more shorthanded still. He presented a good case, arguing the matter first with a faintly supercilious staff officer who seemed to think that corvettes were some kind of local defense vessel, and then incorporating his arguments in a formal submission to the Admiralty: it must have been an effective document, since their Lordships acted on it within three weeks. Sub-Lieutenant Morell, they said, was appointed to *Compass Rose*, "additional for watchkeeping duties"; Sub-Lieutenant Morell would join them forthwith.

Morell arrived, fresh from the training establishment, accompanied by an astonishing amount of luggage: he was a very proper young man, so correct and so assured that it appeared fantastic for him to grace anything as crude as a corvette. In peacetime he was a junior barrister, a product of the other London that was so great a contrast to the Bohemian newspaper world Lockhart knew and worked in: Lockhart, indeed, could only imagine him in black coat and pin-stripe trousers, moving from his chambers in Lincoln's Inn to a sedate lunch-party at the Savoy, or later, impeccably tail-coated, squiring the least impulsive of the season's debutantes to Ciro's or the Embassy. He was grave, slow-moving, and exceedingly courteous: in his brand-new and beautifully cut uniform he seemed far better suited to a diplomatic salon than to *Compass Rose's* rough-and-ready wardroom.

He and Bennett could hardly be expected to mix. They must have come into early collision, for the

next afternoon, when work was over, Morell sought out Lockhart and asked him, with some formality, for guidance.

"The First Lieutenant used an expression which is novel to me," he began. "I wish you'd explain what it means."

"What was it?" asked Lockhart, with an equal gravity.

"He said — ah — 'Don't come the acid with me.'" Morell screwed up his eyes. "'Come the acid' . . . I must confess I have not heard that before."

"What were you talking about?"

"We were discussing the best way of dismantling the firing-bar on the asdic set." He paused. "That's not too technical for you?"

"No," said Lockhart. "But it may have been too technical for Bennett. He's been trained in a rougher school."

"That may well be the case. . . . So 'coming the acid' . . ."

"It means that you probably corrected him without wrapping it up enough."

Morell smiled: it was the first time Lockhart had seen him do so. "I could hardly have been more diplomatic."

"You must have overdone it, then."

The other man sighed. "How strange to meet Scylla and Charybdis in Atlantic waters. . . . Perhaps I should explain the allusion. There were —"

"Do not," said Lockhart, with a fair approximation of Bennett's accent, "come the acid with me."

"Ah!" exclaimed Morell. "Now I understand."

They both laughed. Lockhart was glad that Morell had joined them: he promised to enliven the wardroom, though with little intention of so doing, and the wardroom could do with all the enlivenment possible.

6

THE first few convoys followed the pattern of their initiation. They still worked with *Viperous* as leader of the group, which had been strengthened by *Sorrel* joining it: they were still, as a fighting escort, untried by the enemy. There were submarines about — other convoys kept running into them — but so far their luck had held: the log recorded no shot in anger, only a succession of comments on the weather. This, at least, continued to put *Compass Rose* to the test: whatever the season, it seemed that the Atlantic could never wholly abandon its mood of violence.

On the evening of their return from their first leave, Lockhart, Morell, and Ferraby were all in the wardroom when Bennett stumbled down the ladder and entered the room. He was undeniably drunk, and most of his trouser buttons were undone: the general effect was so unpleasant that it was difficult to include him in their company with-

out exhibiting a strong reaction. For some moments he busied himself at the sideboard, while they watched him in silence; then he turned round, glass in hand, and focused his eyes on each of them in turn. "Well, well, well," he said with foolish emphasis. "Good little boys, all back from leave at the proper time. How did you tear yourselves away?"

No one answered him.

The full glass slopped over his coat as he gestured drunkenly. "Matey lot of bastards, aren't you?" He eyed Lockhart, who had stayed aboard as duty officer, with confused belligerence. "What's been happening while I've been away?"

"Nothing at all."

"I suppose you were slipping ashore the whole time." He took an enormous gulp of whisky, coughed, and only just held on to it. His eyes moved unsteadily round to Morell and Ferraby. "And as for you married men — married —" He lost the thread of what he was going to say, but unfortunately started again. "You had a wonderful time. Don't tell me."

"It was very pleasant," said Morell after a pause.

"I bet you left a bun in the oven, both of you," said Bennett thickly. Then suddenly he turned a gray-green color, and lurched out of the room. They heard him stumbling up the ladder, and the clang of the lavatory door behind him.

Bennett complained of pain all the following afternoon: he went off to the naval hospital the same evening, and he did not return. When Ericson summoned Lockhart to his cabin next morning, he had on his desk two signals that did not go well together. One was their sailing orders, for four o'clock: the other was about Bennett.

"The First Lieutenant won't be back for some time, Lockhart," Ericson began. "He's got a suspected duodenal ulcer."

"Oh," said Lockhart. He waited for the Captain to speak, knowing what he was going to say, almost fearing to hear it in case it should be less than he hoped.

Ericson was frowning at the two signals. "We sail this afternoon, and we'll have to go without him. There's no chance of getting a relief by then, either." He looked up. "You'll have to take over as Number One, and organize the watches on that basis."

"Yes, sir," said Lockhart. His heart, to his secret surprise, had raced for a moment, as if to mark a violent pleasure. First Lieutenant. . . . It could be done, and it would have to be — he wouldn't have another chance like this one for a very long time.

"I'll help you with it," Ericson went on. "You should be able to carry on until a relief arrives."

"I can carry on anyway."

"Can you?" Ericson looked at him again. Lockhart had spoken with a kind of informal resolution that was a new thing in their relationship.

"Yes, sir."

"All right," said Ericson after a pause. "I'll see. . . . Do your best this time, anyway."

Lockhart walked out of the cabin with that precise determination.

The first convoy, with the new job to do, was a challenge, and Lockhart took it on happily. As far as watchkeeping was concerned, it gave him an easier run: he now had the morning watch, from four until eight, and in this early part of the summer that meant almost four hours of daylight watchkeeping, instead of the strain and difficulty of a totally dark middle watch. But there were many other things that went with his promotion, added responsibilities that must always be borne in mind: from the first afternoon, when after a final checkup with Tallow he reported *Compass Rose* "ready to proceed," he was never clear of the routine interruptions that the proper execution of his job entailed, and never free of worry lest he had forgotten something. He did not mind, because he was professionally and personally interested, as well as immensely eager to make a success of it; but on that convoy, as on many others still to come, he worked harder than he ever had before. In essence, he had to present the Captain with a going concern, a smoothly run ship that would not fail him in any trial. He was strengthened by Ericson's backing, which was strong and continuous, and pleased also by the reaction of Morell and Ferraby. They gave him a cheerful coöperation: freed from Bennett's heavy-handed regime, and wanting above all to make a success of the substitution, they went out of their way to help him through the first uncertain period.

For they *were* free of Bennett: he faded away into a dilatory background of hospital boards and recurrent examinations, and they never saw him again. Lockhart's promotion was confirmed, not without some misgivings, by Western Approaches Command; and the new officer who arrived to fill the gap, one Sub-Lieutenant Baker, was junior to Ferraby and, if his hesitant air was anything to go by, likely to remain so. The new team assembled and settled down, making of *Compass Rose* a different ship altogether. The wardroom was now a pleasant place where they could relax and feel at ease, without a morose and critical eye singling them out for comment; after six months of suspicion and the most oafish kind of tyranny, it made for a happy freedom that they did not want to abuse. The same feeling spread throughout the ship, filtering down to the lower deck, where Bennett's crude methods had aroused the most resentment and the strongest reaction in terms of idling and shirking: the idea that Lockhart, though no fool, was a better man to work for produced, as it often does, more work and not less.

Ericson, observing the general improvement, was

pleased with his experiment. He had gone to a good deal of trouble to get Lockhart's appointment confirmed, in the face of a stubborn sort of disbelief ashore, and the trouble was worth while. Both he and *Compass Rose* had gained something that might be even more valuable in the near future.

7

WITH 1941 advancing, they were a year older, and so was the war; and the further it progressed the deeper they seemed to be involved in failure and setback.

The tide was now set and running strongly against all Allied shipping: over a full two thirds of the Atlantic the attackers had the initiative, and they held on to it and gave it ruthless force and effectiveness. It was like a dark stain spreading all over this huge sea: the area of safety diminished, the poisoned water, in which no ship could count on safety from hour to hour, seemed swiftly to infect a wider and wider circle. In the background, the big ships skirmished and occasionally came to blows: the *Hipper*, the *Scharnhorst*, and the *Gneisenau* emerged on raiding forays, the *Hood* was sunk by one prodigious shot at eleven miles' range, and then, in a swift counterstroke, the destruction of the *Bismarck* squared the account. But these were dramatic surprises, highlights of a ponderous and intermittent warfare: plying to and fro ceaselessly, the convoys fought their longer and bloodier battle against a multiplying enemy.

The enemy was planning as well as multiplying. At last, the U-boats were coördinating their attack: they now hunted in packs, six or seven in a group, quartering a huge area of the convoy route and summoning their full strength as soon as a contact was obtained. They had the use of French, Norwegian, and Baltic ports, fully equipped for shelter and maintenance: they had long-range aircraft to spot and identify for them, they had numbers, they had training, they had better weapons, they had the spur of success. . . . The first concerted pack-attack sank ten out of twenty-two ships in one convoy: the monthly record of sinkings mounted — fifty-three in one month, fifty-seven in another. The U-boats gradually extended their operations further westward, until there was no longer, in mid-Atlantic, a safe dispersal-area for the convoys; neither from Britain, Canada, nor Iceland could complete air cover be provided, and the escorts themselves were limited in their endurance. So the stain spread, and the ships went down. There were countermeasures: patrolling aircraft extended their range, a number of merchant ships were provided with fighters launched by catapult, and the quality of the weapons in the escorts improved slowly: to mark this improvement, one month in the middle of 1941 saw seven U-boats sent to the bottom — the highest total of the war. But seven U-boats was

not enough: there were still too many of them hunting and striking, and not enough escorts to screen the convoys: there was still a vast margin that could only be covered by luck and human endeavor, and neither of these could match the standard and the pace of the enemy, or stop the slaughter.

Of this slaughter, *Compass Rose* saw her full share. It was no longer a surprise when the alarm bell sounded, no longer a shock to see the derelict humanity that was hoisted over the side after a ship went down: it was no longer moving to watch the dying and bury the dead. They developed — they had to develop — a professional inhumanity toward their job, a lack of feeling which was the best guarantee of efficiency: time spent in contemplating this evil warfare was time wasted, and rage or pity was something that could only come between them and their work. Hardened to pain and destruction, taking it all for granted, they concentrated as best they could on fighting back and on saving men for one purpose only — so that they could be returned to the battle as soon as possible.

They did four more convoys, of the rough, nervous character that marked most convoys nowadays; and then, at high summer, they were given what they had been looking forward to for many months — a refit, with the long leave that went with it; the first long leave since *Compass Rose* was commissioned. They had all wanted that leave: many of them needed it badly: life on Atlantic convoys was a matter of slowly increasing strain, strain still mounting toward a crucial point that could not yet be foreseen, and it took its toll of men's nerves and patience, as surely as of ships.

Not less than her crew, *Compass Rose* herself needed the respite. It was the first substantial break in service since she had left the Clyde, nearly two years before: apart from necessary minor repairs, designs had altered, weapons improved, and personnel increased, and there was a lot to be done to bring her up-to-date with the newest corvettes. She was due for an entirely new bridge, roomier and better protected, with the mast tucked away behind it in authentic Naval fashion: she could now have a properly equipped sick bay, new depth-charge rails and throwers, and a superior asdic set that would do everything except tell them the name of the opposing U-boat. The total list of alterations and additions was a substantial one; and *Compass Rose*, sinking back gratefully in the hands of the shipyard, turned her face from the sea and settled down to a six weeks' course of rejuvenation.

8

THE smiling weather of that late summer helped them to settle down to seagoing again, after the relaxation of their refit, and they quickly made the transfer from land to seafaring. Clear of the dubi-

ous and emotional tie of land, they were once more part of an increased escort — two destroyers and five corvettes — charged with the care of twenty-one deep-laden ships bound for Gibraltar. This was their real task, and they turned to it with the readiness of men who, knowing that the task was crucial, were never wholly convinced that the Navy could afford to let them take a holiday.

The treachery of perfect weather, the lure of the easy transition, were not long in the declaring.

It started with a single aircraft, possibly an old friend, a four-engined Focke-Wulf reconnaissance plane that closed the convoy from the eastward and then began to go round them in slow circles, well out of range of any gunfire they could put up. It had happened to them before, and there was little doubt of what the plane was doing — pin-pointing the convoy, shadowing it, noting exactly its course and speed, and then reporting back to some central authority, as well as tipping off any U-boats that might be near by. The change this time lay in the fact that it was occurring so early in their voyage, and that, as they watched the plane circling and realized its mission, the sun was pouring down from a matchless sky onto a sea as smooth and as lovely as old glass, hardly disturbed at all by the company of ships that crossed it on their way southward.

"It's too easy," said Ericson broodingly, voicing their thoughts. "All it's got to do is to fly round and round us, sending out some kind of homing signal, and every U-boat within a hundred miles just steers straight for us." He eyed the sky, innocent and cloudless. "I wish it would blow up a bit. This sort of weather doesn't give us a chance."

There was nothing out of the ordinary that night, except a signal at eleven o'clock addressed by the Admiralty to their convoy. "There are indications of five U-boats in your area, with others joining," it warned them, with generous scope, and left them to make the best they could of it. As soon as darkness fell the convoy changed its course from the one the aircraft had observed, going off at a sharp tangent in the hope of escaping the pursuit: perhaps it was successful, perhaps the U-boats were still out of range, for the five hours of darkness passed without incident, while on the radar screen the compact square of ships and the outlying fringe of escorts moved steadily forward, undisturbed, escaping notice. *Viperous*, making her routine dash round the convoy at first light, signaled "I think we fooled them" as she swept past *Compass Rose*. The steep wave of her wash had just started them rolling when they heard the drone of an aircraft, and the spy was with them again.

The first ship was torpedoed and set on fire at midday. She was a big tanker — all the twenty-one ships in the convoy were of substantial size, many of them bound for Malta and the eastern Mediterranean: it was a hand-picked lot, a valuable

prize well worth the pursuit and the harrying. And pursued and harried they were, without quarter: the swift destruction of that first ship marked the beginning of an eight-day battle that took steady toll of the convoy, thinning out the ships each night with horrible regularity.

They fought back, they did their best; but the odds against them were too high, the chinks in their armor impossible to safeguard against so many circling enemies.

"There are nine U-boats in your area," said the Admiralty at dusk that night, as generous as ever; and the nine U-boats between them sank three ships, one of them in circumstances of special horror. She was known to be carrying about twenty Wrens, the first draft to be sent to Gibraltar: aboard *Compass Rose* they had watched the girls strolling about the deck, had waved to them as they passed, had been glad of their company even at long range. The ship that carried them was the last to be struck that night: she went down so swiftly that the flames which engulfed the whole of her afterpart hardly had time to take hold before they were quenched. The noise of that quenching was borne over the water toward *Compass Rose*; a savage hissing roar, indescribably cruel. "By God, it's those poor kids!" exclaimed Ericson, jolted out of a calm he could not preserve at so horrible a moment. But there was nothing that they could do.

Two more ships went down the second night. Six ships were gone already: six ships in two days, and they still had a week to go before they were near the shelter of land. But now they had a stroke of luck: a succession of two dark nights that, combined with a violently evasive alteration of course, threw the pursuit off the scent. Though they were still on the alert, and the tension, particularly at night, was still there, for forty-eight hours they enjoyed a wonderful sense of respite: the convoy, now reduced to fifteen ships, cracked on speed, romping along toward the southern horizon and the promise of safety. Aboard *Compass Rose*, a cheerful optimism succeeded the sense of ordained misfortune that had begun to take hold. Hope grew: they might see harbor after all.

9

So it was for two days and two nights; and then the aircraft, casting wide circles in the clear dawn sky, found them again. Rose, the young signalman, heard it first: a stirring in the upper air, a faint purring whisper that meant discovery. He looked round him swiftly, his head cocked on one side: he called out, "Aircraft, sir — somewhere. . . ." and Ferraby and Baker, who had the forenoon watch, came to the alert in the same swift nervous movement. The throbbing grew, and achieved a definite direction — somewhere on their port beam, away from the convoy and toward the distant Spanish

coast. "Captain, sir!" called Baker down the voice-pipe. "Sound of aircraft —" But Ericson was already mounting the bridge ladder, brought up from his sea-cabin by the hated noise. He looked round him, narrowing his eyes against the bright day, and then: "There it is!" he exclaimed suddenly, and pointed. On their beam, emerging from the pearly morning mist that lay low on the horizon all round them, was the plane, the spying eye of the enemy.

They all stared at it, every man on the bridge, bound together by the same feeling of anger and hatred. It was so unfair. . . . U-boats they could deal with — or at least the odds were more level: with a bit of luck in the weather, and the normal skill of sailors, the convoy could feint and twist and turn and hope to escape their pursuit. But this predatory messenger from another sphere, destroying the tactical pattern, eating into any distance they contrived to put between themselves and the enemy — this betrayer could never be balked. They felt, as they watched the aircraft, a helpless sense of nakedness, an ineffectual rage: clearly, it was all going to happen again, in spite of their care and watchfulness, in spite of their best endeavors, and all because a handful of young men in an aircraft could span half an ocean in a few hours and come plummeting down upon their slower prey.

Swiftly the aircraft must have done its work, and the U-boats could not have been far away; within twelve hours, back they came, and that night cost the convoy two more ships out of the dwindling fleet. The hunt was up once more, the pack exultant, the savage rhythm returning and quickening. . . . They did their best: the escorts counter-attacked, the convoy altered course and increased its speed: all to no purpose. The sixth day dawned, the sixth night came: punctually at midnight the alarm bells sounded and the first distress-rocket soared up into the night sky, telling of a ship mortally hit and calling for help. She burned for a long time, that ship, reddening the water, lifting sluggishly with the swell, becoming at last a flickering oily pyre that the convoy slowly left astern. Then there was a pause of more than two hours, while they remained alert at action stations and the convoy slid southward under a black moonless sky; and then, far out on the seaward horizon, five miles away from them, there was a sudden return of violence. A brilliant orange flash split the darkness, died down, flared up again, and then guttered away to nothing. Clearly it was another ship hit — but this time, for them, it was much more than a ship; for this time, this time it was *Sorrel*.

They all knew it must be *Sorrel*, because at that distance it could not be any other ship, and also because of an earlier signal they had relayed to her from *Viperous*. "In case of an attack tonight," said the signal, "*Sorrel* will proceed five miles astern and to seaward of the convoy, and create a diversion by dropping depth charges, firing rockets, etc. This

may draw the main attack away from the convoy." They had seen the rockets earlier that night, and disregarded them: they only meant that *Sorrel*, busy in a corner, was doing her stuff according to plan. . . . Probably that plan had been effective, if the last two hours' lull was anything to go by: certainly it had, from one point of view, been an ideal exercise, diverting at least one attack from its proper mark. But, in the process, someone had to suffer: it had not canceled the stalking approach, it did not stop the torpedo being fired: *Sorrel* became the mark, in default of a richer prize, meeting her lonely end in the outer ring of darkness beyond the convoy.

Poor *Sorrel*, poor sister-corvette. . . . Up on the bridge of *Compass Rose*, the men who had known her best of all were now the mourners, standing separated from each other by the blackness of night but bound by the same shock, the same incredulous sorrow. How could it have happened to *Sorrel*, to an escort like themselves. . . . Immediately he saw the explosion, Ericson had rung down to the wireless office. "*Viperous* from *Compass Rose*," he dictated. "*Sorrel* torpedoed in her diversion position. May I leave and search for survivors?" Then: "Code that up," he snapped to the telegraphist who was taking down the message. "Quick as you can. Send it by R/T." Then, the message sent, they waited, silent in the darkness of the bridge, eying the dim bulk of the nearest ship, occasionally turning back to where *Sorrel* had been struck. No one said a word: there were no words for this. There were only thoughts, and not many of those.

The bell of the wireless office rang sharply, breaking the silence, and Leading Signalmen Wells, who was standing by the voice-pipe, bent down to it.

"Bridge!" he said, and listened for a moment. Then he straightened up, and called to the Captain across the gray width of the bridge. "Answer from *Viperous*, sir. . . . 'Do not leave convoy until daylight.'"

There was silence again, a sickened, appalled silence. Ericson set his teeth. He might have guessed. . . . It was the right answer, of course, from the cold technical angle: *Viperous* simply could not afford to take another escort from the screen, and send her off on a nonessential job. It was the right answer, but by Christ it was a hard one! . . . Back there in the lonely darkness, ten miles and more away by now, men were dying, men of a special sort: people they knew well, sailors like themselves; and they were to be left to die, or, at best, their rescue was to be delayed for a period that must cost many lives. *Sorrel's* sinking had come as an extraordinary shock to them all: she was the first escort that had ever been lost out of their group, and she was, of all the ones that could have gone, their own chummy-ship, the ship they had tied up alongside after countless convoys, for two years on end: manned by their friends, men they played tombola with or met in pubs ashore: men they could

always beat at football. . . . For *Sorrel* to be torpedoed was bad enough; but to leave her crew to sink or swim in the darkness was the most cruel stroke of all.

"Daylight," said Morell suddenly, breaking the oppressive silence on the bridge. "Two more hours to wait."

Ericson found himself answering "Yes" — not to Morell's words, but to what he had meant. It was a cold night. With two hours to wait, and then the time it would take them to run back to where *Sorrel* had gone down, there would be very few men left to pick up.

There were in fact fifteen — fifteen out of a ship's company of ninety.

They found them without much difficulty, toward the end of the morning watch, sighting the two specks which were Carley rafts across three miles or more of flat unruffled sea. However familiar this crude seascape had become to them, it was especially moving to come upon it again now: to approach the loaded rafts and the clusters of oily bodies washing about among *Sorrel's* wreckage: to see, here and there in this filthy aftermath, their own uniforms, their own badges and caps, almost their own mirrored faces. . . . The men on the rafts were stiff and cold and soaked with oil, but as *Compass Rose* approached, one of them waved with wild energy, foolishly greeting a rescuer not more than twenty yards away from him. Some of the men were clearly dead, from cold or exhaustion, even though they had gained the safety of the rafts: they lay with their heads on other men's knees, cherished and warmed until death and perhaps for hours beyond it. Ericson, looking through his binoculars at the ragged handful that remained, caught sight of the gray face of *Sorrel's* captain, Ramsay, his friend for many years. Ramsay was holding a body in his arms, a young sailor ugly and pitiful in death, the head thrown back, the mouth hanging open. But the living face above the dead one was hardly less pitiful. The whole story — the lost ship, the lost crew, the pain and exhaustion of the last six hours — all these were in Ramsay's face as he sat, holding the dead body, waiting for rescue.

It was a true captain's face, a captain in defeat who mourned his ship, and bore alone the monstrous burden of its loss.

10

BY NOON of the seventh day, the tally of ships remaining was eleven — eleven out of the original twenty-one; behind them were ten good merchant-ships sunk, and countless men drowned, and one of the escorts lost as well. It was horrible to think of the hundreds of miles of sea that lay in their wake, strewn with the oil and the wreckage and the corpses they were leaving behind them: it was like some revolting paper-chase, with the convoy laying

a trail from an enormous suppurating satchel of blood and treasure. But some of it — the Wrens, and *Sorrel* — did not bear thinking about at all.

It was not a one-sided battle, with repeated hammer-strokes on the one hand and a futile dodging on the other, but it was not much better than that, in the way it was working out; there were too many U-boats in contact with them, not enough escorts, not enough speed or maneuverability in the convoy to give it a level chance. They had fought back all that they could. *Compass Rose* had dropped more than forty depth charges on her various counter-attacks, some of which should have done some damage: the other escorts had put up a lively display of energy: *Viperous* herself, after one accurate attack, had sufficient evidence in the way of oil and wreckage to claim a U-boat destroyed. But as far as the over-all picture was concerned, all this was simply a feeble beating of the air: with so many U-boats in their area, miracles were necessary to escape the appalling trap the convoy had run into, and no miracles came their way. There was no chance of winning, and no way of retreat; all they could do was to close their ranks, make the best speed they could, and sweat it out to the end.

Compass Rose had never been so crowded, so crammed with survivors. It was lucky, indeed, that they had the new sick bay and the sick-berth attendant to deal with their wounded and exhausted passengers. But apart from the number of people requiring attention, they had collected a huge additional complement of rescued men — far outnumbering, indeed, their own crew. There were fourteen Merchant Navy officers in the wardroom, including three ship's captains: there were 121 others — seamen, firemen, cooks, Lascars, Chinese — thronging the upper deck by day, and at night crowding into the mess-decks to eat and sleep and wait for the next dawn. During the dark hours, indeed, the scene in the darkened fo'c's'le was barely describable. Under the shaded yellow lamp was a scene from the Inferno, a nightmare of tension and confusion and discomfort and pain.

The place was crammed to the deckhead: men stood or sat or knelt or lay in every available space: they crouched under the tables, they wedged themselves in corners, they stretched out on top of the broad ventilating shafts. There were men being seasick, men crying out in their sleep, men wolfing food, men hugging their bits of possessions and staring at nothing: wounded men groaning, apparently fit men laughing uneasily at nothing, brave men who could still summon a smile and a straight answer. It was impossible to pick one's way from one end of the fo'c's'le to the other, as Lockhart did each night when he made the rounds, without being shocked and appalled and saddened by this slum corner of the war; and yet somehow one could be heartened also, and cheered by an impression of patience and endurance, and made to feel proud.

. . . Individuals, here and there, might have been pushed close to defeat or panic; but the gross crowding, the rags, the oil, the bandages, the smell of men in adversity, were *still* not enough to defeat the whole company. They were all sailors there, not to be overwhelmed even by this sudden and sustained nightmare: they were being mucked about, it was true, but it would have to be a lot worse than this before they would change their minds about the sea.

The seventh night, all that the circling pack of U-boats could account for was one ship, the smallest ship in the convoy. She was hit astern, and she went down slowly: out of her whole company the only casualty was a single Lascar seaman who jumped (as he thought) into the sea with a wild cry and landed head first in one of the lifeboats. In the midst of the wholesale slaughter, this comedy exit had just the right touch of fantasy about it to make it seem really funny. . . . But even so, this ship was the eleventh to be lost, out of the original twenty-one: it put them over the halfway mark, establishing a new and atrocious record in U-boat successes. And the next night, the eighth and last of the battle, when they were within three hundred miles of Gibraltar, made up for any apparent slackening in the rate of destruction.

Three more ships, that last night cost, and one of them — yet another loaded tanker to be torpedoed and set on fire — was the special concern of *Compass Rose*. It was she who was nearest when the ship was struck, and she circled round as the oil, cascading and spouting from the tanker's open side, took fire and spread over the surface of the water like a flaming carpet in a pitch-black room. Silhouetted against this roaring backcloth, which soon rose to fifty feet in the air, *Compass Rose* must have been visible for miles around: even in swift movement she made a perfect target, and Ericson, trying to decide whether to stop and pick up survivors, or whether the risk would not be justified, could visualize clearly what they would look like when stationary against this wall of flame. *Compass Rose*, with her crew and her painfully collected shipload of survivors, would be a sitting mark from ten miles away. . . . But they had been detailed as rescue ship: there were men in the water, there were boats from the tanker already lowered and pulling away from the tower of flame: there was a job to be done, a work of mercy, if the risk were acceptable — if it were worth hazarding two hundred lives in order to gain fifty more, if prudence could be stretched to include humanity.

It was Ericson's decision alone. It was a captain's moment, a pure test of nerve: it was, once again, the reality that lay behind the saluting and the graded discipline and the two and a half stripes on the sleeve. While Ericson, silent on the bridge, considered the chances, there was not a man in the ship who would have changed places with him.

The order, when it came, was swift and decisive.

"Stop engines!"

"Stop engines, sir. . . . Engines stopped, wheel amidships, sir."

"Number One!"

"Sir?" said Lockhart.

"Stand by to get those survivors inboard. We won't lower a boat — they'll have to swim or row towards us. God knows they can see us easily enough. Use a megaphone to hurry them up."

"Aye, aye, sir."

As Lockhart turned to leave the bridge, the Captain added, almost conversationally: "We don't want to waste any time, Number One."

All over the ship a prickling silence fell, as *Compass Rose* slowly came to a stop and waited, rolling gently, lit by the glare from the fire. From the bridge, every detail of the upper deck could be picked out: there was no flickering in this huge illumination, simply a steady glow that threw a black shadow on the sea behind them, that showed them naked to the enemy, that endowed the white faces turned toward it with a photographic brilliance. Waiting aft among his depth-charge crews, while the flames roared and three boats crept toward them, and faint shouting and bobbing lights here and there on the water indicated a valiant swimmer making for safety, Ferraby was conscious only of a terror-stricken impatience. "Oh God, oh God, oh God," he thought, almost aloud, "let us give this up, let us get moving again. . . ." Twenty feet away from him in the port waist, Lockhart was coolly directing the preliminaries to the work of rescue — rigging a sling for the wounded men, securing the scrambling nets that hung over the side, by which men in the water could pull themselves up. Ferraby watched him, not with admiration or envy but with a futile hatred. "Damn you," he thought, once more almost saying the words out loud. "How can you be like that, why don't you feel like me — or if you do, why don't you show it?" He turned away from the brisk figures and the glowing heat of the flames, his eyes traversing the arch of black sky overhead, a sky blotched and streaked by smoke and whirling sparks; he looked behind him, at the outer darkness that the fire could not pierce, the place where the submarines must be lying and watching them. No submarine within fifty miles could miss this beacon, no submarine within five could resist chancing a torpedo, no submarine within two could fail to hit the silhouetted target, the stationary prey. It was wicked to stop like this, just for a lot of damned Merchant Navy roughs. . . .

A boat drew alongside, bumping and scraping: Lockhart called out, "Hook on forrard!" There were sounds of scrambling: an anonymous voice, foreign, slightly breathless, said, "God bless you for stopping!" The work of collection began.

It did not take long, save in their own minds; but coming toward the end of the long continued ordeal

of the voyage, when there was no man in the ship who was not near to exhaustion, those minutes spent motionless in the limelight had a creeping and paralytic tension. It seemed impossible for them to take such a reckless chance and not be punished for it; there was, in the war at sea, a certain limiting factor to bravery, and beyond that, fate stood waiting with a ferocious rebuke. "If we don't buy it this time," said Wainwright, the torpedoman, standing by his depth charges and staring at the flames, "Jerry doesn't *deserve* to win the war." It did seem, indeed, that if *Sorrel* could be hit when she was zigzagging at fourteen knots, there wouldn't be much trouble with *Compass Rose*; and as the minutes passed, while they collected three boatloads of survivors and a handful of swimmers, and the huge circle of fire gave its steady illumination, they seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into a situation from which they would never be able to retreat. The men who had work to do were lucky: the men who simply waited, like Ericson on the bridge or the stokers below the waterline, knew, in those few agonizing minutes, the meaning of fear.

It never happened: that was the miracle of that night. Perhaps some U-boat fired and missed, perhaps those within range, content with their success, had submerged for safety's sake and broken off the attack; at any rate, *Compass Rose* was allowed her extraordinary hazard, without having to settle the bill. When there were no more men to pick up, she got under way again: the returning pulse of her engine, heard and felt throughout the ship, came like some incredible last-minute respite, astonishing them all. But the pulse strengthened and quickened, in triumphant chorus, and she drew away from the flames and the smell of oil with her extra load of survivors snatched from the very mouth of danger, and her flaunting gesture unchallenged. They had taken the chance, and it had come off.

11

ANOTHER ship, on the opposite wing, went down at four o'clock, just before dawn; and then, as daylight strengthened and the rags of the convoy drew together again, they witnessed the last cruel item of the voyage.

Lagging behind with some engine defect, a third ship was hit, and began to settle down on her way to the bottom. She sank slowly, but owing to bad organization, or the villainous list the torpedoing gave her, no boats got away; for her crew, it was a time for swimming, for jumping into the water and striking out away from the fatal downward suction, and trusting to luck. *Compass Rose*, dropping back to come to her aid, circled round as the ship began to disappear; and then, as she dipped below the level of the sea and the swirling ripples began to spread outward from a central point that was no longer there, Ericson turned his ship's bows towards

the center of disaster, and the bobbing heads that dotted the surface of the water. But it was not to be a straightforward rescue; for just as he was opening his mouth to give the order for lowering a boat, the asdic set picked up a contact, an undersea echo so crisp and well-defined that it could only be a U-boat.

Lockhart, at his action station in the asdic compartment, felt his heart miss a beat as he heard that echo. At last. . . . He called through the open window: "Echo bearing two-two-five — moving left!" and bent over the asdic set in acute concentration. Ericson increased the revolutions again, and turned away from the indicated bearing, meaning to increase the range: if they were to drop depth charges, they would need a longer run-in to get up speed. In his turn, he called out: "What's it look like, Number One?" and Lockhart, hearing the harsh pinging noise and watching the mark on the recording set, said: "Submarine, sir — can't be anything else." He continued to call out the bearing and the range of the contact: Ericson prepared to take the ship in, at attacking speed, and to drop a pattern of depth charges on the way; and then, as *Compass Rose* turned inward towards the target, gathering speed for the onslaught, they all noticed something that had escaped their attention before. The place where the U-boat lay, the point where they must drop their charges, was alive with swimming survivors.

The Captain drew in his breath sharply at the sight. There were about forty men in the water, concentrated in a small space: if he went ahead with the attack he must, for certain, kill them all. He knew well enough, as did everyone on board, the effect of depth charges exploding under water — the splitting crash that made the sea jump and boil and spout skyward, the aftermath of torn seaweed and dead fish that always littered the surface after the explosion. Now there were men instead of fish and seaweed, men swimming toward him in confidence and hope. . . . And yet the U-boat was there, one of the pack that had been harassing and bleeding them for days on end, the destroying menace that *must* have priority, because of what it might do to other ships and other convoys in the future: he could hear the echo on the relay loud-speaker, he acknowledged Lockhart's developed judgment where the asdic set was concerned. As the seconds sped by and the range closed, he fought against his doubts, and against the softening instinct of mercy; the book said, "Attack at all costs," and this was a page out of the book, and the men swimming in the water did not matter at all, when it was a question of bringing one of the killers to account.

But for a few moments longer he tried to gain support and confidence for what he had to do.

"What's it look like now, Number One?"

"The same, sir — solid echo — exactly the right size — *must* be a U-boat."

"Is it moving?"

"Very slowly."

"There are some men in the water, just about there."

There was no answer. The range decreased as *Compass Rose* ran in: they were now within six hundred yards of the swimmers and the U-boat, the fatal coincidence that had to be ignored.

"What's it look like now?" Ericson repeated.

"Just the same — seems to be stationary — it's the strongest contact we've ever had."

"There are some chaps in the water."

"Well, there's a U-boat just underneath them."

"All right, then," thought Ericson, with a new unlooked-for access of brutality to help him. "All right, we'll go for the U-boat. . . ." With no more hesitation he gave the order: "Attacking — stand by!" to the depth-charge positions aft; and having made this sickening choice he swept in to the attack with a deadened mind, intent only on one kind of kill, pretending there was no other.

Many of the men in the water waved wildly as they saw what was happening: some of them screamed, some threw themselves out of the ship's path and thrashed furiously in the hope of reaching safety: others, slower-witted or nearer to exhaustion, still thought that *Compass Rose* was speeding to their rescue, and continued to wave and smile almost to their last moment. . . . The ship came in like an avenging angel, cleaving the very center of the knot of swimmers: the amazement and horror on their faces was reflected aboard *Compass Rose*, where many of the crew, particularly among the depth-charge parties aft, could not believe what they were being called upon to do. Only two men did not share this horror: Ericson, who had shut and battened down his mind except to a single thought — the U-boat they must kill; and Ferraby, whose privilege it was to drop the depth charges. "Serve you bloody well right!" thought Ferraby as *Compass Rose* swept in among the swimmers, catching some of them in her screw, while the firing-bell sounded and the charges rolled over the stern or were rocketed outward from the throwers. "Serve you right — you nearly killed us last night, making us stop next door to that fire — now it's our turn."

There was a deadly pause, while for a few moments the men aboard *Compass Rose* and the men left behind in her wake stared at each other, in pity and fear and a kind of basic disbelief; and then with a huge hammer-crack the depth charges exploded.

Mercifully the details were hidden in the flurry and roar of the explosion; and the men must all have died instantly, shocked out of life by the tremendous pressure of the sea thrown up upon their bodies. But one freak item of the horror impressed itself on the memory. As the tormented water leaped upward in a solid gray cloud, the single figure of a man was tossed high on the very plume of the fountain, a puppet figure of whirling arms and

legs seeming to make, in death, wild gestures of anger and reproach. It appeared to hang on a long time in the air, cursing them all, before falling back into the boiling sea.

When they ran back to the explosion area, with the asdic silent and the contact not regained, it was as if to some aquarium where poisoned water had killed every living thing. Men floated high on the surface like dead goldfish in a film of blood. Most of them were disintegrated, or pulped out of human shape. But half a dozen of them, who must have been on the edge of the explosion, had come to a tidier end; split open from chin to crotch, they had been as neatly gutted as any herring. Some sea gulls were already busy on the scene, screaming with excitement and delight. Nothing else stirred.

No one looked at Ericson as they left that place: if they had done so, they might have been shocked by his expression and his extraordinary pallor. Now deep in self-torture, and appalled by what he had done, he had already decided that there had been no U-boat there in the first place: the contact was probably the torpedoed ship, sliding slowly to the bottom, or the disturbed water of her sinking. Either way, the slaughter he had inflicted was something extra, a large, entirely British-made contribution to the success of the voyage.

By the time they were past the Straits, and had smelled the burnt smell of Africa blowing across from Ceuta, and had shaped a course for Gibraltar harbor, they were all far off balance.

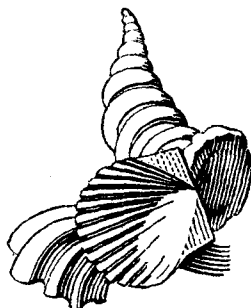
It had gone on too long, it had failed too horribly, it had cost too much. They had been at action stations for virtually eight days on end, missing hours of sleep, making do with scratch meals of cocoa and corned-beef sandwiches, living all the time under recurrent anxieties that often reached a desperate tension. There had hardly been a moment of the voyage when they could forget the danger that lay in wait for them and the days of strain that stretched ahead, and relax and find peace. They had been

hungry and dirty and tired, from one sunrise to the next: they had lived in a ship crammed and disorganized by nearly three times her normal complement. Through it all, they had had to preserve an alertness and a keyed-up efficiency, hard enough to maintain even in normal circumstances.

The deadly part was that it had all been in vain, it had all been wasted: there could have been no more futile expense of endurance and nervous energy. Besides *Sorrel*, which was in a special category of disaster, they had lost fourteen ships out of the original twenty-one — two thirds of the entire convoy, wiped out by a series of pack-attacks so adroit and so ferocious that countermeasures had been quite futile. That was the most wretched element of the voyage — the inescapable sense of futility, the conviction that there were always more U-boats than escorts and that the U-boats could strike, and strike home, practically as they willed.

The escorts, and *Compass Rose* among them, seemed to have been beating the air all the time: they could do nothing save count the convoy's losses at each dawn, and make, sometimes, a vain display of force which vanished like a trickle of water swallowed by an enormous sea. In the end, they had all sickened of the slaughter, and of the battle too.

To offset the mortal bleeding of the convoy, by far the worst of this or any other war, *Viperous* had sunk one U-boat: a second had probably been destroyed; and *Compass Rose* herself had collected 175 survivors — nearly twice the number of her own crew. But this seemed nothing much when set alongside the total loss of lives: it seemed nothing much when measured against the men they had depth-charged and killed, instead of saving; it seemed nothing much when shadowed by the stricken figure of *Sorrel's* captain, wordless and brooding at the back of their bridge as *Compass Rose* slid into the shelter of Gibraltar harbor, under the huge Rock that dwarfed and mocked the tiny defeated ships below.





In view of the present serious threat of famine in rural areas throughout India, the Atlantic feels it is of first importance to determine whether this plight which has stirred wide American sympathy is susceptible of more than temporary relief. W. H. FORBES, Lecturer at the School of Public Health at Harvard University, has made two extended visits to India since 1949 in furtherance of a joint public health project undertaken by the School and the Ludlow Tate Co. Ltd. His sobering conclusions are the result of close study, far travel, and many consultations.

WHAT WILL INDIA EAT TOMORROW?

by W. H. FORBES

1

FAMINE has been the faithful visitant of mankind throughout its existence. We in America have largely forgotten this as we have never known anything but surpluses since the very early days. We think of shortages as exceptional. We are, of course, quite wrong. Recurring scarcity is the *usual* thing — so usual that it might almost be called normal — and continuous sufficiency is unusual. We form an exception, local and perhaps transitory, to the condition of the majority of mankind, who, like other biological species, periodically experience starvation. It is well that we should remember this, now that we are undertaking great responsibilities both of friendship and, at present, most unfortunately, of enmity in the East.

India is a splendid corrective to complacency. A great people living in a land reasonably well endowed with natural resources, rich and highly civilized when Europe was deep in barbarism and North America the range of nomadic hunters, is now unable to support itself. Standards of life are low and sinking, and widespread famine is imminent. What disaster or great error has reduced the inhabitants of India to their present status? Simply this: they have increased in numbers.

India and Pakistan together make up an area about half as large as the U.S.A., and at least as large a proportion is desert, mountain, or swamp; so the proportion of fertile land is not very different — if anything, it is smaller. This area is not richly endowed with minerals, being far less fortunate in this respect than the U.S. There are coal, iron, manganese, and small deposits of many other ores, but nothing much in excess of the reasonable needs of the vast population. In fact, in many things (oil, copper, tin, and nickel) needs greatly exceed resources. Consequently the population that they can support at a high standard of living is certainly not more than half what we can support, and may

not be more than one third. They have, however, nearly three times our population. In short, they have eight to ten times as many people per unit of natural resources as we have.

But even this gives far too rosy a picture of the situation, because the people of India have so much less technical knowledge and equipment than we. They cannot use their land — little as there is per person — nearly as effectively either per acre or per man-hour as we can. This is not because of lack of intelligence or lack of effort. It is because they have not been able to afford education or other capital investments.

In a land where 90 per cent of the population are rural and the great bulk of this 90 per cent work the land and still are unable, by their utmost efforts, to raise the food to support themselves, it is clear that not many can be spared to teach or to investigate methods of increasing food production. Such efforts take five or ten years to give returns, and the problem is how to get food for next month. The answers worked out in other countries cannot be immediately transferred — they are not always applicable to India, and even when they are, the nearly universal illiteracy of the farmers is a great bar to the spread of new techniques whether coming from abroad or from the small number of Indian experts.

The mere fact that India has eight to ten times as many people per unit of natural resources as the United States does not of itself mean that it is overpopulated. We might be underpopulated. Some feel that we are, but many who have studied the question think that we have already passed the "optimum population," and that, high as our standard is, it would be higher still if we had 100 instead of 150 million. There would then be fewer dust-bowl farms, less erosion, forests in equilibrium rather than disappearing, slower depletion of mines

and oil, higher animal protein diet without overgrazing, and more exportable surplus per capita.

There are other indications that the population of India is excessive besides comparison with this country. Housing provides an easily measurable criterion of overcrowding. It is better in this respect than food consumption because floor space may be as low as one square yard per person, or as high as 100 square yards, but food (except for wastage) can vary only over a small range. A rich man simply cannot eat a hundred times as much as a poor man, or even three times as much. Indeed, a poor man working hard must eat far more than a rich one who is inactive.

A thorough and careful survey of conditions in India was made in the middle forties by a large and competent committee appointed by the Indian Government and under the chairmanship of Sir Joseph Bhore. Their four-volume report was published in 1946 under the title "Report of the Health Survey and Development Committee," and the following quotation from the sections which deal with housing is typical: "In the tenements constructed and owned by the Government of Bombay, 63,000 persons in 1939 were housed in 13,000 rooms." This is 4.8 persons per room. The conditions are much more crowded now, and a recent editorial in the leading conservative daily, *The Statesman*, states that "30% of the population of Bombay live with 20 or more people to a room" at present.

In the city of Calcutta, an unknown number, estimated by some as high as 200,000 people, have no houses whatever and live entirely on the streets and in the railroad stations. This crowding is not confined to the lower working classes; even the babus (the educated, somewhat more highly paid clerical staff) are included. For example, one young clerk in a Calcutta office stated that he shared one bed with his two unmarried sisters, his mother, and his youngest brother, aged eight. One square yard of floor space per person is common; to have only four people in a room 9 feet by 9 feet is considered definitely superior housing.

In many places families alternate in a house or shop: a small artisan may have a shop attached to his house and two families may occupy both, one running the shop while the other uses the house, and then reversing.

Everyone agrees that conditions have become considerably worse since the early forties and that the deterioration has been particularly pronounced since 1947, especially in the cities, and perhaps most of all in Calcutta. This is partly due to the increase of 30 million or more in the total population and partly because the persons uprooted during the division into India and Pakistan have gravitated to the cities. Calcutta has gone from a little over 2 million to upwards of 4 million in less than five years. There has been no significant change

in the number of houses, the supply of water, gas, or electricity, or in the provisions for sewage disposal.

These conditions would be appalling if they were now static, but they are not. The population is still increasing rapidly. The Bhore Report states: "During the past two decades there has been a steady fall in the mortality rate of the country. A further fall is bound to occur if the large scale programmes for improving the health of the community advocated by the different postwar planning committees are effectively put into operation. In the decennium between 1931 and 1941, the average yearly addition to the population of India as a whole was 5 millions. An annual saving of 3 millions in British India as the result of improved health conditions will raise India's rate of growth to 8 millions a year, without taking into consideration any fall in mortality that may be brought about in the Indian States through similar health measures. Under such conditions the very large increase of 83 millions which took place in the 20-year period between 1921 and 1941 is likely to be reached within half that time. A purposeful control of mortality without a corresponding fall in the fertility rate of the community can thus have far-reaching consequences."

2

INDIA is overwhelmingly an agricultural country, but instead of having a large export surplus it cannot even supply its own *minimum* needs and must import an ever increasing amount of food grains, this year 12 per cent of the total caloric requirements. There is no more convincing evidence of overpopulation in an agricultural country than a chronic and worsening shortage of food.

Another warning is the tiny size of many of the individual plots of farming land. There is just over one acre of cultivated land per capita of the total agricultural population. We in this country have twelve, and these twelve acres are generally good, while the Indian one is often poor. India cultivates over half her total area, the United States less than one fifth. Much of the land that must be used by an Indian farmer would not be touched by an American farmer. (A note should be added here about Pakistan. Her problems are similar but at present less acute because Pakistan has the more sparsely settled sections of the country, with over an acre per head, and India the more densely settled, with just about an acre per head. Pakistan has a smaller urban population and is still able to produce her own food, and even to export some in good years. The observations in this article apply with more force to India with 360 million people than to Pakistan with 80 million.)

The individual plots would be small in any event because of the great number of individuals, but the

situation is made much worse by the inheritance customs which in many sections decree that if a farmer has a number of sons, three for example, he doesn't merely divide his farm into three parts and leave one part to each. Rather, he divides his good land into three parts, his medium land into three parts, and his poor land into three parts. Consequently, in the course of time, holdings have become not only tiny but also widely scattered, and a farmer may have to trudge a mile or so from one minuscule plot to another.

3

UNTIL two centuries ago, India always gave the impression of being rich in comparison with other countries. Now she gives the impression of being poorer than others. In 1800 there were probably between 100 and 200 million, and their number increased only slowly, probably reaching the latter figure about 1840 or 1850. Then the rate of growth began to increase, and in 1881 it had reached about 240 million, exclusive of Burma. The first Commissions of Public Health were not created until 1864, and it is probable that their effect was not very great until the etiology and modes of spread of the major diseases, especially malaria and cholera, were fairly well worked out. Generally speaking, the effective control of these diseases increased all over the world during the 1890s and early 1900s; and at about the same time, the population of India began its great increase, an increase which has reached 50 per cent in fifty years and is currently proceeding at about twice that speed.

The social history of India is little known, but it seems probable that in the early days the poor facilities for transport led to a considerable degree of isolation of the various parts of India. Disasters thus circumscribed might kill 30 per cent of the population in a given area, but not hit that area again for many years. The general picture may have been one of health and prosperity in 90 per cent of the country with famine and disease rampant in the remaining 10 per cent. The famine, caused by a vagary of the monsoon coupled with lack of transport, would not recur in this spot for some years, and the disease would die out from lack of susceptibles and not recur until the passage of twenty years had provided a new crop of potential victims. A loss of 30 per cent of the inhabitants of 10 per cent of the country (3 per cent of the whole population) occurring almost every year in one region or another would keep the population as a whole approximately constant and would be compatible with reasonable health and a tolerable standard of living for 90 per cent of the country. Now it seems that the improvement in transport and the suppression of disease by the British, which has saved a hundred million lives, have had the effect of reversing these percentages, so that with disasters spread over longer periods and

greater areas a situation has been achieved where 90 per cent are miserable and 10 per cent relatively well off.

The wealth of India has certainly increased under British rule, probably more than doubled. The population, however, has more than quadrupled, so that each person is only half as well off. The British found 10 million people in great distress and many dying, while the surrounding 90 million had some degree of prosperity. They provided sound, creative administration and applied liberal and humanitarian principles. The result was to bring 440 million to the verge of starvation and to keep them there, leaving 10 million in some degree of comfort. America has achieved a similar result in Puerto Rico. Is there something missing in our planning?

The Indian Government is well aware of the problems posed by the discrepancy between the country's resources and its population. This is always expressed, unfortunately, as a "shortage of food" or "lack of housing" rather than as an "excess of people." Their efforts to solve their difficulties are along four main lines: attempts to get hold of existing accumulations of capital, taxation of existing industries, increase in industrialization, and increase of agricultural production.

Of these, the first is obviously a self-limiting resource. One can only appropriate capital once. Furthermore, even the largest accumulations look small when divided by 400 million. The taxation of existing industries is fairly high, approximately 55 per cent of income, so that no great increase in yield can be expected from further taxation.

The third method, increasing the industrialization, requires a great capital outlay — so much that it is quite beyond the power of India to supply it. Its extent may be gathered from the following figures: In the United States \$15,000 per employee is a conservative estimate of the capital required in an industrialization program for medium and heavy industries. In India the cost of machinery, even when it is available, is 50 per cent higher than in the United States but building is cheaper. In general, at least double the number of employees is required for a given size of output. Therefore, let us take \$3000 per man as a low but reasonable figure of the cost of proper industrialization in India. Let us also assume that an average industrial worker will support four people besides himself. As there are 15,000 people added to the population every day, it would require the employment of at least 3000 new people every day at a cost of 9 million dollars of new capital per day, merely to keep abreast of the increasing population without improving the general standard of living at all. This means 5 billion per year, or between three and four times the present total budget of the country, just to keep from going downhill. There is no prospect that native capital can bear this burden or

that private foreign capital can be attracted at a significant fraction of this rate.

Besides, it is not certain how much industrialization will help. It will be of some help, of course, but you cannot eat machines. There are too many men and there is too little land. Even if the machine will do the work of a hundred men, it is of little help unless it produces more food than the hundred men could produce.

The improvement of agricultural yields is the most promising of these methods for attacking the problem. Theoretically it should be fairly easy to raise the food output of India by a considerable amount, 50 or perhaps even 100 per cent, by the use of fertilizer, improved strains, irrigation, better methods of cultivation, and the opening of unused land. India's production of corn averaged 0.27 tons per acre against the U.S. average of 1.07 tons; in wheat India got 0.26 tons and the U.S. 0.48. The average yield per acre of India's eight principal food grains was about one third of the U.S. yield. There is a great difference, however, between what is theoretically possible and what can be accomplished in practice.

There are serious difficulties to be overcome. The land is generally deficient in nitrogen, phosphate, organic matter, and water. A recent survey by the Agricultural, Fisheries, and Irrigation Departments in West Bengal, one of the richest agricultural sections, reports that the "natural drainage system and main source of natural irrigation" of this region are "unmistakably dying." The ravages of floods on East Bengal rivers worsen each year. Sir Albert Howard, who spent most of his life on various agricultural projects in India and was agricultural adviser to the government, feels that the Indian peasant is getting about as much from the land as can safely be taken unless profound changes in agricultural practices are introduced, including the use of cow dung for fertilizer instead of for fuel. (It is much needed as fuel because wood is scarce and expensive.)

Although the necessity of increasing food production has been emphasized by a series of famines in which millions starved to death, the most recent one being the Bengal famine of 1943, and although much intelligent effort has been devoted to increasing production, the results have been disappointing. New lands have been cleared, swamps drained, dry lands irrigated, but the total agricultural production has not increased — in fact, it appears to have decreased. Meanwhile the population has been increasing by 5 to 6 million per year. To get some idea of what such a torrent of humanity means, one must realize this yearly increase is greater than the total population of New England exclusive of Massachusetts; that it requires an area the size of New Hampshire or Vermont to provide one acre per person and that, except on the best land, two acres are needed to support one person adequately. Fur-

thermore, this amount of additional land is required not just once, but is required *every year* merely to keep the situation from deteriorating.

Up to the early forties India had been in agricultural balance or nearly so; some rice was imported, but this was usually about balanced by exports of food. However, in 1944 it was necessary to import 650,000 tons without any significant export of food to balance it. From 1945 to 1949 the figures rose from 850,000 to 4 million tons. Now, in 1951, India is endeavoring to import 6 million tons. This will feed 30 million people for a year.

Six million tons is a huge amount of wheat — so much that it takes 600 really large ships (over 500 feet long) to carry it. To send this from America to India would require the dispatch of two ships per day for a year; and as the round trip with loading and unloading would certainly take 70 days, this would mean a total fleet of 140 ships devoted exclusively to this purpose.

It is true that in 1950 there was a smaller import than in 1949, and that in the end of 1950 and beginning of 1951 there have been rather an unusual number of disasters in the nature of floods and earthquakes which increased the imports for 1951. Nevertheless, there are floods and earthquakes every year and there is some indication that the floods at least are becoming worse, because of the cutting off of the forests in an effort to get more land for cultivation. The reason for the ineffectiveness of the various efforts to increase production may be in part a declining fertility in the land. The behavior of specific crops suggests this; wheat and sugar cane may be taken as examples. There is, therefore, little indication that the theoretical possibilities of raising more food in India will be realized.

4

WHAT can be done? The outlook is dark but not hopeless. First the birth rate *must* be reduced. Without this nothing will be of much use. With this the projects now under way could gradually solve India's most pressing problems. The difficulties of introducing good contraceptive methods are many and formidable. Mr. Gandhi strongly opposed contraception, holding that any intercourse when the desire for offspring was absent was sinful. The president of India, Mr. Prasad, and also the recently elected president of the Congress Party, Mr. Tandon, follow Mr. Gandhi. The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, however, has believed for many years in the necessity of contraception for India and seems to be pushing it more strongly during the last year or two. There are now eleven birth control clinics operating in Bombay, and others in other cities. Hinduism is not a revealed religion and hence has no authoritative dicta on the subject. It is not, strictly speaking, against the Hindu religion, though it is against the teachings of some religious leaders.

The people are conservative, suspicious of Western innovations, and in the rural sections still influenced to a certain extent by the idea that children are an economic asset as they were in the distant past when their help was needed on the land. They still do work on the land from about six years of age, but they eat more than they can help to produce. On the other hand there are some people in almost every class who are most eager to limit the size of their families and are now using for this purpose all kinds of methods, many of them completely ineffective, and some of them dangerous.

The practical difficulties are very great. Good contraceptive materials cannot be supplied for less than \$2 per person per year, and the maintenance of a clinic even in India would cost at least \$5 per patient. The annual cash income in rural India is of the order of \$50 per capita (exclusive of the value of the food raised and eaten on the farm itself), and the total amount spent on public health is of the order of 12 cents per person per year. The expense therefore is almost prohibitive. Then there is the difficulty of spreading information in an illiterate population and also the lack of the trained personnel needed to make a birth control program effective. There are few doctors in the rural districts — about one for every 200,000 people — and only one nurse for every seven doctors. The cities with only 10 per cent of the population and a lower birth rate than the rural areas have at least three fourths of the 50,000 doctors and 7000 nurses in India. These figures are discouraging — but the desire to limit the birth rate is there, and this desire is something to build on.

Another obstacle which must be overcome is the failure among both Indians and foreign observers to appreciate the quantitative aspects of the problem. "India's resources are vast," they say. Yes, but divide them by 400 million and you find that per capita they are tiny. There was an excellent article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 23, 1950, entitled "India Opens Her Hidden Storehouse." It describes most vividly 30 huge tractors handling great new machines which are ripping out kank grass and reclaiming nearly one square mile per day. This is quite a bit of land and it is rich land too. They are planning eventually to get a total of 240 tractors which will clear about 6 square miles per day and reclaim millions of acres — 10 million to be exact. Anyone reading the article is impressed by the size of the achievement. He sees in imagination the huge iron monsters cutting great swathes through the trees, shrubs, and weeds, freeing the rich soil for grains, demonstrating through science and the machine age the triumph of man's intellect over the obstacles in his environment. He sees India's problem practically solved and assumes that by next year, at any rate, when some of these vast

acres come into production, there will be food enough for all.

He fails to calculate that this large total of 480 acres per day, the maximum that can be obtained from the present 30 tractors and their accompanying machines, is only one thirtieth of what India needs per day merely to keep up with her daily increase. This enterprise, admirable and large-scale though it is, will merely make a scarcely perceptible decrease in the rate at which she goes downhill. When you have a herd of starving elephants it does no harm to go out and give one peanut to each, but it is a mistake to believe that you have made a significant improvement in their nutritional status by so doing. And if this belief diverts your attention from the fact that they are indeed starving and lulls you by the feeling that you have helped them, it would have been better to omit the peanuts and tackle the fundamental question of how they came to be starving.

The facts are these: India's population is increasing by about 5 million per year — a rate which would double her present population of 360 million in about fifty years. Her total agricultural production of foods now averages about 4 million tons below her requirements and appears to be falling steadily in spite of all efforts to increase it. This year, which was a bad one for production, it was 6 million tons below her requirements. She has no product the export of which can be increased in sufficient amounts to cover this enormous deficit. This means famine, continual famine, until population and resources are in balance.

Why should we in America concern ourselves with India's problems? There are several reasons, and it is by no means certain that the most important ones are the two most commonly given: namely, a hope that we can keep her friendly to us rather than to the Russians, and a feeling that it is the humanitarian thing to do. It may well be that three other reasons are of much deeper and more lasting significance: first, the world is not likely to be stable and peaceful while starving millions know of the existence of luxurious surpluses just around the corner; second, India's great artistic and philosophical culture can contribute to our perhaps over-materialistic and scientific pattern; third, and perhaps most important, India is not behind us, as some think, but ahead of us on the road that the world as a whole appears to be starting to follow.

For at least two centuries the world's production of food has increased faster than its population, but within the last few years the situation appears to have been reversed and the population of the world has increased faster than its food supply. The world is moving toward the condition that India has already reached. India has many lessons for us. It would be well to help and to study India.



Poet, Pulitzer Prize winner, and since 1950 the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is much in demand as a commencement speaker, primarily because, as a passionately loyal American, he has the gift and eloquence to call out of others the self-assurance which this country needs if we are to be reliable in our many commitments. The words that follow were spoken at the Radcliffe Commencement, but they were also written with the Atlantic in mind.

THE POWER OF CHOICE

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I

WHAT is in question in this country is the survival of the American confidence that men can choose the future.

For some weeks past we have been listening to a national argument which the American press agrees to call the Great Debate. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the press is wrong: that the Great Debate is neither great nor much of a discussion. Senator Wiley's early demand that the highest and most responsible military officer of the Republic be required to testify to what the Senator called personal feelings and private animosities raised understandable doubts as to the elevation of the proceedings. And the effect of the whole dispute on the Congress and the country has been something less than illuminating. When the principal arguments were all in, the popular verdict apparently came to this: that General MacArthur was wholly right and that General MacArthur's opinions were altogether wrong.

Nevertheless the press, for once, was wiser than the people. The confused and interminable altercation now going forward in Washington and in the Republic is, without any doubt whatever, a debate, and the debate deserves the adjective. Upon its issue will depend the kind of country this country is to be.

What is in debate is not merely our policy in the Far East — whether or not the Korean War should have been extended to China. What is in debate is the underlying question General MacArthur was obliged to face when his proposal was challenged on the ground that the extension of the Korean War might mean war with Russia and so a third world war. What is in debate is the view of human history, of the freedom of human choice, which we as Americans are prepared to hold.

In the past it has been our American conviction — a conviction implicit in our actions rather than

explicit in our words — that history is made *by men*, not men by history. It is not only possible, we have thought, but a self-evident truth that a free people, if it possesses the virility and the inventiveness and the daring, can choose for itself the kind of world it wishes to live in and then create that world. A free people is capable, that is to say, of the pursuit of happiness — the pursuit of human happiness. We have not believed that men's lives, or the forms of their societies, or the future to which they are committed are determined in advance by the patterns of the stars or the prophecies of the books or the necessities of the blood or the character of the countryside into which they are born, or even by the laws of economics. Above all, we have not believed, as older societies believed before us, that the events of human history — either disasters or triumphs — are inevitable.

The whole idea of the inevitable has been repugnant to us. Nothing, we have opined, is inevitable but death and taxes. Anything else in the world can be changed, including — including particularly — the prophecies. Anything else can be changed and, for the most part, has been: forms of government, dogmas of belief, methods of husbandry, habits of life — even the man himself: even the compulsion of the blood, the shape of the head, the length and weight of the body, and the color of the hair. We have had no respect for fate: we worshiped God, not fate. We have had no particular reverence for history: we believed in men, not history. History was the history men made, not the veiled divinity that told them what they had to be.

Our confidence, in brief, was in the future. Which is to say that our confidence was in the power of human choice to make the future. We considered that a free people can make the future for itself: master its destiny.

That was the American position: the position made evident in our actions from the first movement west across the continent; made articulate sometimes also in our words. We had no illusions about the orthodoxy of our view. We knew perfectly well that the great majority of mankind disagreed with us and always had. The orthodox conception of man's place in the universe, man's relation to time and to event, had always been the very different conception that man is the victim of the inevitable, whose only escape from the ineluctable design is to accept it. The authors of that reckless and willful phrase about the pursuit of happiness in the Declaration of American Independence had every reason to know how their affirmation would be received in older, wiser, and less courageous countries. We have learned since, throughout the history of our literature, how stubborn, how bitter, and how vindictive that reaction can be: how scornfully the believers in fate can speak of our precarious belief in man and in man's future; how sneeringly the servants of determinism can dispose of our "idea of progress," as they choose to call it; how contemptuously the worshippers of certainty can dismiss our self-confidence, our self-reliance, above all the rash impiety of our willingness to think for ourselves, and say as we think, and do as we say.

Nevertheless, and until this time, we have held to our convictions. We have nourished an inarticulate belief that there is a relation of some kind between the individual human freedom we mean to have and the rejection of the dogma of inevitability. Freedom and inevitability, we have thought, cannot live together. No nation can be free which does not keep the future open in its people's minds.

Now, it appears, we are no longer certain. The world has changed. The dogma of inevitability has made new converts throughout half the earth, and the menace of their fanatic faith has made still further converts, even among us. Fear has accomplished what persuasion never could. Americans — many Americans it seems — are ready to accept the doctrine of inevitability for themselves and to force it on their fellow citizens. Unless we accept the inevitable, they tell us, the inevitable will destroy *us*. And the country listens, ponders, doubts. And the issue is joined. The petty debate over the personality of a man becomes the great debate over the destiny of the Republic.

2

THE MacArthur controversy is, of course, the occasion of the Great Debate, not the cause. General MacArthur did not invent the view of human history he apparently accepts. The controversy which centers on his name has, however, posed the underlying issue in terms which no one can mistake, and has related it to a decision which the country,

largely because of the controversy, can no longer avoid. That decision is a decision affecting our survival as a people and, very probably, the survival of our world.

Only on the surface is the difference between MacArthur and his critics a military difference. Actually it is a difference of belief, a difference of essential philosophy: a difference touching the freedom of the people of the United States to *choose*, in the greatest dilemma they have ever faced. Fundamentally what General MacArthur and General Bradley disagree about is the freedom of the people of the United States to pursue their traditional policy of peace *and* the defense of human liberty in the modern world. To General MacArthur the risk of Russian intervention and, so, of world war should not deter us from extending the Korean War to China and winning a "victory," because the risk of Russian intervention has already been taken: because events, that is to say, are out of our hands. To General Bradley, the chance of Russian intervention *should* deter us because events are *not* out of our hands: because, as the General puts it, we have avoided war with Russia thus far and if we can continue to avoid it long enough we may be able to avoid it altogether.

Neither General knows or pretends to know what Russia will actually do. Both agree that Russia may attack us at any moment — that the rulers of Russia will be restrained neither by humanity nor by moral scruple: only by fear. Both are aware that the Russians themselves regard war between the Soviets and the United States as inevitable: their doctrine of economic determinism makes it so. The difference between the two men is a difference as to our freedom of action under these circumstances. To one, we can still choose between the struggle for freedom and peace on the one hand and world war on the other; to the second, we are already, in effect, at war: the millstones are turning, the grain must be ground.

This is the difference also between the two opinions which have been formed, regardless of party, behind the principal figures of the debate. Those on the one side talk in terms of what they call "realism" and "courage," by which they mean the "realistic" acceptance of the inevitability of war, and the "courageous" adoption in China and, presumably, elsewhere of a policy based upon what they regard as the unblinking recognition of that fact. Those on the other continue to talk in terms of hope, contending that we have not yet lost control of the great election between peace and war: that it is still possible, if we have the courage and the patience, to avoid world war on the one hand and Communist domination of the earth on the other.

To men of the second opinion there is room for maneuver in the narrow strait between these two dangers. We can make ourselves too strong to attack and too important to the world to isolate:

the party of peace and the fortress of power; the standard of effective freedom to which men, still free, can rally. We can gain allies for ourselves and arm them. We can strengthen the economy of the free world and build backfires of hope in the exploited areas where hunger and despair make tinder for the Russian torch. We can put together regional alliances — strong points of mutual confidence such as the Atlantic Pact — within the structure of the United Nations and find means to give the defeated peoples of Germany and Japan a stake in the common future. We can implement the Charter of the United Nations by building out of the United Nations command which already exists in Korea a permanent United Nations police force and so enlist the universal longing for peace behind our purposes rather than the purposes of the Russians. We can turn our faces toward a free and peaceful future for the world, planning it, organizing it as we can under the Point Four program or otherwise, giving mankind a measure of hope instead of a certainty of slaughter, and so breaking the evil spell the Russians, with their alternatives of spiritual slavery or inevitable war, have woven.

3

TO MEN who hold the first opinion — to the “realists” — all this is folly if not actually something worse than folly. It is folly to talk of avoiding war: we are already at war. So MacArthur: so Wedemeyer. It is nonsense to concern ourselves about what our allies think: our allies have no choice, they will think as we think or go without. So MacArthur: so the McCormick-McCarthy fringe. It is ridiculous to offer relief to suffering peoples: there is no time for relief — we cannot even be sure the grain we send to the starving in India will help *us*. As for the United Nations and regional alliances and the Atlantic Pact — all this is legalistic trifling. In the last analysis there are only the Russians and ourselves. The chips are down. The time has come to act: to act in China — to act wherever action is necessary — to act, that is, by force.

It is this latter position which reveals the true issue of the Great Debate. If you ask the “realists” *why* the chips are down; *why* there is no time; *why* war with Russia and hence world war is inevitable, they will reply, many of them: Because the *Russians* are committed; because the *Russians* will allow us no time; because the *Russians* say war is inevitable. But this can hardly be the actual reason. No American believes, and least of all the patriotic Americans who urge this view upon the country, that the Russians possess the exclusive power to decide the future for us all: that American intentions no longer count in the great decision. Certainly no American who knows the facts of record could believe anything so humiliating to his country and so false. It has yet to be demonstrated that American determination and

persistence, backed by American strength and the strength of our friends in the free world, are incapable of deterring the Russians from an action which would precipitate the most terrible of all wars — a war fought with the weapons of extermination. On the contrary, the facts of record powerfully suggest that the Russians have already been deterred and may be deterred again.

No, the real reason why the advocates of this opinion believe in the inevitability of a war which has thus far been avoided — a war which no one wants and every decent man must dread for the world's sake if not for his own — the real reason why the advocates of this opinion believe in the inevitability of war is that they accept the inevitability of war *as dogma*. War between the United States and Soviet Russia is inevitable to them, not because we cannot continue to avoid it in the future as we have in the past, regardless of Russian desires, but because war between the United States and Soviet Russia is *inevitable*. It is not that they “want” war. MacArthur's partisans are no more the war party than Truman and Acheson and Marshall and Bradley are friends of the Communists. Both characterizations are insults to the public intelligence. MacArthur is doubtless as honest in saying that he hates war as Acheson in demonstrating by the record of his office that he has been one of the foremost opponents of Communism. But MacArthur and his supporters, however they may hate war, accept it. They accept it as “already here.” They accept it as inescapable. They accept it as inevitable *in the nature of things*. They accept it for reasons beyond reason. And, accepting it, they reject as weakness, or as folly, or as what they call appeasement, the notion that the United States can continue to avoid war and still stand firm: that a free people can shape the future for itself even in a world which holds the Russians: that men can master their destiny even though destiny presents itself in the vast, impersonal terms in which it shows itself to us, and even though whole peoples make a religion of submission to it.

Whether General MacArthur's “realists” realize it or not, it is their position and not the position of their opponents which approximates the philosophy they detest — the philosophy all decent men detest. The dogma of the inevitability of war between the United States and Russia is Communist dogma. Its origins are Marxist. Long before it was orthodox belief among MacArthur's followers here, it was orthodox belief among the Communists in Russia. A full generation ago when the economic and political interests of the United States and the Soviet Union conflicted nowhere on earth and no American newspaper publisher — not even the most unprincipled — shouted for a Russian War, war between Russia and the United States was already official doctrine in the Soviet Union. The Commissars had consulted the oracles. The sacred viscera had been

observed. The holy texts had been deciphered and the flight of birds. War was in the tarot cards and war would therefore come. Why? Because the theory said so. Because the words were written in the book.

The whole proposition was, in its origins, a product of authoritarian superstition — a superstition which reads the future of mankind in the tea leaves of the economic systems: war or peace, life or death. And it was by authoritarian propagation that it was domesticated in this country. The first to tell us that war between the Soviet Union and the United States was inevitable were former Communists: men who had left the discipline of the Communist Party but had not lost the habit of the Party's thought. And the first to welcome the assurance were those in the United States whose inclination had always been authoritarian and who found authoritarian ideas — even the ideas of their enemies — more palatable than a traditional American liberalism they had never understood.

Indeed, even at the present moment, the propagation of the dogma of inevitable war by certain politicians and certain publishers pursues the authoritarian pattern. Those who criticize the dogma are to be silenced. An Administration policy aimed at the avoidance of war is to be discredited as motivated by Communist sympathy if not actually by subversive purpose. Advocacy of peace is to be stigmatized as treason to the United States. And the full Communist doctrine of the inevitability of war between the United States and Russia is to be forced upon the country as American doctrine until — ultimate irony — all who refuse to accept it can be denounced as Communists.

What the consequence of the Great Debate will be in terms of military policy is not, I think, in doubt. The country plainly prefers our present attempt to shape a future narrowly for ourselves between the two disasters of war and Communism to any "realistic" alternative thus far advanced. Indeed the country would welcome a determined and an idealistic effort to make that future more truly ours in place of the mere negation of Communism which we seem now to intend. We do not want war with Russia or with anyone else, and we will

avoid war so long as it is in our power to do so. We are not yet convinced that we have lost that power.

But whether, in rejecting the proposal now before us, we will reject also the authoritarian philosophy on which that proposal rests, depends upon our willingness to see what the issue of the Great Debate actually is.

Those who would impose the dogma of inevitable war as the determining consideration in the great decision we have to make are so vociferous in their claims of superior patriotism that they may confuse the actual issue in the minds of many men. The actual issue is whether we still believe, in a time of totalitarian governments and authoritarian ideologies and the mechanization of human life, in the proposition which the founders of this Republic regarded as self-evident: whether we still believe that history is lived by men, not men by history; whether we still regard the future as open to our aspirations, not foreclosed to us by our fate; whether we still think of the "arable field of events" — Keats's great phrase — as arable by men, not frozen around them by an icy will; whether we still consider mankind to be capable of the pursuit of happiness or whether we have grown ashamed of that highhearted language and think of men now as mechanical figures helpless in the predetermined web of time.

The actual issue, that is to say, is the issue which torments our generation everywhere: the choice between the belief in ourselves and the belief in authority, in the predetermination of events. It was never, perhaps, in human history, more difficult or more dangerous for men to believe in themselves. But it was also never more necessary — never more necessary, surely, for us in the United States. For unless we can hope, unless we can keep the future open, unless we can continue to believe in our power to shape the future for ourselves, the future will be war and the war will be destruction for the world. It is, to me at least, inconceivable that in a country in which the tradition of belief in man is as vigorous as it is with us — a country shaped, indeed, by that tradition — the dogma of inevitability should take hold. And yet the seed is here. The labor is to crush it.





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CAVES IN THE JUNGLE

by AGNES NEWTON KEITH

1

IN a day when human sacrifices were made to pagan gods, when head-hunting was a happy pastime and human heads hung from native roofs as coconuts hang from trees, the bird's nest caves were to early Borneo what gold was to pioneer California. The Gomantong Caves on the Kinabatangan alone produced \$25,000 worth of nests yearly, a huge fortune in those days, and this sum represented the greatest native wealth in all North Borneo. Possession of these caves was claimed by a peaceful, timid, native tribe, the Buludupies, whose leadership Pengiran Digadong Samah had forcibly acquired by being the opposite of peaceful and timid. Shriveled and brown, with legs like mangrove roots, fists like elephant hide, with the sad, bright, liquid eyes of a Pekinese, and a conscience that was not his guide, he ruled his river in Borneo with native poisons, knives, and daggers, blackmail, and a fierce cruel cunning. Soon the Pengiran came to consider the caves as his own private property, although he still generously permitted his tribesmen to do the work of collecting the nests, of climbing to great heights on bamboo poles and rattan ladders.

In addition to bird's nest marketing the Pengiran ran other rackets. He strung rattan across the river and when a boat passed up or down he collected tithes from the occupants, and also collected taxes from neighboring villages. If spies were sent to outwit him he plied them with wine and women, or poison, until they went to bed or the grave.

Being a sturdy individualist and not one to go along with progress, when the states comprising North Borneo were turned over to the Chartered Company and the white man came to rule, the Pengiran did not fall into line. He continued to

collect taxes, distribute poison, hack up his enemies, promote his friends, and collect wives.

Finally a time came when the police of the white men had had enough of this rugged individualism, and they went up the river with guns. But this wasn't the old story of the native who had no guns: the Kinabatangan people under the Digadong's tutelage had old muzzle-loaders and tower muskets, and in addition to blowpipes, knives, and poison, they met the police with these. When the white men saw the natives with guns, the Digadong's last chance was gone. The guns spoke, the Buludupies' decadent muskets lost aim, exploded, went wild. Not so the white man's — Pengiran Digadong Samah fell, and a legend was done.

The Government confiscated the Gomantong Caves and hired contractors to work the caves and collect the birds' nests, Government to keep one half the gross profits and the contractors and their hired labor the other half. For the people who had once owned the nests there was nothing, except that the work of collecting must be done by them for a share in the contractor's profits.

Today, the most satisfying source of revenue to both natives and Government is the harvesting, sale, and export to China of bird's nests from the fifteen famous cave groups of North Borneo which are a byword wherever bird's nest soup is sipped. The bird's nest industry now brings yearly to this country almost \$100,000, plus a goodly sum for export duty — all acquired at the expense of the birds alone.

The vital ingredient of bird's nest soup is not feathers, sticks, twigs, or grass, but, as is known to epicures, it is the inspissated saliva of adult swiftlets. This is a secretion from the salivary glands of cer-

tain swiftlets, with which they make their nests. The saliva hardens on exposure to the air into something like isinglass, and this is the edible ingredient of bird's nests.

Nests are attached at great and inaccessible heights inside the inky chambers of the limestone caves when the nest-building urge comes to the small, dark-plumaged, white-bellied swiftlet. When nests are completed and eggs are ready for hatching, both nest and eggs are collected by natives, leaving the frantic swiftlet balked of its mission. Once, twice, and a third time the bird makes its nest every year, and the third time the swiftlet is permitted to hatch her eggs and the nests are not taken until after the birds are fledged. Even then, nests are sometimes taken too hurriedly, and many of the immature fledglings fall to the floor of the cave, to die or be eaten by cockroaches. If nests are taken more than three times in one year, the bird becomes exhausted and frustrated, refuses to build another nest, and its posterity is lost.

The nests are classified as black or white by their color, which is determined by the species of swiftlet which makes them. Nests are collected by expert native climbers from several tribes, among these the original Buludupies and the Orang Sungei, who with lifetime training mount rattan ladders to daring heights of four to nine hundred feet to steal the nests.

The caves are also inhabited by myriads of bats, and the winging beat of their startled flight floods the caves with eerie sound. As the intruder feels his way over the damp floor of the caves he creeps over a moving, seething mass of cockroaches and cave centipedes, and he looks upwards in vain for a view of the nests. Not until climbers mount and light the cavern roof with torches and candles will he see the drab, nonspectacular, grayish cups clinging far above him to damp cave walls — cups which mean home to the swiftlets and epicurean soup in China.

Bird's nests are classified in North Borneo as forest produce, and in most cases the caves are in Forest Reserves. For this reason the harvesting, revenue, responsibility for, and conservation of the industry — except in the case of a few native-owned caves — is in the hands of the Forest Department and is of vital interest to Harry. My own first nightmare jungle trip in 1935 was to the most famous of all bird's nest factories, the Gomantong Caves.

Unless you know jungle travel, you will think it ridiculous that a limestone hill full of sizable caves is lost when it is within a known radius of seven miles. But despite their reported fabulous value, the Shaitan's caves remain both lost and unexplored. A Buludupi named Galpan, who acts as agent for Government and for the natives who hold contracts for the removal of the birds' nests from Gomantong Caves, one day suggested to Harry

that they organize a search for the lost caves. If successful, this undertaking would profit the Government a worth-while sum and would double Galpan's own takings as contractor. The proposed expedition was exactly to Harry's taste and he decided to accompany Galpan, taking George with him.

Harry's diaries are always accurate and specific. They inform the reader exactly what hour and day he arrived and departed from each given destination, and they are filled with correct and precise data, but human emotions have no place in them. This is quite impossible for me to understand, as Harry himself is exactly the opposite.

Any man who puts "Married 4 P.M." as a description of his wedding day, and "Son born 9 A.M." for final comment on the birth of his son and heir, is not one to paint the jungle with anything more colorful than mud. However, Harry promised me that on the forthcoming trip to the Caves he would strike a real literary key — if he remembered, if he had time, and if there was anything to tell! Meanwhile I began to feel myself getting backed unwillingly into another jungle trip.

When the men of my family returned ten days later, it did not surprise me that they both assured me that nothing had happened, and each hurried off to his own preoccupation — George to a comic and Harry to the office. I could wait for evening; then I knew I would be permitted to see the small black leather book.

Evening came, the black book lay open before me, and I turned hopefully, then less hopefully, through its pages. I closed it, handed it back, and with an effort said nothing.

"Get anything out of it?"

"No."

"Didn't think you would. Really, nothing happened. The weather was horrible, we didn't find the caves, and there isn't anything more to say about it — except that Galpan still thinks we may find them when we go again next month."

"Look, dear, you were ten days in the jungle. Didn't you notice *anything* about George? What he said, how he looked, or anything?"

"No, I didn't; he just looked dirty to me. Why don't you come yourself next time and find out what he says and does? I suggest that you come with us next month. Will you?"

A groan. "I suppose so."

2

THIRTEEN men, a boy, and a woman who hates the jungle stand, loll, squat, on the soft surface of leaves which spread over the hard black mud like a brown carpet over waxed linoleum. The skins of the boy, two men, and woman are a sickly banana-yellow in the jungle light, and the rest are Dusun-and-Murut brown in shades of burnt sienna.

The elements have been at work, and as usual the rain falls. The dusk of noon suffuses the jungle in the half-light of a hidden world where we live in gloom, looking up at a roof of leaves without seeing the sun. Outside the jungle, men drip with sweat; here we and the trees drip with rain.

"Shall I drink it out of the tin, Mum?" George suspends a condensed milk tin above his open mouth.

"Why not?"

The sweet, sticky milk goes down George's throat. "Ummm. Good!"

The brownskins are eating cold rice cooked the night before and carried with them to save time from building a fire, and Harry lights the primus stove to make coffee. George sits crosslegged with the coolies, and between his knees is a coconut shell full of cold rice given him by Ungib, a Dusun, his pal, who squats beside him. Ungib at eighteen and George at eight see things alike, the same jokes amuse and the same pleasures delight. Ungib grins into his rice bowl as he nimbly rolls the rice into balls with his fingertips and shoves it into his mouth. George does the same.

"Ummm! This cold rice is good!"

"I'll remember to add cold rice to your diet when we get home," I promise. George is an epicure at home.

"I do like jungle travel, Ma. Don't you?"

"Only when it's over and I write about how wonderful it is."

"Ready?" says Harry. "We can't waste time."

"Okay, Dad. Can I have some milk chocolate to eat on the way?"

"Here you are. Do your leech bites bother you?"

"No, but look at the blood!" George points proudly to dried streamers of blood which trail down from each leech wound to cake like red paint on his legs.

"I suppose you're a seasoned traveler now." I look gloomily at my own raw legs. "Did you burn the leeches yourself with a cigarette?"

"Sure. I borrowed a cigarette from Ungib."

Ungib grins at the sound of his name, scratches himself, spits, gets to his feet, and pulls his pack on his back and his pack strap over his forehead, and waits for the party to move. George stands beside him, having performed the same processes.

"Let's get going now, George. This is the last stop before we make camp for the night. Stick close behind me."

"Okay, Dad. And Ungib next to me. Come, Ungib."

In the old days it was I to whom Harry said, Stick close! I thought. The center of things shifts with the birth of a child, yet somehow one doesn't mind.

We had left Sandakan two days before by the *Elopura*, crossing the bay and traveling up the Kinabatangan as far as the landing at Lamag.

The next day the party was joined by ten Dusun carriers and Galpan, who had developed a further working theory as to where the Shaitan's caves were hidden, and who believed that five or six days' search would serve to locate them. Food for ten days was packed in carrying receptacles to be taken with us to the jungle.

At dawn this morning as the sky lightened to gray and a steady rain fell, we drew away from the launch in small native dugouts, looking back to wave, then peering silently forward through the mist to the tree-walled jungle shore. Jungle travel at dawn is always a dismal adventure which requires fortitude more than daring, and silence more than cheer; and not even George interrupted the sound of dripping paddles with his exuberant voice.

At the river's bank we formed into single file with George and me in the middle and the carrying coolies last. As we proceeded away from the river by Galpan's directions, the jungle proved only moderately heavy, but the land alternates between swamp and hillside and we are always either plodding through mud or pulling up and down hills.

It has been a good year, for jungle fruit, illipi nuts, *meritam*, *lansat*, and *tampoi* are still fruiting, and game is evident. Pig wallows are frequent and muddy gray rumps slide out of sight into swamps; jibbering, gray river monkeys swing through the treetops; the cries of barking deer echo often in the distance; and elephant turds are underfoot to be stumbled over; but we move forward without stopping for game.

Light rains continue and every leaf quivers with a leech looping madly with ambition to attach himself to a passer-by. We have rubbed ourselves with leech repellent, a scented oil which protects while it adheres to the skin, but washes away after a couple of hours of rain and mud, and now the leeches are attaching themselves to exposed portions. But as our bodies weary, the annoyance of the leech tickle is swamped in fatigue, and I have to remind myself that night is the time to dread, when itching begins and scratching continues. The natives move through jungle without seeming to disturb a leaf, their eyes quick to note when a leech attaches, and they deal instant death by burning with a cigarette, or scraping them off with the jungle knife which is always in their hands.

3

As the rain grows heavier, so do our feet; the jungle damp creeps like a chill in the bones. I have my mind categorically fixed on the evening drink, food, and bed, but George has his mind on Harry's rifle. He has survived the morning well, being perfect jungle size, about five feet four and the height of the average native. Tall travelers

like myself catch their hair in trees and their feet in roots and bend double to stumble awkwardly through tunnels of vines cut by the natives to fit their own dimensions.

By 3 o'clock Harry is watching for a possible camp site, as in east coast jungle it is necessary to make camp by this hour if you hope to escape the heavier rains. If shelter is not established early, sleeping equipment will be soaked, campfires won't burn, the night will be misery, and the next day a weary one.

By 3.30 we have chosen a site on a slight rise in the least heavy part of the jungle, after first making sure that no dead trees are near to fall in a storm. The coolies clear ground for camp, and Harry and George break branches and chop stumps for firewood. I bring out the gin bottle, and George refreshes himself otherwise.

"More chocolate, please, Mum!"

"I thought I just gave you some."

"I gave it to Ungib."

I hand out a fresh bar of milk-with-nuts.

"Are you very tired?"

"Not tired at all. Isn't this chocolate good?"

The chocolate mingles on George's face with mud, sweat, and rain.

"Don't eat too much chocolate, or you'll spoil your appetite for supper."

"I couldn't spoil my appetite!"

"Hurry up with the firewood, or we'll never eat," says Harry. "Where's your pal Ungib? He doesn't seem to be very energetic about making camp."

"He heard a deer call, and went to see. He's a wonderful shot, Dad."

Usually Harry travels with a light tent fly of sufficient size to cover himself and a companion, leaving the coolies to rely on *kajang* thatches, as is the native custom. But even a light tent is a heavy load after a wet night, and on this trip Harry has abandoned the tent theory and we all sleep under *kajang* thatching brought from the launch.

The thatches used are made from palm leaves sewn into three-by-five-foot strips with a fold in the center, and thirty *kajang* are enough to shelter all the party. The weight of the entire load is little greater than that of a canvas tent large enough to shelter two, after the tent is wet.

Now the men cut a number of saplings and lash these together with rattan strips to form a framework. The trees which have been left standing at convenient distances support the ridgepole, which is lashed to them at a distance of four feet from the ground. With the pole used as a crossbeam, the thatches are hung down much as canvas would be draped across the ridgepole of a tent, and extra thatches are shingled downward. This shelter is comparable to a low shed roof without sides; when finished, it is sufficient to break the rain but not luxurious enough to corrupt its occupants into late sleeping.

Now the roof is up and three small camp cots are placed at one end, with mosquito nets hung over them from the roof above. The remainder of the shelter will accommodate Galpan and the carriers, who will stretch out on their mats of split rattan and scratch all night. The end near the fire is reserved for them, as they do not use mosquito nets and the smudge will help dissipate the insects, although it will not stop the scratching.

The routine of camp-making requires about an hour, depending on how much jungle space there is to be cleared. The same length of time is also the minimum required to clear ground and erect a small tent sufficient only for our own needs.

The campfire has blazed and settled now to a well-controlled bed of coals, the saucepan of water is bubbling, the coffee boils, something which smells very good is sizzling over the coals.

"Hi, Ma, when do we eat?"

George's wet hair plasters on his forehead in sleek dabs, his damp shirt sticks to his ribs, his long lean brown legs glisten, his gray-blue eyes squint with wood smoke, and his nostrils spread with the smell of food.

"Right now we eat."

I dish out the menu. Well, anyway, I do know how to cook rice. Here it is, cooked only as the Orient knows it, each grain separate and flaky and no soggy pudding effect. And over it a tin of bully beef with onions. Now comes the noise of the scraping of enamel plates.

"When the plates are clean, apricots and cheese are coming," I say. And the customers eat the apricots and cheese without complaint.

It is only 6.30, but supper is over and Harry and I are in our cots ready for sleep, and it seems to me that this hour of peace makes it all worth while. It is so sensuously wonderful just to be lying there in a complete negation of all effort, not dragging my feet out of the mud, not keeping up, not smiling pleasantly, not doing my part, scarcely even existing. Surely, nothing can be as good as nothing, I tell myself!

4

DAWN. I am attending to my own dismal preparations for the day, and leaving George to his father. As far back as I can remember jungle travel, I recall these dawn preparations. First, the struggle to tear myself from the only comfortable spot on the trip, the blankets I sleep between. Not the struggle to awaken, because sleeping has been interrupted by scratching all night, as the warmth of the bedding makes the leech bites squirm. Then the pathetic pretense of starting the day clean, with face washing, tooth scrubbing, and the more protracted, maddening attempt to comb out and put up long, straight hair in semidarkness, an attempt which lasts only during the first days

of the trip, after which it is combed out and braided in two dark tails which dangle beside my high-cheekboned face. Then the blue shorts, shirt, and wool socks, sneakers, and bandana on the hair.

Then the bed to make, folding the blankets, rolling the camp mattress, and stuffing them all in the bag. And then the tidying up, burning dirty Kleenex, cigarette butts, scraps of paper, placing dry shorts and shirt in my knapsack where I can get them as soon as we make camp at night, and collecting the other pair of sneakers from the fire where they have been drying, and slinging them in on top of the pack with the cigarettes, the leech repellent, the sketching block, and the toilet paper.

Now I can take time to look around and breathe deeply of damp, gray early air and feel grateful that another day is done, another one begun, I am that much nearer home, and still alive. In fact, in spite of complaints, more alive at this painful hour of 5.45 than I have been for some time.

"It's ready, Agnes, the life-giving fluid!"

"Coffee!"

One cup, two cups, three cups . . .

"Ah! Now the lifeblood starts to flow! But — not that I want to be critical at this juncture, because, even if it isn't coffee, it's done me a lot of good, but — what is this stuff, Harry?"

"I put eight tablespoons of coffee in the pot, and the rest is water from the jungle stream, the principal ingredient of which is mud. It's boiled to sterility, however."

"The epic of good earth. Well, very excellent mud, anyway. I think I can live now. And the twirp? How does he find himself?"

But the twirp doesn't find himself at all, at dawn; he takes his sleeping seriously, and the one thing he doesn't approve of in jungle travel is early rising.

The *kajang* roof is bundled up by now, the beds are folded and in carrying cases, and it is just light enough to travel. The first day has left its mark without yet hardening the victims for the future, and the second day is bound to be the hardest.

The jungle is denser, the rain heavier, mud deeper, the hills more slippery, and feet grow heavier to lift hour by hour. Every leaf bears a leech longing to seek ingress by some sensitive spot, but each man goes doggedly along with the air of a job to be done, and I, without any air at all, spend considerable time in the mud. I see that Harry watches George a little anxiously, but George is okay, now the dawn has passed.

"Are you all right, old man?"

"Yes, Dad. More chocolate, please!"

Harry reaches into the pack. "Not too tired?"

"I'm fine! This is fun, isn't it?"

"Are you getting chilled, George?"

"No, I'm fine! I wish we could live like this always!"

Tonight we make camp earlier, and the same

routine of putting up shelter proceeds, but hampered tonight by heavier rain. Meanwhile Ungib hears barking deer in the distance and gets George's ear, and George gets Harry's.

"My rifle? . . . My God, George, aren't you ever tired?"

"No, Dad — this was an easy day! So, please let us have the rifle? Ungib and I will get that deer for sure. You'd better have a good hot fire ready to cook it on when we come back."

"You've been wet all day!" says Mother. "If you had any sense you'd stay in camp and get dry. And if your father had any sense, he'd make you!"

"Why, I'm not wet, Mum!" He is as wet and sleek and shining as a young deer, and as much in his element.

"Why do you want to go out and kill things, anyway?"

"Oh . . ." This is not a new idea. "But we need the meat, Dad."

"We don't need it. We have rations."

"But the coolies want meat. Ungib says so. So please can we go, Dad?"

"The coolies always want meat — especially deer! Well, all right, go. I suppose it takes time to learn . . ."

"Learn what, Dad? To hunt?"

"Learn not to hunt!"

"Oh . . . Well . . . Bye, Dad."

The shelter is up, the rice is cooked, the campfire burned to coals when we hear a deer call, followed by shots. Shortly after, the hunters arrive.

"We got it, Dad! We got it! Ungib called it by blowing on a leaf, and the deer thought it was another deer and came in our direction, and we shot it! Oh, look, Dad; look, Mum!"

We look, as George dumps on the ground before us a little barking deer, slender, satiny, small-boned, with body stiff now and eyes staring in death. George stands triumphantly over it, young, sleek, streamlined, and triumphantly alive.

"See, Mum!"

I turn away; he knows what I think.

"See, Dad!"

"Yes, you got it, George. You got your deer."

"Well, aren't you pleased about it, Dad?"

"Not very."

"But you used to hunt a lot yourself! Anyhow, you brought the gun!"

"I know, George. I brought the gun for emergency. I don't like killing things unnecessarily any more."

The little deer is quickly quartered, and the sweet meat, the equivalent of a filet steak, is placed in the stew pot in preference to my menu; the rest goes to the coolies.

Now the stew is served and the meat is so tough it can scarcely be chewed. We make no comment.

"I say, Dad, this deer is good!" says George, chewing madly. "Lucky we got it, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and no." Harry feels his jaw tenderly. "What about a tin of bully beef, Ma? I'm hungry."

"Well — yes. Followed by apricots and cheese?"

"Excellent suggestion!"

"And save this for tomorrow?" asks George.

"Or perhaps you might give what's left to the men. After all, it's the first camp kill."

"Okay."

The coolies hang their portions over the campfire to smoke it through the night. Next morning they will cut it into small hunks to toss in the bottom of their packs where, in days to come, it will stink worse and worse, until it is, by their standards, edible.

As he cuddles into his sleeping bag George grumbles for the first time, "I wish we didn't have to get up so early tomorrow."

5

ANOTHER day comes, camp is made, and again George and Ungib go hunting. No shots are heard, but the two return jubilant in a short time.

"Mum, look what I got!" George holds up a tortoise a foot across and gray with jungle mud, and Ungib displays a similar one.

"Aren't they fine? I'm going to keep them and take them home."

"What do you want them at home for? I can't imagine anything less appealing."

"I'm going to breed them and start a tortoise farm."

"What makes you think you have both sexes there?"

"Ungib says! He's an expert on tortoises. This is the female . . . see?"

Examination.

"Well, no, I don't, as a matter of fact!"

"Well — *that* means she's the female! Oh, you'll know I'm right when they start to produce babies!"

"Who's going to carry them home?"

"Ungib's going to make us a basket out of vines, and we'll carry them."

"We? That's nice for Ungib!"

"It's fun, isn't it, to bring something back alive and not shoot it, Mum?"

"You're getting the idea, eh? Now, George, you really must get to bed."

"Okay. I'm as good as in!"

And he's in.

"Mum, Galpan says that our God is really the same as his god, Allah. So perhaps I'll be a Moslem. It's a very good religion except for not eating pork."

Silence from me. The child should be asleep!

"Dad?"

"Ummmh."

"Dad, what is Ungib? I mean what god does he have?"

"He's a pagan, and he believes in a god called Kinaringan, and Kinaringan's wife, Munsum-mundok."

"Does he say prayers to them?"

"Not exactly, but he makes little offerings to them like a bit of cloth, or tobacco maybe, or anything the gods might like. Now go to sleep!"

Silence. Then, "Dad, don't you think those tortoises will be nice pets at home?"

"I think they are ideal traveling companions; they neither talk in bed nor borrow my rifle! Go to sleep."

All this time we have been traveling the perimeter of a circle about the area where Galpan thinks the caves are located, but the limestone hill has not been found. The area has not been completely exhausted, and Galpan once more says that a week longer would make the search successful. But our rations are consumed, the heavier rains are here, and if we do not return soon to the launch a search party will be sent.

It is the last night in the jungle. For the last time the *kajangs* have been laid, the cots placed, the nets hung, for the last time the coolies have stretched and scratched and smoked and coughed and laughed softly by the fire. For the last time we have cleaned our teeth in the drain and used the jungle as a latrine, squatting in the rain to hurry back to the fire wet and bitten by mosquitoes; and for the last time as we lie under shelter, the rain comes down in the protective, curtaining, cosy fashion that rain has when you're out of it.

Home in a few nights, I tell myself. And am I glad? I'm supposed to be.

"Well, Mum, are you ever coming again?"

"Haven't made up my mind."

"She never is, but she always does," says Harry.

Cold cream — I'll have to use it every night when I get home, I am thinking — and it will take weeks to get my hands clean — not till a change of skin, I guess, and my hair is dank with sweat and dirt.

"Well, Mum? Coming?"

"No."

"But you might change your mind, Mum?"

"Easily."

"Good. Dad and I'll change it for you."

Later still comes George's voice through the drips and rain. "Well, Dad, we didn't find the caves."

"No, George — but maybe it's just as well. The natives say that the price of finding the caves is the sacrifice of the finder's son."

"Dad! You don't believe that, do you?"

"Well — out here in the jungle in the rain, things make sense that don't make sense at home."



The wives of most well-to-do men outlive them; and now that grandmothers live so much longer than they used to, the whole concept of what they are to do with their bequests and their trust funds has been changed. A modern Will — and the generosity to implement it — is still the exception, not the rule, as GEORGE W. ALGER explains in this sage article. A leader of the New York bar and a Vermonter by birth, Mr. Alger began to practice in Manhattan in 1895. He is today the senior partner of Alger, Andrew & Rohlf.

GRANDMOTHER DRAWS HER WILL

by GEORGE W. ALGER

1

THIS essay contains some random moralizing by an old lawyer on rich old women and their wills. It may not interest you. You may not have a rich grandmother anyway, and you are entitled at least to this warning. The particular grandmother I talk to in the first part of this essay is dead now. We were going over her Last Will, which a lawyer who had since died had drawn. "Here," she said, "is a clause which he explained to me two or three times but which I never really understood. Will you try it again? I am supposed to give the trust to my son and my daughter and after they die to their issue 'per stirpes' and not 'per capita.' What does it mean?"

"Well," I said, "it is a modern headache for grandmothers. Let me tell you what it is all about. I will translate the Latin later. It is a headache which comes from the fact that with modern medicine and modern scientific advance, and the like, there are more old people like you living today than ever before. Here you are, nearly eighty; and under what our lawyers used to call the Carlisle and Northampton tables of mortality, accumulated in the eighteenth-century graveyards and still in vogue when I began to practice law, you ought to have died twenty or thirty years ago. Old-time lawyers drew wills on the assumption that you would never really know your grandchildren. You would know, or think you knew, your own children very well, of course. You might assume that they would grow up and marry and have children, but your chances of really knowing your grandchildren were very small indeed.

"What the old-timers of my profession fifty or a hundred years ago did, therefore, was to think almost exclusively of the children of the willmaker and nothing about the grandchildren; so they put in this Latin stuff which means that when your son dies, after enjoying for life half the income of the trust

for your children, his issue (which is the lawyer's substitute for the pleasanter word 'children') will take half the principal of the trust; and your daughter's children will take, when she dies, the other half. Here is where your headache begins. In your case, your son has only one child. That child will get all you gave in the trust to your son for his life; and your daughter's children — there are four — will receive divided between them the trust for their mother. So they suffer by being in a large family while your son's ewe lamb gets a small fortune by being an only child.

"The problem which confronts you here is fairly new. The trouble is, as I have said, that a lot more rich old women living today really know their own grandchildren. They are not merely inchoate prospects — as they probably would have been a few generations ago when people died earlier, when they did not know whether their children would themselves have children or how many, and when grandchildren were provided for by the trusts that were made. So this idea is embodied in the Latin phrase 'per stirpes.' The principal held in trust during the life of each child is passed on to his or her issue.

"For its time it was not a bad idea at all. It was under ordinary circumstances the best which could then be done, but why should it apply to you? You have lived a long life. Not only have your children grown up and had lawful issue, but this bloodless phrase 'per stirpes' applies to the grandchildren whom you know and love and who to you are really persons — part of your flesh and blood. When you realize what you are doing by this 'per stirpes' stuff you may not like the idea of discriminating between your grandchildren, giving your son's child four times as much as you give to each of your daughter's four children instead of giving 'per capita,' which means treating all of your grandchildren alike. The trouble with us lawyers is that

without thinking too much about it, or telling our clients anything about it, we fall too easily into the ancient formula, which deserves reconsideration in cases like yours. Many lawyers who draw old people's wills still use the old formula as a matter of course.

"All I am telling you is this: Do not think that you are committing a testamentary sin if you turn the formula around and say 'per capita' and not 'per stirpes' and consider your grandchildren as your loved descendants and not as the 'per stirpes' issue of either of your children.

"Here is another consideration which I think you ought not to overlook in deciding on this matter. Your son and his wife are apparently quite satisfied with bringing one child into the world. They have had a life of comparative ease and comfort by not encumbering themselves with any additional children. The provision for your son in your Last Will carried forward after his death to his only daughter will, of course, permit her to live a life of considerable luxury. Your daughter and her husband have brought up four children — your grandchildren — at considerable sacrifice, in one sense, to themselves. In your trust for your son and daughter you have treated them alike in the amounts placed in trust for them. It will, of course, be harder for your daughter to make both ends meet on the income of her trust with her growing family. But treating your son and daughter other than equally would seem unjust to you as you love them equally. What you are overlooking, however, is this question: Why should you in effect penalize your daughter for having brought so many of your grandchildren into the world?

"If you were in your thirties and I were advising you on your Will it might, of course, be a different matter. You would then just be a married woman with two young children. Grandchildren would be remote prospects; so the 'per stirpes' formula might then seem logical and advisable. Now you know too much to follow any such rule. So consult your heart before you consult your lawyer as to what you want to do about your grandchildren."

I am glad to say she did.

So much for this particular old grandmother and the problem of her grandchildren.

2

WE have to consider taxes more frequently these days than ever before. Inheritance taxes on estates are very high and avoiding them where possible is, of course, advisable. What bothers me often is to see what some of the tax considerations do with what might be called the human side of wills. Some of the wills I have known have, I think, made far too great sacrifices to tax avoidance. Only rarely has a bewildered testator balked and refused to make them. An old friend of mine

who had a wife in her seventies and two grown children was about to make his will. He was advised by a lawyer friend whom he consulted, and who knew all about estate taxes, to give the bulk of his estate in trust to his wife, with the income payable to her for life, this trust to be divided between her children on her death. It was perfectly good advice — from a tax standpoint.

"If," said his tax adviser, "you give it to her in trust for life there would be only one tax on it. If you give it to her outright, when she dies she will have to make a will herself and her inheritance from you may be taxed once more, making practically two taxes on the same money — one when you gave it to her and again when she disposes of it herself."

"I won't do it," the old man said. "My wife comes first with me. She is in very good health and always has been. I hope she lives for a great many years. I do not wish to crimp her to an income which would be a great deal less than she is now accustomed to spending. What is more, I want her to be the head of the family after I am gone. My children will pay a great deal more attention to what their mother says if she is the boss of her own fortune than if they know that my money is a sure thing to them and all they have to do is to wait patiently until she dies to inherit it; and, in the meantime, she may perhaps feel guilty about living so long. The cheapest way to die is not always the best, and it certainly isn't in my case."

There is another feature of old people's wills which I have never liked — the bloodstream is with them more or less a fetish. They dig up relatives they have not seen or heard from in twenty years and give them legacies just because they are relatives. I knew an old architect who left a million dollars — practically all of it to collateral relatives, almost none of whom he knew personally. Young people making wills almost never do this kind of thing. The sense of family seems to grow with years, or perhaps the old generation with this strong family sense is passing. How many times I have seen old people's wills which made no provision whatever for close friends of their own lifetime, friends known to be both old and needy, while remote relatives, difficult even to locate or identify, took their place. These legacies of distant relatives are not usually very large, but the amount would seem enormous to a good many needy old friends.

Here is something else to think about, which most women with money do not think about at all, and their lawyers do not very often bring the matter to their attention. Why do they want to wait until they die to dispose of money and property for which they have no earthly use themselves, which they do not need, which may in fact be something of a burden to them? What is more, if they wait the government will take most of it in taxes upon their death. What a lot of old ladies who have complete

financial security do not think of and really need help about is how to give away a lot of their money and property in their lifetime. They would get a great deal more fun out of living if they did that instead of avoiding drafts and keeping warm and waiting for the Great Reaper. There is, for example, no tax on gifts up to \$3000 a year to any one person. Why do they not give to people they know and care for who need it now? This is a fairly new idea. Our death taxes are so high that our giving power should be used wherever possible while we live. Lots of people are doing what I have done with my own grandchildren. When a birthday comes around I write a sort of supplemental birthday letter and put it in an envelope with one or more of those government bonds which mature in ten years issued in the name of the grandchild. When the decade has passed, the grandchild will be of age and will like the bond.

There are different kinds of trusts you can make for grownups to whom outright gifts may seem undesirable and into which you can pay, without tax, \$3000 a year from year to year. In ten years there is a substantial accumulation in them. The whole business of making up trusts of this kind is a new one in which lawyers can be very helpful.

I never could understand why it is that old people with money give so rarely to institutions for the needy ones of their own generation — institutions which afford dignity and security to old age. They ought to sympathize with institutions of this kind and give them a hand. If rich old people do not sympathize with old age enough to do something about it, where should these homes for the aged go for their support?

There is, I think, an entirely new attitude not only toward willmaking today, which I for one like to encourage, but toward developing what I call a distributive attitude toward life itself. Part of this new attitude is due, of course, to trust company advertising. They send us with great frequency the tax barometer which tells us what the federal and state taxes will be on what would be our estate when we die. We find that Uncle Sam and the Tax Department of the state in which we live will be our principal beneficiaries, having a priority over all others, and we are scarcely happy about it. Most of us, to be sure, do not like to think too much about death, particularly our own. We therefore do not enjoy making a will. We put it off — or what is almost worse, die with an old will which is completely out of date. But Uncle Sam is slowly

making us change our attitude and we ought to thank him for it. Why should we not get some fun out of making a distributive period in our lives? When we have something which we have to give away sometime, should we not ask ourselves why we do not do at least some of the giving now?

One of my best memories is of a friend who certainly had two years of happiness at the end of her life fussing with her estate. She was, I think, the most loved woman I have ever known. She had a large house full of gifts made to her by a host of friends. Many of the gifts were of considerable value and all were in good taste. In her will she gave them all to a devoted friend, requesting her to distribute these personal effects to persons named in a letter left with her will. She wrote the letter herself. It was a very long letter and there were a great many persons named in it. It was continuous fun for her to add to or revise this letter. When I see the Georgian silver candlesticks and the old Turkish treasure chest which Lillian Wald gave me, they remind me not only of a long and close friendship but of a woman who made a happy art of dying. If you face it with a smile it can be done.

Harry Overstreet in *The Mature Mind* gives a test of mental maturity. One part is in learning that the main source of happiness lies in giving rather than in getting. He says, "It is good news that our life can grow in power and happiness as it links itself productively to life other than our own."

Maturity rarely begins with old age. It is a process which should begin earlier and which helps us to attain wisdom in giving as we go along, and to learn to like the process so that it is not a burden but a pleasure. Mature-minded people, I notice, enjoy old age. Their friends are likely to be for the most part not of their own generation but one or two generations later. To these mature-minded people the distributive process is duck soup.

I remember some years ago going to visit a very delightful and very mature-minded old lady. She greeted me with a broad smile. She said, "I have just had a compliment. Jack, my little six-year-old great-grandson, has just asked me to go pony riding with him. When I said no he demanded to know why. 'Well,' I said, 'for one thing I am eighty-six years old.' 'Shucks,' he said with great disgust. My excuse did not seem valid at all. It apparently had never entered his head that I was old, which cheers me a lot."

After all, old age is largely a state of mind. Little Jack was pretty nearly — but, alas, not quite — right!



An American of Irish antecedents, JAMES REYNOLDS is an artist, sportsman, and country gentleman as much at home in Dublin as in Virginia. Like his grandmother before him, he is an expert on Irish ghosts, and two of his ghost stories appeared in the Atlantic earlier this year. We now turn to Mr. Reynolds for an account of the Dublin Horse Show, a festival to which native Irishmen and tourists throng in August of each year.

DUBLIN FOR THE HORSE SHOW

by JAMES REYNOLDS

1

I HAVE traveled the world for many years. In more countries than I can remember at the moment, I have heard this "The thing I want most to do is go to Ireland for the Dublin Horse Show" or "The most wonderful time I ever had was in Dublin for the Horse Show."

It is an event unique in this world, surely. For many reasons the show is different from other outdoor events of this nature. The Horse Show grounds at Ballsbridge are magnificently landscaped. Flowers are everywhere. The first glimpse one gets from the broad street which passes in front of the Georgian façade of the main building seems a shade formal and cold. Once one passes the turnstile, the color and warmth of the booths offering homespuns, divers colored Donegal and Leenane tweeds, riding boots and breeches, rat-catcher jackets and beautifully tailored side-saddle habits of charcoal gray or dark blue, engulf one in friendliness. Bars galore beckon the thirsty. Restaurants both under the trees and inside offer the best and freshest Irish food. The Horticultural Hall is as dazzling as Aladdin's Cave where flowers play the part of jewels. Then the next step is to roam along the alleys where hunters of every age and performance are being groomed or contentedly munching.

Outside there are four spacious rings surrounded by gabled buildings of black and white half-timbering. Trees shade the walks. One may stand in shade at the rails while the contestants for various hunter class honors show in the sun. These morning classes are well attended, but many persons prefer to go across the roadway to the Goff Sales of yearlings. These sales alone attract horsemen and women from all over the world. Often 175 yearlings are sold in a morning. Some of the most famous winners in England, India, France, Belgium, Italy, North and South America, and Australia have been purchased from venders at these sales.

In the afternoon the great flower-bordered main

jumping ring is opened. The tremendous stands lined with boxes and the pavilions with awnings of striped ticking are full of devotees. I never tire of watching this crowd. It has been said that if one stands long enough on the bridge crossing the Bosphorus at the Golden Horn one will see every nationality on earth. However true this may be, I can say that the number of nationalities, many wearing native costume, in the stands at Ballsbridge watching the International Jumping Teams contesting for the Aga Khan's Cup, is formidable. Egyptians, maharajahs, bushwhackers from the Australian veld, flaxen Scandinavians, all the Latins.

The parade past of hunt teams is always a most spectacular event, ripe with crimson and often the music of hounds. This and the four-in-hand road-coach event are probably the most popular of the week. It is worth coming miles to see the big, rangy hunters take the Galway banks or Kilkenny "doubles" (a ditch with a bank on either side), which are used only in this class. I once saw a "lady" master from County Carlow hoisted by her mount. The animal mounted the bank but decided to remain there. When the woman tried to reason with him by strokes from her crop, he started to buck. The air was instantly blue with good bargee curses. The madder she got, the more active the bucking. Louder and louder rang the curses. Finally two attendants rescued the woman. As she passed me she rasped, "That hellhound goes for glue at the crack of dawn."

The harness classes at Dublin Horse Show are uniquely different from any others I have seen elsewhere. The rigs and "vehicles suitable for road or park display" represent many epochs. High cut-unders, dogcarts, landaus, victorias, breaking carts, long in the thills, gaily painted in red, green, or yellow, with a raking cob driven at breakneck speed around the ring. This event always elicits loud applause.

For me, the highlight of any Dublin Horse Show is the event called "Ladies Corinthian Hunter Class, Side Saddle, Full Appointments for the Hunting Field." No horsewoman shows to such advantage, to my mind, as when in side-saddle habit, top hat, mesh veil, hair snaked back into a confined bun, and face scrubbed bright and shining.

A story often told in my own family circle is the compliment paid to my mother by the late Marquis de Soveral of Portugal, a witty *bon vivant* renowned for his gallantries who was boon companion to Edward Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. The marquis loved Ireland and during the nineties spent a great deal of time in and around Dublin. A notable horseman, he frequently was asked to judge hunter classes. This day he eliminated all contestants but six. Then he walked slowly down the line. Carefully, the marquis looked at all tack and accoutrement such as rolled mackintosh, extra pair of gloves, and leather case for brandy flask and sandwich. He even looked into the filling of a sandwich. Finally he came to my mother, up Ambassador, a big dark chestnut Thoroughbred. The marquis stood off, regarded every detail of woman and mount carefully. Then he bowed and said, "Madame, I am sure the sandwich is caviar," and presented her with the cup.

One feature of Horse Show Week in Dublin always surprises foreign visitors — evening racing in Phoenix Park on Wednesday and Friday during the week. Racing is from seven o'clock to nine o'clock, made possible because of the long twilights enjoyed in an Irish summer. One can read a race card with ease or discern the colors on a jockey's back on the far side of the course until half past ten. A great fashion event is this evening racing fixture, often called "the Irish Ascot," because women dress in floating finery and picture hats, and even carry parasols to complete the costume.

I remember one year when the Friday of Horse Show Week had been chancy. A fitful gust of rain had scudded across the landscape all day. Most women wore suits or dark dresses under raincoats, and carried umbrellas during the day and did not change for evening racing. When I arrived at the Kildare Hunt Pavilion at the course, for a glass of champagne and a plate of lobster or salmon mayonnaise, I remarked on the lack of sartorial brilliance this dull day had caused. Suddenly I saw bearing down upon me a gigantic figure like a Spanish galleon in full sail. A woman whom I knew, from the back and beyond of County Fermanagh. Once a year, and once only, did Mrs. Multrea, as we shall call her, venture to the capital from her mountain fastness, and then she shone as brilliantly as a Byzantine fresco. I must have shown my surprise at her trailing rose-pink and violet draperies and rose-wreathed hat, completed by a ruffled parasol of chiffon. "All right, say it," Mrs. Multrea said sharply, tossing her rose-crowned head, "I am a

figure of fun? Well, by the holy, I bought all this grandeur at terrible cost, and damn if a few showers are going to foil me in wearing it. If the moon comes out I'll raise my parasol, so I will," and the indomitable woman from Fermanagh swept past me.

Racing at any time over this park course in the horse-chestnut-shaded groves of Phoenix Park is sheer delight. All racing is on the flat and mostly run only in furlong distances. Swift and short are fixtures here. But The Park, as it is known, is immensely popular and never fails, no matter the weather, to draw record crowds. Within walking distance of O'Connell Bridge in the heart of Dublin, it is the pride of the city.

For all that a fashionable air hovers over The Park, one meets all manner of entertaining characters while standing at the white-painted rails of the paddock. Peers of the realm, shopkeepers, well-known painters or authors, and bar flies from Ashton Quay pubs rub elbows and give each other tips on the next race. One day I was standing at the rails watching the field come in. A small specimen of man — called maneen, in Ireland — sidled up to me. "God's grace to ye. Let me give ye a tip on the race over a glass ave paddy." Looking down, I remembered where I had seen this jockser before. It was at Baldoy Course a few weeks ago. At that meeting he had made the same suggestion. But I am a downy bird when it comes to this sort of betting. I had stood my ground and at that moment the field had come in. As the horses went to the post the man pointed to a big, scrawny, lop-eared animal I would not have owned, much less put a shilling on. The maneen fairly danced in excitement. "There he is, the big red fella. Greatest lepper in Ireland. Fly the moon, that boyo."

I answered, "Not for one minute would I risk a farthing on that refuser. Slaverling, ears flat to his head, ugly look in his eye. A chronic refuser if I ever saw one."

Haughtily the answer was: "That harse niver refused a jump in his life."

The field took off. This red chaser refused the first jump, shipping his rider. I turned and looked down at the man beside me. Narrow-eyed, pulling at his lower lip, he glanced up at me. "Glory be to God, if that harse wouldn't make a liar out ave St. Paul."

2

WHEN an Englishwoman, in Ireland for the Dublin Horse Show, asked me rather acidly, "Why is it Irish horses invariably win the National at Aintree?" I replied, "In my opinion two facts stand out in startling manner. First, the heart must have been tested over flat and hilly courses. The deciding factor in a stiff steeplechase is not only negotiating the jumps: it is what speed the horse can attain on the flat between obstacles; and most important of all, how much stamina and reserve, how great his

heart, when the horse is called upon to run the last stretch, often up a rise as at Aintree, to the winning post. Second, we in Ireland do not force our horses to run long grueling courses, Aintree or Punchestown for example, until they have reached an age where every ounce of bone is strongly developed."

These horses are the athletes of the horse world. In flat racers the big build, the strongly muscled conformation one expects in the chaser is not necessary — is indeed sometimes a hindrance in a Thoroughbred racing on the flat.

Many times I have thought of the crisp day in late April when I had driven over to take a look at the small stud farm maintained by Farmer Glanty in County Tipperary. A simple farmstead I found, lying beautifully girt by tall oaks in undulating pasture land.

The name of Patrick Glanty is renowned in Ireland. A fine class of horseman, descendant of a long line of Glantys who had raised three-quarter-breds (a grand type of hunter to negotiate high, trappy Galway banks) and Thoroughbred hunters, to make chasers, as well as horses racing on the flat, for three hundred years.

After a glass or two of the mild amber porter of the region, I was shown around the stud. Stallion stables, brood-mare stables. A long, airy, warmly sheltered building for weanlings and yearlings; and close to the spacious schooling field, where great knowledge was displayed in the placing of permanent jumps, an arcaded stable for three- and four-year-olds. A sort of finishing school for horses in the last lap of training. Everywhere was bright and shining cleanliness. Whitewash gleamed on every stone and timber, for the Irish countryman dearly loves to slap his whitewash brush on every building in sight. Then I noticed a shed, just a roof borne up by poles, under which was a tightly packed pile of dark purple-bronze kelp. Two yard lads were busily forking chunks of the tightly packed kelp onto a flat wagon. The load was then driven out through the yard gate towards a field where, I noticed, a harrow had scarred the turf in long striations. "Fertilizer from the bold Atlantic, Mr. Glanty?" I asked.

The sharp blue eyes of the man looked off and away, sweeping a glance over his wide pastures. "It is an' all. And great thanks do I give every day ave me life to God, fer the free gift ave sea kelp. Surely God is the world's greatest fertilizerer."

And there you have it. God is the world's greatest "fertilizerer." All a farmer in Ireland has to do is to drive a cart a few miles to the seacoast. This is no hardship, for all but five counties touch the sea or a sea-water lough at some point. Once there, he collects as much seaweed or iodine-impregnated kelp as he can manage. The legion uses of this seaweed in the rearing of horses is worthy of discussion.

I well remember one day when I went to the Duke of St. Albans's Newtown Anner Stud near the ancient, partly walled town of Clonmel. At one side

of the gate lodge a pasture rose gently until it became an upland meadow. Against the sky, silhouetted singly and in groups were at least twenty weanlings and yearlings. I had never seen a more heart-warming picture. It quickened my blood both as a horseman and as a painter. Slowly, so as not to frighten the young horses contentedly cropping the deep, sweet grass on the hilltop, I mounted to where I could get a panorama of surrounding pasture and farmland. Spread before me was the result of centuries of "kelping the land," as the farmers call it. I turned to the yearlings, now regarding me intently as they moved about ankle-deep in blades so strongly tinctured with iron that I was conscious of a susurrus of sound, almost a light clatter as the strong blades nudged one against another bending to the strong breeze. This was the answer to the question I have so often been asked, "What gives Irish horses such tremendous conformation and bone?"

Another phase of the "kelp treatment," as Galway stable lads call it, is to wrap kelp, fresh from the sea, about the hocks of a horse. Then he is placed over a grating from which steam from water thrown on hot rocks arises. The iron-impregnated steam is wonderfully effective to strengthen the hocks and quarter muscles. And so it goes. Letting horses roll in shallow water when the tide is out, where again the iron in the water is most beneficial to stiff muscles. I have painted innumerable pictures of various moments when horses are wading or rolling in landlocked bays along the coast of Sligo, Donegal, or Galway. I have yet to find a more popular subject for my brush or one where I paint with greater ease.

In Ireland there is no "season" for racing or training, particularly in the latter case, for except in the North, where there are actually few studs or training stables of any consequence, the weather is fairly mild. Rainstorms, drifting mist, or wind never seems to damp the ardor of trainers in the West and South counties. Admittedly weather is chancy, to the point of the story of a foreign visitor who stopped a Wicklow man on the highway. "I don't like your climate," barked the visitor. The countryman regarded the stranger for a moment, then said disarmingly, "Man dear, wait a minute."

I have seen many a classic race start in a blinding downpour and finish in a space of minutes in brilliant sunshine, as well as the same thing happen in reverse. If we paid any attention to the vagaries of our climate we would not be the sporting nation we are. All horses are accustomed early in their careers to withstand cold and wet. That is the reason our greatest steeplechasing and point-to-point season is in the winter.

I believe I am safe in saying that not a day goes by in Ireland that there is not some event somewhere in which horses participate. It may be only a village horse fair. Many a winner has been picked

up at some local event when a farmer will take you furtively aside. "I've the grandest little mare on four legs standin' in me lean-to this livin' minute. She's sweetly bred be a fine stallion whipped away from a grand stable in the dead ave night be me auld friend Jockser Coby, dead this two month, God rest his lovely soul."

The Jockser Cobys are legion, the night's dark and a jug of poteen the reward. The compilers of the Irish Thoroughbred Stud Book frown, but those who place their shillings to win on the nose of these midnight progeny smile broadly.

So — there it is, the Irish scene with equine over-

tones. Before or directly after the "great" week of the Horse Show, trips north, south, east, or west from Dublin hold legion surprises and pleasures in the way of beauty of countryside, the richly witty speech of the countrymen, and wonderfully fresh food served at village inns or pubs. The entertainment in the Irish pub is proverbial. It is said that in a village, however small, the two most important buildings are the pub and the church. I was once enlightened. "We've only five houses, two pubs, and a church, surely. But we're very social. At the pubs we pour down the sins ave indulgence, at the church we wash thim away."



SLOTH

by R. P. LISTER

WHERE shall I find the little six-toed sloth
That once companioned me in days gone by?
Often the soft-foot twilight found us both
Sitting forlorn below an alien sky,

Where hung the gibbous moon, with vacant leer
Staring us fiercely till our poor hearts froze;
And I would rouse myself to tweak his ear,
And he would softly punch me on the nose.

Then would we creep into some near-by cell
Made dimmer by the dampwood embers' gleam,
And I would roll upon the floor and yell,
And he would hang immobile from a beam;

Sweet patchwork nights, when the rude owlet-screech
From darkling forest split our sleep to shreds,
And we would mutter softly, each to each,
And in sweet melancholy scratch our heads.

Many a road together have we fared,
Laughed at the gay and shuddered at the grim,
Many a cenobitic supper shared,
Kippers for me and kipper bones for him:

But this was long ago. Parted our ways,
Companionable sloth I have no more.
I am adventured into duller days,
I may no longer roll upon the floor.

He walked so slowly and I walked so fast,
He could not follow as I hurried on;
I was not first, but he was always last —
My little six-toed sloth, where is he gone?



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



MICHAEL HUNTER was born in Berlin but was taken by his family to England in his early teens when the Nazis came to power. He graduated from the University of California in 1942 and since then has divided his time between documentary film work and journalism. He did movie reviews and minor editing for the San Francisco News, was on the editorial staff of the New Yorker for a short time, and then, after working on documentary films for the Signal Corps and the March of Time, he returned to the West Coast to free-lance in fiction.

WE PLAY THE FOOL

by MICHAEL HUNTER

ONE of the more tiresome aspects of being the son of a psychoanalyst I have found to be the questions that people will put to you willy-nilly on learning of your father's profession. A favorite among these is that of whether he is, or is not, a "Freudian." A variation of this query, and a surprisingly frequent one, ignores the father once his occupation has been ascertained and asks instead whether *you* are a "Freudian," the assumption being, I suppose, that adherence to a psychological school of thought is, like baldness or racial strain, largely a matter of heredity.

In my more mature years I have generally been content to answer the question with "Yes," whatever form it was asked in, but during my late adolescence, as turbulent a time in its own way as that of any layman's child, I'm sure, it used to provoke me to long and uneasy polemics. I would tell my inquirers, most of whom were fellow students of the social sciences, that I *did* accept the tenets of my father's calling — to a degree, in fact, where I regarded the term "Freudian analyst" as purely tautological — but I also wanted it understood that this had nothing to do with his being my father. The obvious difficulties I faced in making this point tended to exasperate me and probably had much to do, now that I look back on it, with my first attempt at an overt breach with my father.

I suppose this really began — if random acts of filial defiance can be said to have a precise beginning — late one afternoon during my second year at UCLA. I had stopped in at the Students' Employment Bureau, as I'd done regularly for some time in search of a part-time job, and was told that a doctor

was looking for someone to translate psychoanalytical material from the German. I was to see him at his house the following afternoon.

The arrangement sounded like a happy one. I seemed qualified for the occupation almost by birth-right, since our family was from Berlin and had lived there until the time of Hitler's rise to power about a couple of years earlier, and I had heard the language of analysis bandied about for almost as long as I could remember. Likewise, the job impressed me as being ideally suited to what I considered my own urgent needs. Halfway through my first semester I had dropped out of school in an ill-fated attempt at making my own living, and, having been preoccupied with one thing and another on my return, I'd made a rather poor scholastic showing when I completed the term later on. Now that I was more or less settled again in my studies, I was eager to prove myself capable of at least partial self-sufficiency as well and, since translating and tutoring paid incomparably more than any odd job I could have gotten, it was likely to provide me with an income without cutting too heavily into my time.

I was sitting in the bus, on my way home from school, pondering my good fortune, when I suddenly realized, with a good deal of amusement at the thought, that my prospective employer was a man I'd heard about. He was an analyst of a non-Freudian school — I forget which, but I believe it was one that is now almost entirely out of fashion — who had turned up once or twice at a lecture series my father had given shortly after our arrival in Los Angeles.

According to my father, this man had talked

indefatigably during discussion periods, had frequently cornered him after an evening's session was officially over, and had been a rather priceless fellow all around. At home, my father had often put on a kind of one-man farce in which he acted out his encounters with the defecting doctor to the delight of the family, especially my younger brother Albert, who, without following the arguments, I'm sure, would laugh uproariously at my father's clowning. The chief basis of these antics had been my father's contention that the doctor was against his will drawn toward my father's kind of analysis, and since the ingredients of his name lent themselves to the heavy, Teutonic punning my father was given to, he had used them to express this theory by rechristening the man "Dr. Ampifflins," a homemade word that differed negligibly from my father's normal pronunciation of the psychological term that denotes a mixture of love and hate. In talking about the doctor he had seldom used his real name, and that, I dare say, was the reason I hadn't recognized it sooner.

2

THE memory of these carryings-on made me look forward even more to my forthcoming assignment. I saw myself taking on my father's role and regaling the family with impersonations of my own, and in a way I was sorry I hadn't already met the doctor. It would have been pleasant, when I got home, to have been able to embellish the account of my prospects with a few firsthand quotations.

As it turned out, during dinner that night, it was as well that I lacked this more dramatic material. When I brought up the subject, my father was unable to see the humor in it.

"You are not serious, no?" he said as my mother and Albert had been about to offer their good wishes and then stopped to look at him. "About accepting this work?" He paused between the two parts of the question, keeping his soup spoon poised in mid-air, and looked at me with the expression of one who is being held at gun point.

"Why not?" I said, completely taken aback by his attitude.

"I see," he said, raising the spoon to his mouth. "We wish to play the fool!"

My father often adopted this didactic tone in a kind of amiable self-mockery of a long-abandoned authoritarianism, but this time he seemed to be in earnest. The others must have thought so too, because for the next few minutes we all behaved as though the act of eating pea soup called for our utmost powers of concentration.

"Your father is right," my mother said finally, guessing at his objections at the same time that she was offering him support. "You do better to stick to your schoolwork this term."

"We will discuss it later," my father said, indi-

cating that the guess was wrong and that he wanted no support.

"What *is* all this?" I demanded, beginning to get an inkling of what my father was driving at. "You don't mean, surely, that because this man isn't a Freudian, I —"

"Aha!" my father said, in spite of his resolve to postpone the discussion. "We wish to play the fool no longer," and when I apparently continued to look at him blankly, he added, "I believe I have told you often enough what these people stand for."

"Sure," I said and rather mechanically gave a condensed version of the answer I'd gotten from my father when I'd first asked him about the subject. "They've got a mild form of short psychotherapy. It's all right as far as it goes, only it doesn't go very far, and you can't really call it analysis. This is the first I've heard of them as your out-and-out enemies, though."

My father leaned forward and grasped the edge of the table as though fighting an impulse to hurl himself across it. "Do not be childish," he said. "They *call* what they are doing analysis. And as a practitioner and teacher of this science I do not intend to encourage this kind of imposture by associating with them personally — or to have it known that my son does."

There was another pause, which was broken by Albert when he asked my father, in a tone of exhausted patience, to pass the butter. I felt this wasn't helping matters any and hurriedly reached across the table for it myself. "Who exactly is going to know it?" I asked sourly as I passed the butter to my brother.

My father took several quick swallows of water before replying. "What is the urgency about this work, may I ask?" he said crisply. "You are not being cared for properly at home? You have pressing financial obligations? Your studies leave you with too much time on your hands?" He picked up a roll and tore rather than broke it in half.

"If you must know," I said, somewhat bitterly remembering one of my worthier intentions, "I was planning to save *some* of the money for a birthday present for you."

"I appreciate the thought," my father said, a degree of good-naturedness creeping into the irony of his tone. "But I would prefer that when you sell my life's principles, you do not make me a gift from the proceeds."

"For Christ's sake!" said Albert suddenly. "He hasn't even got the job yet."

Albert's impertinence on my behalf embarrassed me, but I saw that he had a point. "That's right, Dad," I said in what I hoped was a placating tone. "And even if 'Ampifflins' does take me, I'll probably take the work home and see him only once or twice."

"Yes, Manfred," my mother added. "Perhaps you exaggerate a little."

"The united front!" my father exclaimed. He raised his hand and then dropped it heavily on the table. "For years, in Germany, I fight for it — against fascism. Now I have it — against me!"

"What I mean is," I said, attempting some irony of my own, "he's not asking me to open up a clinic with him."

"*Schluss davon!*" my father said and shook out his napkin as though he were cracking a whip. "If you insist on causing me embarrassment, I shall find a way to stop you."

3

IT WAS only after my father and Albert had left the room and my mother had started to clear off the table that she brought up the subject once more. "See here, now," she said. "You give up this thing. You get another job, yes?"

I answered with some astonishment that I'd thought she was on my side. My mother put down a stack of dessert plates she had just picked up and placed her hand on my shoulder. "There's so little your father asks of you," she said. "Why not do him this favor?"

I made a noncommittal grimace and sank back into my chair, as my mother took up her plates again and went off into the kitchen.

Lord knew, I said to myself, my father was making a lot of fuss about nothing, but, all the same, I couldn't deny that there was some truth to my mother's remark. Scenes like the one we had just been through were rare in our family. In fact, throughout most of the year that had just passed, my father's tolerance had been a constant source of bewilderment to me. When I'd told him that I thought my best bet was to leave school and the parental household as well and get a job, he hadn't greeted my decision with enthusiasm, but he had surprised me by offering to subsidize my venture at the start. I'd wound up as a salesman in a small jewelry store, a career that came to an end, two months later, after I'd handed a customer nineteen singles in exchange for a one-dollar bill; and when I'd returned to my father with the announcement that neither my lodgings nor my profession suited me, he'd merely said that he realized such vacillations were often necessary to a boy's development. Again, when on re-entering school I'd let my grades drop to a dangerously low level, because I'd divided my time mainly between rehearsals of *Pygmalion* with the Drama Society and mimeographing handbills on behalf of some cause or other for a campus radical group, my father had had no words of censure.

That time, though, I remembered with a degree of discomfort, he had called me into his study and thrown some light on his continuing stand of leniency. It seemed that when he had first gone in for psychoanalysis he had made up his mind that his

rather Prussian, disciplinarian treatment of me up to that time was bound to show up unfavorably in my personality later on, and that when it did, he would meet the problem with the utmost understanding. The unhappy prognosis had now been borne out — I was in no way to blame, he insisted — and the thing to do was to have myself analyzed.

Whatever my father's intentions, it had been a trifle uncanny to find my misdeeds regarded as a preordained and, as it were, preforgiven destiny. Still, mostly in order to oblige him I had looked up an analyst, a fellow immigrant my father had recommended. Nothing, however, had come of this, since almost as soon as I'd set foot in his office, I'd been put off by the familiar trappings. There had been the couch with the heavy, upholstered chair behind it; the picture of Freud with its nearly illegible inscription; a bookcase such as I'd seen since my childhood with the brown, leather-bound volumes of Freud and innumerable other books in German, among them *Shakespeares Gesammelte Werke*; and, gazing at me from behind his massive, mahogany desk, a bald-headed German with thick, horn-rimmed glasses. I could see how an interview such as I was having might have brought unheard-of relief to someone else in my position; to someone who all his life had been upbraided for being wicked and useless and here at last had found an interest in his affairs that was sympathetic and clinically purged of all moral judgment. But to me it was just the old man all over again, and I'd begged off, even though I'd thought that my refusal might now bring an end to my father's patience. Beyond saying, though, that he regretted my decision and adding, to himself more than to me, that one cannot treat a patient against his will, he had done nothing.

I sat at the deserted dinner table, morosely giving my father credit for his generosity towards me, but this did little to reduce my desire for the pleasant and totally innocuous-seeming job I'd been offered. Eventually I joined my mother in the kitchen and, reaching for a dish towel, I told her quite truthfully that I didn't want to hurt my father, but that I'd certainly be foolish to cancel my appointment. I said I wouldn't make a decision until I'd talked with the doctor, and when I'd found out the exact nature of the work, my father might be less intractable.

By the time I was back on the campus the following day, the vehemence with which my father had voiced his objections had begun to incline me towards some doubts of my own. Suppose, I said to myself, while listening with half an ear to a lecture on the open field system in feudal England, that I'm asked to translate German articles, some of my father's among them, solely to enable this doctor to rail against the theories propounded in them. Would that not, after all, leave me in a vaguely compromising light? On the other hand, what if the texts were mostly those of his own school? My psychoanalytic vocabulary, it occurred to me, was

strictly a Freudian one and quite possibly inadequate for the task.

As the morning wore on, I wondered whether this doctor was unaware of my heritage, and whether, if he had known of it, he would perhaps have disliked a connection with me as much as my father did. When I got to my third lecture that day, a discourse on the circulatory system of the frog, the discouraging thought entered my head that I'd probably been naïve to look on my forthcoming dealings with the man as a source of personal amusement for me. The doctor had been a guest at my father's lectures, but here, after all, he would be the boss, and if he was the opinionated crank I imagined him to be, he was likely to make a rather difficult and highhanded one. The problems connected with the interview were becoming momentous enough to overshadow even the dreary fact that in two of my courses we had that morning been assigned term papers, an eventuality that ordinarily would have had first claim on my broodings, and whenever I'd thought I'd disposed of any of these questions, the one about my father and his personal views returned.

4

I WAS still groping in vain for some solid criterion that would enable me to choose, assuming that all went well, between my father's idea of principles and my own of practicality, when I found myself, later that afternoon, in a sunlit study, seated across a desk from the man known to me as "Dr. Ampifflins." I'd thought of him alternately as a shaggy-maned faith-healer and as a kind of faceless abstraction of "the opposition," or even, allowing for the possibility of a surprise, as the native facsimile of the elderly, stocky German I was accustomed to, but the doctor in the swivel chair facing me resembled none of these. He was a blond giant, in his early thirties at the most, with tremendously muscular shoulders and an exceptionally heavy tan. The only qualities to offset his air of youthful athleticism were his posture, a kind of insouciant slouch, and a certain woeful sensitivity in his face. This last was emphasized by his eyebrows, the kind that, when drawn together as they were now, go up at the center rather than down — so far up, in his case, they gave the impression of sagging at the ends as though weighed down by an invisible curtain of sadness.

He looked at me silently for a minute or so and then swung his chair in a semicircle by pushing one of his feet against the side of the desk. His other leg was dangling over the armrest. When he spoke, it was with a kind of lugubrious affability that matched the expression of his face. "*Also, was ist?*" he said, using a kind of pidgin German. "You really know this abominable language?"

"Yes, I — certainly do."

His leisurely manner fitted in with my idea of the

doctor as a deluded pedant no more than did his appearance, and the realization somehow made me self-conscious. So completely had I thought of him in terms of my father's impersonations that for a second I had even been illogically startled to hear him speak without my father's guttural accents. In an attempt to regain my composure I answered his question at some length. I told him how I happened to have a thorough command of German, that I had done some translating for various immigrants around town, and, apropos of the difficulties of the language, I mentioned the old Mark Twain joke about German newspaper articles going to press before their authors had gotten to the verb.

"Brother!" he said, when I had finished, and swung his chair back to its original position. "You can say that again! Here, take a look at this."

Without removing his leg from the armrest, he leaned forward and pushed a book over to my side of the desk. It had been opened to a page somewhere near the middle, and my eye fell on a forbidding-looking question mark that had been heavily penciled into the margin and took up almost the entire length of the page. I began to read and, while I was at it, translated the sentences as I went along. They were involved all right and full of analytical jargon, but it was the kind I was familiar with and so gave me little trouble.

"Is *that* what that means? I had no idea!" the doctor said and, leaning back again, shook his head in amazement. "No idea!" he repeated, the look of sad perplexity returning to his face as he hoisted up his eyebrows.

He said nothing for the next few seconds and I wondered what it was about not knowing German, if that *was* the reason, that had such a discouraging effect on this robust-looking young doctor.

"Here's the thing," he went on at last. "I want to write a paper for which I'll have to go through a lot of this stuff. Now, I'm not quite sure what we ought to do. One thing I thought of was having you go over it here, the way you did just now, while I take notes. That's probably too laborious. Another was to have you work on the relevant passages at home. That'll take a little longer, of course." He threw back his head and squinted at a far-off point near the ceiling.

The doctor hadn't said so, but I gathered that, as far as he was concerned, I was hired. He seemed to regard me as an authority to be consulted rather than as a job seeker, and I was beginning to fall in with this view. "Well," I said, placing an elbow on the desk and stroking my chin, "I'd say it depends a good deal on how *much* material there is in each book —" and I outlined a plan by which I thought the two methods might be combined.

The doctor nodded. I thought he looked favorably impressed. "There's a third possibility I've been thinking of more and more," he said. "I might put off this reading altogether till the summer and

instead try to learn the language. In the fall I'll be going to Europe anyway, and it'd come in pretty handy. The question is, d'you think you could teach me enough by then? If we had three two-hour sessions a week, let's say. And — er — would you have the time?"

It took me some time to reply to this unexpected proposition. I realized, after a brief calculation, that six hours' weekly tutoring at the official student rate would net me more than twice the amount of my allowance. I realized also that if I entered into such an arrangement, I couldn't very well ask for my father's approval on the basis that no personal contact was involved.

"I don't see why not," I said hesitatingly. "I could tell better, of course, if I knew just what kind of foundation you do have."

"High school," he said with a sudden briskness, and for the first time put both his legs under the desk. "And some of this reading with a dictionary. Tell you what. Let's make this a sample lesson. Give you a better idea. I'll pay you for it too. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

I saw no reason to turn down this immediate offer and said I had plenty of time. He asked me to grab a chair and move around to his side of the desk, and as I did so, he opened a drawer, took out a battered and dog-eared grammar, and leafed through its yellowed pages until he came to Lesson XII. "Let's go through some of this," he said. "I tried it this morning, but you don't get anywhere by yourself."

We started a set of exercises, he translating, I supplying words he didn't know and, wherever possible, linguistic explanations. The impromptu lesson proceeded slowly but, on the whole, quite effectively. The doctor was a willing and competent pupil and his eagerness in turn made me ambitious to be helpful as a teacher. We both put a lot of effort into our work and before long we had our coats off and were offering each other cigarettes.

"*Der — Knabe — hat — ein —*" the doctor was saying at the end of the third exercise, his finger tracing each word as he translated it, when he stopped abruptly and looked up with an air of exasperation. "Let me ask you something," he said. "I haven't had occasion to use a pocketknife since I was a boy scout, let alone talk about one. Why does every grammar consider it the most important thing in the world?"

I had to agree that our text was rather uninspiring and, emboldened by the doctor's whimsy, I decided to add a little color to our lesson. "Why don't we do this —" I said; "use their sentences for the exercise but supply most of our own nouns, the kind you're more likely to need? This *Knabe*, for instance, with his pocketknife. What he's really got, I imagine, is a compulsion neurosis. Now, how would you say —"

"Very good," the doctor said smiling. "*Der Knabe hat einen Zwangsneurose.*"

"Right. Except that it should be *eine*, feminine. In a compound noun it's the last word that determines the gender."

"Leave it to the Germans to make neurosis something feminine," he said, making a note. "What next?"

We smoked more cigarettes and went through the remainder of the exercise in almost exuberant spirits, saddling the grammar's population of exchange students and sightseers with all the miserable afflictions of the human psyche.

"Say, that's all right," the doctor said after a while. "You're a pretty good teacher."

The compliment gave me a pang of uneasiness at the frivolous fashion in which I'd thrown out those terms. You don't share a choice wood carving with a man who is going to use it for firewood is the way my father would have looked at it, and theoretically I tended to agree with him. But, oddly, this pang lasted only a moment. I liked this man, I realized, and what's more I liked myself for liking him. The fact that I could feel amiably disposed toward someone I knew to be little more than a charlatan was new to me, and it gave me an altogether Christlike feeling of glowing tolerance.

"Listen," the doctor said when we had gotten through one more exercise. "This is hard work. How about some coffee, huh? I think there's some in the kitchen I can heat up. Be right back."

5

THE doctor left the study, and I got up to stretch my legs and tried to consider my position. There was no question, I thought to myself as I paced up and down the room and let my eyes wander over its bright birch furniture, that I had landed with a most friendly employer. There was also no question that I was in a heretic's office. I noted for the first time that it didn't even contain a couch, and the lack of this elementary tool suddenly brought home to me the utter fruitlessness of hoping to convince my father, with some factual argument, of the innocence of my actions.

If I wanted to carry on these bantering man-to-man lessons and enjoy the hourly rate and the refreshments that seemed to go with them, I would have to incur the stigma of disloyalty in my father's eyes. The discovery of my personal feelings towards the doctor, a few moments ago, kept me from being disheartened, however. In fact, as I stopped in front of the only picture the room had — not the familiar photograph of Freud, of course; it was a cheery water color of a girl pouring water into a vase of flowers — a mood of downright serenity came over me.

None of the extracurricular ventures that my father had been so eager to condone — neither the store, the drama people, nor the radicals — had ever given me this sense of mild but uncomplicated

fulfillment, and I realized that here in the dissenter's place of business I had found a badly needed sanctuary from my father's understanding. Here I could draw a clear line between his identity and mine and, on the strength of it, develop a principle of my own: I too recognized this doctor as an enemy of true psychoanalytic progress, but I was prepared, as enjoined by an earlier healer of the soul, to love mine enemy, or anyway to teach him German, which in this context seemed to be amounting to the same thing. I would inform my father of this attitude, I decided, and if he found it insupportable, by God, I would take the consequences, whatever they might be.

The doctor came back, carrying a tray with the coffee things in one hand and a plate with the remnants of a chocolate cake in the other. To make room for the tray on the desk, I pushed the grammar and a stack of papers to one side, and, as we took up our seats again, it occurred to me that perhaps, in my appraisal of his professional theories, I hadn't really given him a fair hearing. After all, I knew my father's views on the one side, and only that of the college students on the other, and it struck me that, now that I was embarking on a course of tolerance, I might do well to question a practitioner and broaden my outlook. Accordingly I told the doctor, when he started to sip his coffee, that I was fairly familiar with Freudian analysis but couldn't say that I really knew much about his kind, and asked him whether he'd mind giving me a rough idea of how it worked.

The doctor's face, which in the course of our lesson had lost some of its tender woefulness, became clouded once more. His eyebrows were pulled almost to the halfway point of his forehead and looked like two pennants dangling limply in a windless sky. "All right," he said, taking an unenthusiastic bite out of his piece of cake. "Suppose you're a patient. You'd be sitting in that chair, as you did when you first came in, and telling me what's bothering you. Well, I'd sort of tell you that everybody's got troubles like that, that I've got them too, and I'd be generally reassuring.

There's a little more to it than that, but not a hell of a lot. You can't really call it analysis."

"I don't quite follow you," I said, the familiarity of the last phrase having jarred me particularly. "You don't sound as though you entirely approve of what you're doing."

"I don't," he said simply, dusting some cake crumbs off his hands. "I took this up a few years after I got out of med school. Thought it'd work. Thought it ought to, in fact. Told all my patients when I discharged them after three or four months that I'd treat them for free if their symptoms came back. Well, pretty soon I had more free patients on my hands than paying ones, and I didn't know what to do with *them*, so I gave it up. I'm in analysis now, getting Freudian training. Want to read everything I can while I'm at it, do research, study some more in Austria" — his voice trailed off — "and *that*, young man, is what I need you for. All right now, where were we?" he said and peered over his coffee cup at the grammar. "*Der — Bauer — hat — dem — Gärtner — die zehn —*"

I was late getting home for dinner that night, and as I sat down at the table, my father delved into the subject of our recent dispute without any preliminaries. "Your mother tells me you have been this afternoon at 'Dr. Ampifflins'," he said.

I said, "Yes."

"And what have you decided?"

I was on the point of making a remark I'd worked out on the way home — something to the effect that the joke had come to an end, that the doctor's "ampifflins" had been successfully resolved, but somehow those weren't the words that came out.

"I've thought it over," I said without looking up. "I got a couple more term papers to do today. Can't really afford the time."

My father started to say something about knowing all along that he could trust me not to be unprincipled, but I soon stopped listening. I was staring into my soup, preoccupied with the gloomy thought that, little more than an hour after winning him, I'd lost a perfectly good enemy.





THE MUSIC

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

1

WHEN Time was young
Time's wing was downed with snow,
And snow hung
Like a soft lock adrift down the white brow,
The cold, untroubled brow —
So let us sing our lives away.

When Time was young,
Oh, then I did not dance,
Wanting some breath of music from his tongue;
Sunk in his glance,
His measured, his unsearching glance:
Still let us sing our lives away.

When Time was young
Time's step was light, and slow.
My step halts now.
But now his flight howls a tune down the eaves:
Like sparrows in the leaves
Let us dance, and sing, our lives away.

2

HELL's somewhere: a gray honeycomb, that each
May know by his own cell, exact, and furnished
(Sparsely) with the cinders of all he loves.
It is light there, or dark. From some center
A pulse curiously like that of a heart comes
Unhurried, unhurried — it will be counted,
And that continues history, that is experience,
The counting; forever, with the sound of never.

But heaven, what is heaven? And where,
End of what black trail frayed away by wind,
Beyond what crest of space, dazzling at last
The eyes, the heart —

Nothing. Nowhere.
Or if somewhere, then all's an instant there,
Forever's instant. And who could tell,
Who from so far could hear or listen for
That tick, when time that has him by the hand
Will lead him strongly down a passageway
He knows, into a space he knows, furnished
Sparsely — and say,
This is yours. I have brought everything
You wanted. If you call, I shall be here.

3

THIS day of sun and sound — this Sunday: will
 The syllables of bells, the color, blue,
 Be clear as this, recalled when, still less still
 Than now, the dusk falls, and all failures blow?
 Oh this dulls as I look; I look to lose
 More, as more days darken and build me man:
 And build of flesh the ages of the rose;
 And build of bone the stages of the moon.

— Thinking that all the world's less, less and less
 Lessens what I would be. What I would be
 Is strong — but strong is young, I would be, yes,
 I craze with time, that glass I shiver by!
 This day, this blaze of sound — bell-bright: so tall:
 Look up! — but in that glass my eyelids fall.

4

ALL night the crickets plucked the familiar string, the strangeness
 of moonlight sealed the stretched fields under spell,
 and even strangers (pausing, puzzled, above some flower
 that should have fallen when they were young)
 muttered, I cannot with this older tongue
 tell you, nor at this hour,
 but such a face the world wore, I remember.

Changed;

or I do not remember well. —

All night the treetoads sang. The summer wood
 rose from its pond of shadow. The urging wind, the dragging moon,
 rubbed leaves to shivering fire; and fire forsook
 the shaken leaves. Ash-gold, ash-gray, soot-
 black, the world moved between warm and cool.

And even friends, ending their bridge or conversation
 indoors, waited in doorways, watching the night unfold
 in rigid golden light, and sighed, bewildered,
 When we were children —
 oh, but the world was always a wilderness,
 surely, though seeming simple?

How surely we grow old,

how swiftly.

But such the world was.

Changed. —

All night the world said, It is all the same.
 And friends, or strangers, said, We have climbed some stair,
 have closed some door, (in triumph) have known some die!
 and the world said, You are what you were,
 I will show you what you were. And all said,
 friends, and strangers, No — no, all is changed
 but if the same we cannot now remember,
 would not remember well, would not recall
 what the world was, or what we were, at all.

All night the wind plucked the familiar string;
 and the water sang, the water sang.



A Californian, born and bred, of a family long interested in oil, CLARK C. VAN FLEET began fishing when he was a small boy. Over the past four decades, he has devoted most of his recreation hours to fishing for — and studying — the steelhead trout, the greatest game fish of the West Coast. From his letters and diaries he has drawn an exciting, edifying, humbling account of his favorite streams and his great warrior.

THE STEELHEAD

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

I

IT WAS only natural that a youngster born within sight of the Pacific Ocean before the turn of the century should look to the outdoors for his enjoyment and recreation. As boys, my brothers and I hunted cottontails back of the early Chinese Cemetery in San Francisco. This was just beyond Presidio Avenue, formerly the terminus of the steam railroad that served the patrons of the 1898 Fair and the old Cliff House.

We often made weekend fishing excursions to drop a line in Mill Valley, Lagunitas, Olema, and Papermill Creeks, now less than an hour's tour to the north, or the San Lorenzo or San Gregorio not far to the south of the city. These streams were great producers: fine trout fishing in the spring, with great runs of steelhead in the fall and winter.

I had my first experience with a steelhead in the famous Whitehouse Pool at the mouth of the Papermill, where it meets tidewater at the head of Tomales Bay. It was only a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -pound kelt. Its efforts to free itself were little more than halfhearted and it soon succumbed to the gentle pressure of my trembling rod and line, but to me at twelve it was the largest and most beautiful fish that had ever graced a fisherman's bag.

That was more than forty years ago, and since then most of my recreation has been spent seeking the steelhead with a fly. I have fished for him by wading, mostly on big rivers. I have also adhered to the principle of keeping the gut size just above the test necessary to set the hook properly. This is by no means the best way to land record fish, but it adds to the joy of battle and tries the fisherman's skill to the utmost. As a result, some of my most pleasant recollections concern lost encounters, as enjoyable as many in which I emerged the victor.

The steelhead is known to anglers in three stages: the parr, the grilse, the mature fish.

The parr or fingerling is a first-year fish, ready after hatching and a year, more or less, in fresh

water to make the long, hazardous journey to the sea, there to remain, with only occasional forays back to fresh water until reaching maturity. In size, he will run from about 4 to 12 inches; and because of a voracious appetite he is an easy prey for the angler during his downward migration.

The grilse is the still immature fish which comes back from the sea to invade the stream for longer or shorter periods every summer and fall, and whose length of stay depends on the richness of food available. Many of our coastal streams never see them at all; in others, they travel but a short distance from the sea; in a few, they go many miles inland. They vary in weight from about half a pound to 3 pounds and have all the sturdy fighting characteristics of the mature fish. They have a complete coat of silver scales and the bluish head that graces the lord of the river. The prime summer fishing in the Klamath and the lower Rogue is afforded by the grilse. In the Eel in former days they were sought with great enthusiasm by the light tackle addicts. It was a pleasure twenty-five years ago to watch Lew Myers battle the big half-pounders on his $\frac{11}{16}$ -ounce rod and 5x or 6x leaders. On that light equipment, a good 2-pound fish was equal to any 10-pounder on regulation 5-ounce rod and 2x tippet.

The mature steelhead weighs over 3 pounds as he ascends to the spawning beds. These are the mighty ones of our Western rivers, whose unpredictable ways and mysterious life history are so fragmentary and little understood. They are the most sought after of our Western game fish. Fish up to 43 pounds have been taken in nets, although I believe the world's record on a fly is that monster taken by Maury Griswold at the mouth of the Deschutes in Oregon, a leviathan of 28 pounds.

The steelhead makes his return to the river in the summer, fall, and winter. Each run blends into the other, so that it is not easy to tell where the one

begins and the last ends, yet there is a distinct lull in the fishing from September 1 to October 15 on most rivers.

The summer-run fish are quite green in egg and melt development, and these represent a very small percentage of the body weight. They retain their silver and olive-green dress well into the fall, not assuming their wedding dress much earlier than those fish which move into the stream much later in the season. They move up the river of their choice in rather leisurely fashion and feed as they go, after a period of adjustment to fresh-water fare.

The fall fish are riper than the summer group. They travel more rapidly and appear to feed less often than the earlier migrants. This run is usually fairly plentiful in the larger rivers, and they have the first blush of pink that shows the beginnings of the bright nuptial coloring that garbs them during courtship.

The winter fish often enter fresh water within a few weeks of spawning. Heavy with melt or roe, the stomach and intestines are markedly compressed by the weight of these great sacs of reproductive essentials. Usually a freshet brings them along in numbers, and their marriage and its denouement take place in a short space of time. These are the fish that will be found hurrying up some of our smallest coast streams, which are often completely dry in the late summer but subject to bursts of considerable volume during the winter. Winter fish are taken on lures and bait if the water drops rapidly, pinning them in the holes during the day. If water conditions are right, their rest periods are very brief until they reach the spawning grounds, and they seldom feed while traveling.

The fly-fisherman is mainly concerned with the summer and fall runs. The steelhead is then most likely to be interested in and attracted by food in various forms. Their stream travel is leisurely and unhurried, with frequent periods of rest. They are more gamy and full of fight, unhampered by an excess weight of roe or melt.

Fishermen will argue fiercely over the habits of the steelhead, and the most serious controversy arises over the question, Do steelhead feed after leaving salt water on their way to the spawning grounds?

Mr. Roderick L. Haig-Brown, in his book *The Western Angler*, the best semiscientific work I have read in recent years, declares, in discussing the Campbell River summer run, that 60 per cent of the fish were feeding, 20 per cent avidly. This evidence is borne out by Dr. Paul R. Needham, who in his book *Trout Streams* speaks of finding food in the stomachs of steelhead.

All of my own angling experience with the steelhead inclines me to the belief that they will rise to a fly because it represents food. My angling technique is based on that premise. I feel that if the lure is fished in such a manner as to simulate some

familiar food, the fish will be likely to respond by taking it.

The fascinating adventure in fishing for the steelhead is the unpredictable feature of each cast. Your lure may entice a fish just above the limit of tolerance or one of noble, even prize, proportions. In most trout fishing, the hunting ground of large fish can be predicted with some certainty. Not so the steelhead: water barren today may be rolling with fish the following day; another night may pass and they will have as quietly disappeared. Fortune, chance, and skill all play their part in the enjoyment of every daylight hour on the streams.

2

LEAVING Santa Rosa in the year 1916, the road north to Eureka was paved to Cloverdale, improved gravel as far as Willits, and country road into the wilderness beyond. What today is a mere pleasant jaunt, in that time took on the nature of an expedition. Extra gasoline, tire repair equipment, even spare parts, were scrutinized, accepted or rejected as suited the opinion of the driver and the condition of the particular conveyance to be used.

At Willits you had crossed the divide into the Eel River drainage system, from which point to Garberville there were few accommodations and even little habitation along the rutted, dusty road. Almost all travelers stopped at Cummings, where the Twin Rock Inn was famous for its excellent table.

From Cummings the road trends westerly, winding over and around the great ridge that hedges the east bank of the Eel's south fork. In those days, no axe or saw had marred the virgin forest that spread for miles in this great basin, climbing the slopes in serried ranks until the tops were lost in the blue of the distant skyline. As we jogged along in the early morning, the crisp October air brought a tang of pine and balsam, the near hills glowed with yellow, scarlet, and gold patches where oak, maple, and dogwood flashed their autumn coats through the mantle of evergreen.

We turned north again on leaving this ridge and came suddenly on the first grove of redwoods, huge survivors of a bygone age. At Dyerville the north fork joins with the south, whose sinuous course we had been following for more than 50 miles. Great groves of redwoods had now become quite frequent, but from the junction on, the broad reaches of the main Eel were seldom out of sight, so that our excitement grew apace with the shortening distance. Soon we had reached the village of Fortuna, with Gregg's Resort — our destination — but a few miles away.

Gregg's was then the headquarters for steelhead fishing in that section of the river. Almost opposite the spot where the present span to Ferndale crosses the river, it overlooked the fine expanse of water then called Gregg's Pool (now Fernbridge), the

head of tidewater. Every tidal surge brought its quota of steelhead and half-pounders from their life at sea, fat, vigorous, and full of fight. When hooked, they battled to be free with tremendous vitality and breath-taking aerial gymnastics. There I had my first thrilling struggles, trembling victories, and heartbreaking defeats, fishing for these sea-going rainbows with a fly.

Gregg's was a two-story frame structure, the inevitable tavern occupying one side of the main floor to the front, the dining room directly in back of that, and the ell for the kitchen tacked on behind, the balance given over to lodgings. A wide veranda ran the full length of the front of the house, from which the pool was in fairly full view. Mrs. Van Zandt had the end room in the west wing off the front porch. There she performed on her fly-tying equipment, making any pattern desired and such inventions of her own as struck her fancy. It was a labor of love, and her generosity extended to anyone who had come improperly prepared. Her husband had been one of the founders of the Sand Bar Club before the turn of the century, which had more or less established the traditions on the river. The main precept established was that anyone reaching man's estate would take his fish on a fly, leaving bait fishing for women and children. On Sundays the willows bordering the deeper parts of the pool were crowded with boats as the youngsters and their duennas had a hilarious picnic with the half-pounders, with an occasional steelhead to add to the excitement. The fly-fishing contingent rested, reminisced, and made frequent trips to the bar, having left the boats for the use of the juniors exclusively.

Today the Eel is the home of the bait-slinger, and as a result the former splendid runs of fish are sadly diminished. But during this earlier period the Eel was famous for its fly-fishermen as well as for its large fish — Bill Elsemore, Walter Dalton, Milt Carson, Bert Harris, Sam Wells, and Coll Deane, to name but a few of the locals. It was there I first met Fred Burnham nearly forty years ago, one of the country's greats with a fly rod. We have since joined forces many times on numerous streams up and down the Pacific Coast.

3

IN October, barring a sudden freshet, the water is exceedingly clear. Our practice was to use a No. 8 or 10 hook, fastened to a 2x gut tippet on a 9-foot tapered leader, with line and rod to match; the hook dressed with the fly best suiting the fisherman's experience or fancy. Even with this weight gut, it was necessary to use care and skill in presentation, as the big fish were shy and easily put down.

On the Eel, it is a criterion, though not an absolute one, that the sky should be overcast. One real need, common to nearly all quiet water, is a breeze

sufficient to agitate the surface well before any pool can be successfully fished. Normally, so close to the coast, a high fog can be depended on until noon or thereabouts, and the first light breezes from the sea usually start about nine o'clock. That makes the morning fishing best from about nine-thirty until noon. The afternoon fishing is best from about three-thirty on, when the first returning wisps of fog scud in on the freshening westerly. If you are fortunate enough to have a few days of high-banked clouds, a good stiff southwester, and an occasional spatter of rain, fishing is usually excellent. Our method is to go to the chosen pool, wade out about waist-deep in the most likely spot, with the breeze at our backs or quartering, and cover the water with from four to five casts to a stand, starting parallel to shore and angling out to end on a cross-pool cast. Take a few steps forward and repeat. Naturally, if fish are feeding, your problem is simplified. Put your fly over the fish. Deep widening swirls announce their presence when they are on the feed. Work down to them quickly but cautiously, and cast so that the fly passes through the edge of the swirl, not through its center; best over and beyond, so that the fly can be manipulated past the feeding fish.

A word about manipulation. The fisherman nods the rod in a gentle rhythm, slowly retrieving the line with the left hand until ready for the pickup for another cast. On the Eel, it is common to retrieve 10' to 20 feet of line before the pickup. If you will try this draw and slack retrieve in a still pond directly under your eye, you can readily perceive the reason for this action. The hackles of the fly, which open at the slack, draw together on the pull, in a lifelike imitation of a swimming insect.

A decision regarding the best pool to fish is not a mere lottery each morning. Overcast, chances of a breeze and its probable direction, knowledge accumulated from previous days of fishing, the combined experience of the camp on the previous day, all go to indicate the best choice for that particular day.

At eight-thirty one morning, my friend Westy, Fred Burnham, and I were having breakfast together of bacon and eggs, hot cakes and syrup, toast and coffee. Fishing is hungry work.

"The overcast looks pretty thin this morning," Fred said. "No breeze at all yet. Maybe we had better try East Ferry. It's the best bet for an early breeze, and I think it ought to be hot."

Westy and I agreed and our tackle was soon accumulated and stored in the car. As we left the draw for the summer road along the bar, the first faint breeze stirred the leaves of the high cottonwoods across the river. Soon a slight rise brought us to the flat meadows around Grizzly Bluff. From there, taking the old East Ferry road, we were soon back to the river, over a great expanse of gravel to the site of the old abandoned ferry that gave this

water its name. There, a side road led along the shingle to the lower end of the pool.

The tail of the pool is too shallow to hold anything but an occasional half-pounder, but the next hundred yards above is ideal, with a good clean gravel bottom accessible from both the east and west banks. The west bank is favored by most fishermen, its gentler slope giving a water backcast rather than a bank one, where carelessness can often break a hook. To divide forces, Westy chose the east shore in spite of its drawback, and soon splashed across the shallows at the tail. As I fastened the last strap on my waders, Westy was opposite, with Fred some 20 yards above me on my side of the river.

The breeze had now strengthened, sending a ruffle of little wavelets through the lie. I had advanced about ten steps when a deep swirl back of my fly showed a rising fish that missed. Westy, alert to the chance, cast just beyond the widening circle. His fly had not traveled 2 feet before his arching rod and screaming reel proclaimed the first steelhead. Thirty yards away a bow of silver arched above a welter of spray as his fish took to the air in a beautiful jump. Westy worked towards the tail of the pool to keep his steelhead away from the still unfished water. As his rushes grew shorter, I waded back to continue working up the run. On my third cast a fish took with a rush and was away so fiercely that the rod, bending to the strain, threw the whirring handle of my reel against my sleeve. In that instant, before I could clear, he was gone. Ruefully I reeled in, and with trembling fingers fastened a new fly to the broken end of my leader. Westy had just beached his beautiful fish. Fred dropped back to come in below me, as the fish were apparently lying well down in the tail of the run. Another deep swirl at my fly, my line straightened out.

I struck.

A fleeing torpedo took charge; my rod bowed to the strain as my reel screamed to crescendo and the line melted away. The run ended in a tail walking rush across the surface. I dropped the tip of the rod sharply to avoid a pull-out. He was away on another sustained run up the pool. I scrambled ashore with but a few turns of backing left on my reel, and ran along the beach. On the next jump he changed directions, and I took my first real breath since the battle started. We had been through all the remaining fishing water with a vengeance. A momentary sulk gave me an opportunity to regain some line, which I took full advantage of. The next move was down the pool with more deliberation, the run ending in a surface wallow that showed he was tiring. I was able to pick up all my backing and considerable casting line as he jockeyed back and forth with shorter rushes. The end of the leader showed as I worked him toward the beach. He turned again and again as I drew him toward shal-

low water; finally the silver of his belly flared as I turned him over; a moment later I had dragged him gasping onto dry gravel.

I carried him far up the bar for hook removal and *coup de grâce*. Bluish to olive green with black spots nearly to the median line, changing sharply to silver, then pearl white on the belly, a beautiful fresh-run fish. I sat for a moment to smoke and admire.

Fred was now fast to a fish, whooping in appreciation at every fast run or jump made by his antagonist. Westy was wrestling a big half-pounder, its bouncing tactics keeping him busy. He soon brought it to hand and gently released it. Fred's fish headed with determination toward the deeper water of the upper pool, Fred scrambling after it. The sun broke through the overcast more frequently and for longer intervals as I worked out to the fishing water again. Waves slapped against my waders in the freshening breeze. Gulls screamed overhead in the hope of gleanings from the fishing. The willows waved greetings to the dancing cottonwood leaves far above them. The brightening sun now washed the sky clear of fog. After fifteen minutes of fruitless fishing, we called it a morning. Westy's and my 8-pounders were twinlike in their equal symmetry and beauty; Fred's fish topped ours by 2 pounds.

4

IN 1928 my business took me to Eureka to reside. This gave me a real opportunity to study the river through a whole season. I found, much to my surprise, that fish came into the river in late June. A fish was reported taken from the Van Duzen Pool on June 26 that year. I had the supreme pleasure of taking a 10½-pounder from the same waters on July 6. From that date on, I spent every moment I could along the banks of the river, observing fish or working likely pools.

My diary for that year reveals some interesting data. I fished the river from July 4 to December 9 on fifty-one occasions. Nine of these ventures were unproductive of steelhead; either the fish were present and refused my offering, or I was fishing barren water. In all, I succeeded in luring 192 steelhead. Of the fish raised, I hooked 110 and beached a total of 73. The smallest steelhead caught was a 4½-pounder, the largest an even 15 pounds. Most of the summer-run fish were taken between five and seven in the evening. This can be accounted for in a great measure in two ways: I did not fish until after working hours, and the overcast was absent during most of the summer days.

At first glance, the proportion of raised fish to takers seems inordinately high. I attribute the majority of the refusals to lack of sufficient breeze. On the average day, the first puffs would start about nine o'clock, but it was often ten before the wind

had steadied enough to establish a good riffle. By six-thirty in the summer and four-thirty in the late fall, the water would be at dead calm. Most of the refusals occurred in shimmery water, when it was probable that the fish saw the leader and shied off. A number of tests appeared to prove this.

Misses under normal conditions can be attributed in great measure to miscalculation on the part of the fish, in which case he will return more viciously and accurately if the fly is not pulled away from him. If the fish barely grasps the fly in the edge of his jaws, the strike will pull it out of his mouth. It is still most difficult for me not to respond to a raise by depressing the butt on sight of that deep broad swirl in the vicinity of the fly. This is especially true if the raise is unexpected. This natural reaction must be controlled at all costs fishing for steelhead; the larger the fish, the more deliberate are his movements. If you take time to see the rod tip respond to the tightening of the line, your chances are best to hook solidly.

Much has been said and written about the speed with which a fish can detect the artificiality of a tied fly and the rapidity with which he can reject it. It is just not so. I was able to prove this, as the following incident will show.

In 1923 Cy McNear invited me to join him on a trip to the Salmon River, which enters the Klamath at Somes Bar. We stayed that night in Arcata, at the kind invitation of the Brizards. The next morning we staged over the old Orick-Weitchpec road, from there to Orleans, and on to Somes Bar. That was a hair-raising experience in those days. Forty-odd miles of twisting, climbing, and dropping along the winding back of the ridge made you feel as though you had been riding a cockleshell in a storm. As we skimmed over the last rise, we could see the gorge of the Klamath a thousand feet below. The one-way bridge across the river was reached by a series of hairpin turns as we dropped down the side of the mountain. Somes Bar was 21 miles up the Klamath. I felt like a fly on a wall as we followed this road from Weitchpec, mostly one-way, up the river; I think there were five turnouts in the first 10 miles. Were we glad to arrive at Carl Langford's cottage at the Bar!

Carl assured us there was a big run of fish in the river, which statement the next day amply justified. They were mostly half-pounders, but ranged in size to fish well over 2 pounds. Every run, riffle, and hole seemed to be filled with them. I took so many that day that it ceased to be sport. I kept one particularly nice fish for dinner; the balance I returned to the water with care. The full count for the day was seventy-one. This fishing was all done in a very

few pools immediately above the mouth of the Salmon. I was astonished to find that I caught some of these fish more than once during the day. This was brought to my attention by the capture of one peculiarly marked fish four times. In some way, the right gill pan had been torn off of this fish so that this injury made identity unmistakable. After locating this fish, I was particular to try for him periodically. He became more shy at each trial, but even on the last occasion, I was able to capture him after five timid raises in the same pool where we had first made contact.

The next day I spent in experimentation on pattern, method of lure presentation, and particularly, what happened after the fish had taken the fly. One pool was especially adapted to my needs; it was full of fish and relatively shallow at the lower end, where the water smoothed out before it crashed over into the next riffle. The south bank was rugged, with large boulders affording both elevation and concealment. Choosing good cover, I first counted all the fish within my range of vision. There were fifty-four or -five. I then coiled off about 60 feet of loose line on top of a near boulder.

My first cast was well above the school; the fly sank a little and drifted down toward the fish, one rose with vigor to take, and swam back to its resting place below. On the take, I had fed out line freely. As the drag of the current bellied the line, the leader tightened against the fish's jaws. He ejected the fly, which was spit forth to about an inch in front of his snout. He had held the fly in his mouth all of six, possibly eight, seconds. The fly was now deep in the water at the same level as the fish. The fly now traveled less than a foot before another fish took it, held it for a second or two, and in turn spit it out. The belly of the line now carried the fly more swiftly, as well as diagonally, downstream toward the shallower side of the pool. The next fish rushed the fly, and I fed the line very rapidly as he turned back toward the deeper channel; he dropped it the minute he reached his normal place in the lie. I was here reaching the point where the water was gathering speed for the drop into the next riffle. The fly, drifting more rapidly, started into the shallows again when a fish darted for it and rushed back upstream. I could not feed line fast enough to keep him from hooking himself. After gently releasing this fish, I sat down and had a cigarette. This rested the pool for about ten minutes. I worked down from the head of the school again with about the same results. In all, I spent a good hour covering this run from different positions and angles, making every effort to keep the fish from hooking themselves. I was successful with around four out of five.

(To be continued)



DONALD MOFFAT, a veteran of both wars, fell in love with France when he was driving for the American Field Service in 1916. For a time between the wars he and his wife and their daughters resided in Senlis, Paris, and Pornic, an experience he has written of with charm and gaiety in his book *The Mott Family in France*. Last summer they went back again — the first time they had seen Paris since the Liberation — and the reunion marked the beginning of a new series for the Atlantic. The first paper, "Anniversary in Paris," appeared in July.

LE PIQUE-NIQUE

by DONALD MOFFAT

I

HIGH in the Auvergne, in the very heart of France, where the little road twists through a great beech forest far from the nearest village, the Kanes came upon a small roadside clearing, and in the clearing a bronze plaque, set in stone. Curious, Kane stopped the car. He and his wife got out, and read: —

150 mètres d'ici ont été fusilés par les Allemands, le 2 juillet 1944, Jacques Paray, 17, et Maurice Biot, 19, héros des Maquis.

They had noticed many such memorials along the road from Paris during the past two days; but the loneliness and tranquillity of this high, remote sanctuary had an extraordinarily touching quality, as though it enshrined, symbolically, the very soul of France — of a France occupied, degraded, beaten down, and still unconquerable. Here two French boys, among many thousands like them, had said to themselves "*Mais non!*" and died for it.

The two foreigners stood a moment in the silence of the ancient sunny forest, then turned, and drove away. Kane thought: France lost her soul in 1940 — or mislaid it, rather. No great victorious armies to be commemorated by triumphal arches, no battles won, nothing but the secret victories of the Résistance, of the simple indomitable Frenchman, fighting in midnight bands.

His wife spoke Kane's thoughts for him, as so often: "And at home they say France is through. It makes me mad!"

"Me too. Give 'em time."

The forest ended, and they drove out over a country of upland farms, like Vermont, except that here the houses were all of stone even to the roofs of flat fieldstones, pinned in place like shingles. The red cattle in the fields were smaller, nimbler than the great white herds of the rolling Bourbonnais through which they had passed the day before.

Mrs. Kane felt a twinge of homesickness for New England's June.

Their first day, motoring down the Route Nationale from Paris to Avallon, had been spent in getting the feel of their borrowed Peugeot-203, and in exultation over driving again along the straight, tree-bordered roads of France, under a French sky dotted with the friendly domesticated French clouds. Kane had already grown fond of the little car — a supple, sturdy piece of mechanism designed not for show but for a modest seven-horsepower purpose. It had character, Kane thought; not to mention a top that shoved back to let in the sun, comfortable bolt-upright seats, and an overdrive to slide into when the needle touched 80 k.p.h. and the car took wings and flew. He liked the way it held the road without a trace of sway or a whisper out of the tires.

It was nice, too, being alone together, far from family responsibilities, Kane thought, glancing at his wife beside him. On the whole duty of tourists they were in the tacit agreement which results from minds and tastes merging after many years of living together in happiness. Their tourist code was simple: never try to see more than one sight a day, no matter what you miss; your own chance discoveries are always more satisfying than the guidebook "musts"; read about it after visiting, never before; never spend more than one hour at a time in a museum, gallery, château, or cathedral — except Chartres, of course; when your eyes begin to glaze over and your mind goes numb, stop at once, wherever you are, and make for the nearest café. It won't be far away.

The first night they had spent near Avallon, at a little inn Mrs. Kane had picked out of the *Guide Michelin* because its food was starred and because she had spotted the little red man in the rocking chair, symbolizing a *hôtel tranquille et isolé*. From the

heights of Avallon a corkscrew road had dropped them, late in the afternoon, into the narrow little wooded valley of the Cousin where, after easing along for ten minutes beside the winding trout stream, they came upon the Hostellerie du Moulin des Ruats.

As experienced travelers, the Kanes knew from the minute they stopped the car in the verdant little courtyard that their luck was in: for instantly there appeared two blue-checked maids, smiling a cheerful welcome, to pick up their bags and carry them into the inn. The Kanes followed, to be greeted by Mme Bertier, the *patronne*, who also smiled with grave self-respect, and had them shown to a tiny, spotless room in the back, below whose window a mill wheel slowly turned with a whisper of rushing water.

The Cousin divided beside the inn, forming a small island, and here the Kanes presently sat at a table under trees, and drank a glass of vermouth, then dined in a rustic pavilion with a dozen other couples, and were served by a pretty little waitress who scampered each course over a bridge from the kitchens under the inn. The young maître d'hôtel helped them choose dinner, and told them that Mme Bertier had been running the place since her husband's death in 1923, that her son was now the chef, that he himself was a son-in-law, and that the mill wheel veritably furnished electricity for the inn. Steeped in contentment, the Kanes dined on crevettes with sauce fumet and a half bottle of Meursault-Blagny; coq au vin and rice with a superb Gevrey-Chambertin, and a local cheese to finish up the wine; and ended on a cool note of fragrant raspberries.

In the morning Mrs. Kane had taken her coffee and brioches in bed, while Kane had his downstairs, and admired the roses and ferns in hanging pots, the blossoming shrubs of the sunny courtyard, and listened to the two little barelegged maids twittering like birds as they swabbed down the front steps with soap and hot water, all in the name of good hotel-keeping. And when they had thanked Mme Bertier and paid their bill, which included the customary 15 per cent service charge, they found further evidence of a *hôtel sérieux* in the fact that the same little maids who had carried down their bags smiled them on their way without so much as a finger out for an extra tip.

So up over the high plateaus of the Puy-de-Dôme, the Auvergne, then west by little *vicinaux ordinaires* which twisted back and forth across the faces of the steep, wooded foothills in which the river Dordogne has its sources — lonely roads, free from all traffic but an occasional bicycle or *camionnette*.

Striking the Dordogne at Argentat, they turned downstream; and as they rolled along, there was hardly a river bend or limestone crag but revealed its miniature *château féodale*, charming little affairs of crumbling stone and delicate turrets, built to be

lived in, not for show. Here, obviously, thought Mrs. Kane, was a land of country squires, nice and homey, all on a small friendly scale — but neglected and deserted now, she noticed, save where an occasional vegetable garden had been set out in a château park by a caretaker or village neighbor.

"We're missing a lot of good places just south of here — Roc-Amadour for one," said Kane. "What d'you say?"

"Let's skip it."

"Right!" he agreed happily. "Skip it, and the hell with everyone."

Near Sarlat, driving into the afternoon sun, they left the river and cut across country to Les Eyzies on the Vézère, tributary of the Dordogne, where in the Hôtel Cro-Magnon they found another immaculate little inn. Easily entertained by small things, they took pleasure in overseeing the ceremony of the local train crossing the *passage à niveau* near the hotel terrace, where they sat in the twilight sipping their cognacs after an excellent dinner: first, three slow strokes of a warning gong, then the *gardienne* emerging unhurriedly from her garden to crank down the gates, superintended by three children, two dogs, and a priest on a bicycle; five peaceful minutes later, the shrill distant whistle of the approaching train, its rattle and roar growing louder till it passed and faded in the distance. The priest waited patiently, gossiping with the *gardienne*, till at length she cranked up the gates in a leisurely way, they shook hands, he mounted his bike and rode away, laughing. No hurry.

2

IN the morning, after the ritual of spreading maps on the bed and deciding things, they stopped in the narrow village street to lay in a picnic lunch of cheese, saucisson, a tin of local pâté, a crusty half-loaf of tough bread, a bottle of wine, and a basket of cherries from the tree in the grocer's back yard. Even in the smallest of towns, such errands take you into a variety of shops, for so life is organized on the village level in France. Kane bought the wine, saving ten francs by turning in an empty bottle, while his wife shopped for the groceries; and when they met again at the car, she with her handful of parcels wrapped in newspaper instead of cellophane, she was still smiling with delight over a mother cat and kitten curled up asleep on a pink corset, chief display in the sunny window of the local dressmaker.

"I never saw anything so French," she said. "I suppose they just live along in these dreamy little valleys and never know what's going on in the world, so peaceful; then every so often along come the Germans and —"

"They know what's going on all right," Kane replied, turning the car. They were bound for the Grotte de Lascaux, near Montignac, only fifteen miles north. So they took their time, driving slowly

along beside the shallow Vézère — the Dordogne in miniature, limestone cliffs honeycombed with caves, crumbling gray villages, turreted manoirs, and all. Even here they noticed that all the roadside signs were pierced with rusty bullet holes, wartime targets for the youthful Maquis.

It was a sunny windless day, and as they climbed in second gear up the new road from Montignac to the hilltop cave, the hot scent of the scrub pine filled their nostrils like burning tar. Leaving the Peugeot in the parking circle, they followed arrows up a path, soft with pine needles, to the cave entrance — a concrete bunker set in a small clearing, with steps leading down to a steel door — and, near by, the inevitable small rustic restaurant. Cave and café were both locked, deserted.

"Of course," remarked Kane, looking at his watch, "*c'est l'heure du déjeuner*. I suppose they've gone home, no customers. Let's go on up to the top and have our lunch, then come back around two. I really want to get into this place."

"All right. Is this the one Bill Marshall told us about?"

"Yes. With the wall paintings."

The pines stopped at a field with a farmhouse beyond, and here they spread a napkin on the grass and picnicked in the shade, a soft breeze cooling them, and looked out over miles of rolling checker-board fields dotted with villages and woods; and the wine and cheese, pâté and bread, with the sharp, sweet little cherries, blended into the perfect picnic.

Mrs. Kane stretched out on the grass, her head on Kane's jacket. "Tell me about your cave, I've sort of forgotten. Will there be water bugs?"

"I think you'll like it," Kane said. "In 1940 a couple of Montignac boys were poaching rabbits on this hill and their dog started digging at a hole and fell in. They could hear him barking way down inside somewhere, but of course they couldn't reach him, so they went home for a rope and a light, enlarged the hole, shinnied down —"

"What kind of dog? Did they get him?"

"A rabbit hound and they did get him. It was a big cave, with paintings all over the walls. Next day they told their schoolmaster about it. He said the French for 'Rubbish!' — being a conservative, I guess. But after the war he wrote to an archaeological friend in Paris about it; the friend came hotfooting it down, and then and there confirmed the most exciting discovery of prehistoric paintings ever turned up. Some of them twenty thousand years old, and perfectly preserved. I want to see 'em. So will you, bugs or no bugs. Bill said the two boys are now the official guides."

"Imagine finding a cave at the top of a hill," she said sleepily. "What time is it?"

"Almost two. Okay?"

They packed up the picnic basket and walked down to the cave, where two rather weedy young men were setting out picture postcards and souve-

nirs in the anteroom just inside the open steel doors. A French gentleman and his pretty wife, tourists like themselves, joined them just as one of the boys switched on the lights and began telling the story of their discovery.

The cave's floor, stepped and ramped in concrete, sloped sharply for a hundred yards or so under a naturally vaulted ceiling, opening out at intervals in shallow chambers. The air felt cool and damp, the limestone greasy with moisture; a runnel of water trickled down the middle, and rudimentary stalactites hung from the overhead. Nearly every foot of the rough walls was covered with hunting scenes of superbly lifelike horses, bulls, deer, and bison, most of them in flight, some pierced by arrows and spears. A few were miniatures, etched in the soft stone, others life size, in red ochre — the pigment blown on, according to the guide, with a pipette. They were well lighted by small floods; and preserved, he said, by an air-conditioning unit.

They spent the best part of an hour in the cool underground, in the spell of ancient beauty; and when they climbed up into the light again, where a group of tourists was waiting, the sun struck like a furnace.

As they walked down the path towards the parking circle, suddenly out of a thicket appeared an old peasant woman, bent under a load of fagots. She looked at the Kanes with eyes bright as diamonds, and said in a startlingly deep, firm voice, "*Bonjour, monsieur, madame. Vous êtes américains?*"

"*Oui, madame,*" replied Kane.

The old woman dropped her burden and straightened her back.

"*Alors,*" she said, rubbing her hands as if in anticipation of a good gossip, "*comme américains, qu'est-ce que vous pensez de la situation?*"

"*Quelle situation, madame?*" Kane asked, puzzled.

"*Mais — la situation mondiale!*" What other situations you got? he thought she almost added.

She explained, in simple, vivid language. And so it was that the Kanes first learned that the North Koreans had opened their attack, and that the President of the United States had announced that very morning the decision to resist. The old woman seemed almost radiant with relief and satisfaction as she congratulated them.

"*Enfin!*" she said. Her old face grew stern. "*Vous savez, madame: quand on attaque, il . . . faut . . . résister — toujours! Comme nous français.*"

"I take it all back, what I said this morning," said Mrs. Kane, as they drove slowly down the hill towards the Vézère. "Imagine learning about it here, of all places."

"Did you like the cave?"

"Well," she answered, "that's quite a jump, twenty thousand years right spang into the middle of Korea. I'm all out of breath."

He smiled, and patted her knee.



Books and Men



Paul Blanshard is one of the most outspoken, far-reaching critics of

Catholic power; and to referee the contentions in his new book, *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power*, we called on SHERMAN E. JOHNSON, an Episcopalian and a native of Kansas, newly appointed Dean of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, Berkeley, California. Since 1940, Mr. Johnson has been Professor of the New Testament at the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

PAUL BLANSHARD AND THE CHURCH

by SHERMAN E. JOHNSON

I

SINCE the time of the Italian elections of 1948, the wave of Communist influence in Western Europe has gradually receded, and it is generally agreed that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is an important factor in this turn of the tide. Many a critic has, however, wondered if the Roman Church is an altogether appropriate ally for the Western nations. Must the human race line up and choose sides in a struggle between two mighty despotisms, each of which would enhance its own power at the expense of liberal democracy?

Paul Blanshard is not the first to raise this disquieting question or to compare the political and spiritual structures of the two systems. His most recent book, *Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power* (Beacon Press, \$3.50), is, however, an ambitious attempt to document the thesis and work it out from a secular-democratic point of view. Both Vatican and Kremlin, says Mr. Blanshard, are permanent dictatorships. They practically deify the heroes at the top; dogmatic teaching, constant espionage, and the purgation of heresy are techniques of "thought control" used by both; seeing the public schools as their most dangerous enemy, they seek to build up their own educational systems; they use every device of propaganda to "manage the truth"; they exploit the devotion of their followers and exercise an unusual discipline over them; and, finally, by manipulation of their constituencies abroad, combined with diplomacy, they "infiltrate" the democratic nations.

Against these systems of power Mr. Blanshard sets American democracy, whose fundamental thesis is that "the majority of the people have the right to determine our future by free choice based on free discussion, with certain inalienable rights guaranteed to minorities." His way of meeting the Communist threat is, substantially, to adopt the major policies of President Truman. The Vatican, he believes, calls for equally positive treatment, and it is his purpose to "break the current taboo against

any frank discussion of the 'Catholic question' and establish a free flow of ideas." Americans, Mr. Blanshard is careful to say, must not "permit the opposition to *political* Catholicism to degenerate into *religious* anti-Catholicism or personal prejudice against individual Catholics," but they have every right to resist clerical "censorship" of books, newspapers, films, and the radio, the demand for public funds to support Catholic schools, and the imposition upon non-Catholics of Catholic standards in marriage, divorce, and medicine. In the international sphere, America should be wary of alliances with Catholic parties or governments, and he fears that the Vatican's foreign policy — which he finds too similar to that of Senator McCarthy — might lead us into an "atomic Holy War."

Mr. Blanshard's thesis is that the Vatican and Kremlin systems are, despite their manifest differences, fundamentally similar. How apt are his comparisons?

He is evidently right in analyzing them as authoritarian governments, international in scope, whose ultimate control resides in an elite corps. Each accepts a set of dogmas which are coordinated and defended by an official philosophy. These teachings are taken as absolutely true; they cover every aspect of human life; they are the starting point of all arguments and there is no thought that experience or inductive reasoning could ever overthrow them. It also seems appropriate that Mr. Blanshard finds parallels between the educational policies of both systems and their methods of "thought control" (unfriendly label though it is). If the welfare of the whole human race hangs on your teaching, it is difficult to tolerate error in your own ranks.

In several respects, however, the comparisons are so unhappy as to be caricatures. There is a vast difference between the two philosophies. Communists assume that a man's ideas are directly conditioned by his social and economic position. The Roman Catholic Church repudiates the very con-

cept of ideology or the relativity of truth, affirms its faith in the power of human reason to discover and recognize the truth, and professes, at least, a readiness to submit its philosophy to the scrutiny of any candid observer. It sometimes seems to non-Catholics that Rome "manages" the truth and that dogmatic considerations control answers to questions, but the Roman Catholic thinks of himself as bearing witness to a revelation and a philosophy to which he is servant, not master. The technique of the Big Lie is something that no Catholic apologist would adopt. The best proof of this is that Catholic universities produce sound, objective scholarship, and not only in "safe" fields like astronomy and the classics. As a theological teacher I bear witness to what I have learned from Catholic scholars in the disciplines of history of religion, archaeology, and textual criticism.

The hierarchy rules not by fiat but under the traditional canon law; and, as any lawyer can see, the underlying principle here is that law (which rests on fundamental principles of right) is superior to the will of the human sovereign. It would be difficult to imagine that under this system Catholicism could ever be as arbitrary as a completely secular state which recognizes no limits to its own power.

Catholic thought, in both these respects, is part of the Western tradition that derives from Athens and Jerusalem — the same stream of culture that has produced Protestantism, modern science, and liberal democracy.

It therefore distresses me that Mr. Blanshard should think of Rome as cynical, either in politics or religion. Those of us who reject the Assumption have no business calling it a "contrived doctrine"; it is, for Roman Catholics, a sincerely believed dogma based on a chain of reasoning that we cannot accept. I do not believe that any church is deliberately engaged in "manufacturing dogma based on fake history." Such theological doctrines as the infallibility of the Pope, or the relation between Scripture, Tradition, and the Pope's power to define Tradition, are genuine problems with which Roman Catholic theologians have to wrestle, however strange the results may appear to outsiders. Mr. Blanshard occasionally remarks that Catholics are conscientious, but he fails to remind himself of it often enough.

Equally unfortunate is the chapter on "deification" of leaders in the two systems. To say that the Pope "has become a synthetic god," while "in the Trinity of the Kremlin ideology, Marx stands for God, Lenin for Christ, and Stalin for the Holy Ghost," is nothing but ill-tempered polemics.

Mr. Blanshard, to be sure, acknowledges that the Vatican does not use secret police and torture to find out and punish heresy. But he fails to emphasize that in the Communist system violence is the accepted technique for gaining power, and that no

Communist revolution has succeeded without it. This, surely, is a fundamental difference between the two systems.

He makes a good deal out of the lack of democracy in the Roman Church but does not recognize the tremendous influence of Catholic opinion, clerical and lay, which acts as a democratic leaven and is certainly respected by the hierarchy. The Church is not altogether "monolithic," but a vast living organism which contains people of many different kinds of culture and education, and it has its local variations in every country where it operates.

2

I do not doubt that Mr. Blanshard wishes to be objective. In view of the difficulty of getting reliable information about conditions in Russia, his assessment of world Communism is probably as accurate as any that we can get at the present time. He has been at immense pains to collect and document facts about the activities of the Roman Church. The documented facts are unquestionable, but they are selected, and the interpreter in this case lacks something of the judicial temper and allows himself to be carried away by what I can only call a psychology of fear.

As a result he is betrayed into using some of the very propaganda methods for which he criticizes his opponents. The unequal comparison is an old device — and on this the whole structure of the book is built. The similarities of the two systems are overemphasized; the radical differences are played down. Here is an example. "Whether the comparison is sound or not" (to use Mr. Blanshard's own words), he describes Catholic asceticism and the sense of guilt that often accompanies it, and then sets alongside it the methods of torture used in Lubianka prison to break the spirit of a victim.

Coupled with this is a liberal use of "smear" language. Mr. Blanshard rightly objects when a Catholic paper uses such slogans as "Stop Favoring Atheism" and "godless education" against the Indiana public schools, but on his part he accuses the Church of "the continuing corruption of human intelligence by systematically cultivated superstition." What is this but the continuing corruption of human intelligence by pamphleteering methods?

One of Mr. Blanshard's criticisms of the Vatican is that, as a universal church and a state at the same time, it shifts back and forth between religion and politics and uses its privileges as a church to further its political aims in foreign nations. It appears to many that there is some truth in this, but the point is weakened by Mr. Blanshard's seeming inability to disentangle religion from politics. He continually steps out of his role of political observer to make theological judgments, so that it is sometimes hard to tell whether he speaks

as a secular critic concerned for political and intellectual freedom or a militant Protestant angered at what he takes to be a perversion of primitive Christianity. As a church historian he does not come off very well. His picture of Jesus and Paul, and his story of the relations between Papacy and Empire, are oversimplified to the point of distortion.

In one thing Mr. Blanshard is right. The relationship between ecclesiastical organizations and the American democracy is of vital concern to every American. But his book is too charged with partisan emotion to be a helpful guide for the democratic citizen. One would do much better to turn to Anson Phelps Stokes's *Church and State in the United States* and James Hastings Nichols's *Democracy and the Churches*.

Perhaps the greatest weakness of Mr. Blanshard's book is that the author does not perceive how inevitable, and how complicated, is the problem of church and state. Nor is his contrast between hierarchy and democracy quite accurate.

For example, it is not only inevitable that international systems should operate in this country; it is appropriate. Christianity is by nature universal. It recognizes national differences and expresses itself in terms of various cultures, but it knows no absolute boundaries. My own church, the Episcopal, is influenced by the decisions of the Lambeth Conference, and it is a member of the World Council of Churches. American Judaism, likewise, has to a large degree accepted the leadership of the world Zionist organization, and current happenings in Israel affect the religion and politics of Jews in this country. Yet all of these ecumenical relationships carry with them the potential danger of outside influence in internal politics.

If the Roman Church is hierarchical in make-up, so are many other private corporations in America. Professors in large universities sometimes have scant influence, and no legal right, in the making of university policy. Bureaucracy and elaborate propaganda methods are not unknown in business and industry. It is true that an American legislator is elected, while a Catholic bishop is appointed by the Pope, but candidates for Congress are frequently hand-picked by political machines. The sphere of American democracy is, and always has been, limited, however we may wish that it were otherwise.

Mr. Blanshard may possibly forget that not only Roman Catholics but all thoroughgoing monotheists — Protestants, Jews, and Moslems included — hold that there are some areas of loyalty where no state can be supreme. Christianity, in theory at any rate, expects the coming of a theocracy — the Kingdom of God. American Protestants, for several reasons, prefer democracy to any other polity. They believe it provides the best governmental climate for preparing mankind for God's Kingdom;

their political theory from the beginning has been conciliar and not monarchical; they are less afraid than others of the results of free debate and differences of opinion; their doctrine of man's sinfulness leads them to distrust all concentrated power; and, finally, they believe that democracy deals more fairly with them and with those who dissent from them. But their belief in God's sovereignty comes first. Therefore, when Mr. Blanshard asks, "Does the democratic state have the supreme right to educate its children in its own way?" I have to answer, "No. Not a supreme right."

The churches must always insist on their right to teach the law of God, as they see it, to their own people. Unless they are untrue to their mission, they will claim the right of propaganda. Mr. Blanshard's zeal for the public school sometimes obscures the main issue: that is, whether *one* religious body above all others is to be allowed to impose its standards, not only on its own people but on others.

3

THERE are genuine tensions, and they constitute a tragedy in the original sense of the Greek word. As in Sophocles' *Antigone*, the conflict is often between conscientious people on both sides, each trying to play his own proper part and to do what is right. For a Protestant who is true to his religion it is a particularly poignant one. Roman Catholics, though they deny the validity of the Protestant minister's ordination, question Protestant baptism, and are obliged to pray for the conversion of non-Catholics to their church, are his fellow Christians. He owes them the duty of his love and prayers. When it is possible, it is his business to work alongside them for the conversion of our nation to Christ, and where he believes they are wrong he must oppose their doctrines and teach his children what he is persuaded is the truth.

The tragedy is played simultaneously in two acts staged in different parts of the world.

In Act One, a religious majority curtails the rights of minorities. From where Protestants are sitting, it looks as though this has happened in Spain, Portugal, and a few other Catholic countries. Monsignor Ronald Knox (whose careful statement is quoted by Mr. Blanshard) seems to know what he is talking about: Rome simply does not recognize equal rights for "error" and "truth" and is not prepared to renounce religious coercion once for all. Here all non-Romanist Americans have a common concern. We can only feel grateful that a number of American Catholics have tried, so far as possible, to mitigate this dangerous doctrine. But this does not make us any happier about Argentina and Spain, and we should not be accused of bigotry if we oppose too close a relationship with them.

Act Two takes place in America. A religious

minority seeks public funds for its own schools, and tries to impose its moral standards on the majority.

Let us recognize that there are two sides to the issue of state support for private schools. Protestants are beginning to learn, more and more, the dangers of a type of education in which the Old and New Testaments are completely ignored. How can a child be called educated who does not even know the part that religion has played in human history and culture? And yet, if the issue is joined, most non-Catholics will be obliged to resist, in all charity, a policy that Catholics think right and proper.

Why? Because we believe that to subsidize religious schools would divide our children still further, sharpen the antagonisms which Mr. Blandford's book reveals, and produce a generation that might have more denominational loyalty but not necessarily a profounder religious life. We do not think that we, or any others, should have access to funds levied from the whole community in order to teach that our own religion is absolutely true or to point out the errors in the other man's. Let us keep the discussion going; let us see if Catholics, Protestants, and Jews can work together toward a system which will permit effective religious education without augmenting the differences or wrecking the already overburdened public schools.

Meanwhile our approach ought to be positive rather than polemical. The way to preserve de-

mocracy is not just to "contain" Communism, but to get more and more citizens to participate intelligently and effectively in public life. And if Christianity and democracy are to be strengthened, I believe that the way is not through the public school or the private school, but through the church and home. Once the average citizen and layman has learned to undertake leadership, once he is ready to work for his religion, our problems will be on the way to solution.

The issue of censorship over morals admits of a clear answer. Catholic doctors and clergy are in conscience bound to be loyal to their church's rulings on debated points of medical ethics. But many who differ from them take their stand because of religious principles and have gone to considerable trouble to ponder the moral issues involved. The attempt to coerce non-Catholics — and the Massachusetts law against dissemination of birth control information could not be kept on the statute books without Catholic pressure — is not only deeply wounding, it invades the proper sphere of family and church. It may well force many conscientious non-Catholics to make a decision between the statutes of Caesar and the Spirit of God.

"God," says Nicholas Berdyaev, "has laid upon man the duty of being free, of safeguarding freedom of spirit, no matter how difficult that may be, or how much sacrifice and suffering it may require."



REGARDING SOUTHERN NOVELISTS

or, Throw the Scions to the Lions in the Street

by W. F. GEKLE, JR.

FROM the dank and dreary drivel
Of the Southroners who snivel
as they mingle tears and mucus on their sleeves,
From their alcoholic uncles
and their Freudian carbuncles
and their mansions molding right up to the eaves,
From their gardens rank and weedy
and their relatives gone seedy
and their bouts in bars and brothels night and day,
From all these Southron novels
about aristocratic hovels

Libera nos (and we mean it) Domine!

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

ON a family expedition it's the little things that count. Since they occur at unpredictable moments, they are seldom recorded by the camera; but what is better, they are photographed by the mind and stored away in imperishable color, ready for recalling.

As we hummed north on the Maine Turnpike to Portland, a huge duck hawk zoomed up from the brook where he'd been feeding beneath the level of the road. We were doing sixty — so for an instant was he — and as he hung there with his beautiful wingspread and the crescent of his tail feathers less than a foot from our side window, it was breathtaking whether we'd collide. Then he swerved into the trees.

Later that afternoon, in the Maine uplands, in the yard of one of those blue-gray, long-unpainted farmhouses, we caught a glimpse of a wrestling match, the farmer with his pitchfork trying to uproot the porcupine and porky bristling fiercely as he tried to retreat to his cellar hole.

We have been over this road before, and the landmarks — the glass hearse in the yard of an antique seller, Perry's Nut House (where we always take food aboard), and the house with the captain's walk in Camden — are old friends.

There are family jokes which we carry on as we drive. A family joke, unlike most others, gains on repetition. I, for instance, am on the lookout for a place of retirement when I've earned enough scars from editing. "Well, there it is, at last," I say, as we pass over a blue, fast trout stream, with an abandoned farm on the knoll above, "that's my place. 'Boats for Rent, Bait for Sale, Try Weeks's Trout Chowder.'" "Haven't you had enough of New England winters by this time?" asks the Lady. "Don't be silly. You can sell bait just as effectively in Virginia." Young Ted, on the other hand, has his eye on the little motels and diners and

he keeps a tally of the fancier names: "Chick-Inn," "Sail Inn," "Better Duck Inn." "When we have ours," he remarks, "we'll call it 'Auto-Stop-Here.'"

In the woods we make a conscious effort to share the burdens — and the pools. Every city-pent angler yearns for the first cast over unfished water, but when there are three rods to take turns — father, mother, and son — the predatory is disciplined by the parental instinct. Our fishing is best when the competition in it is tempered by affection, for it is *almost* as much fun to watch one of the family net a good fish as to net it yourself. In this delicate adjustment the philosophy of John, our guide, is helpful. He has fished these pools for fifty years, he has known them when the trout were larger and more plentiful, but his faith is undiminished. "You've whaled that pool long enough," he decides. "If there was a trout there, he'd have shown long before this. They ought to be dancing on their tails this early in the morning. Now you take Charlie's Pool and we'll try the Outlet." Thus he rouses anticipation as we wait our turn. So, too, at the portages John's resourcefulness at seventy calls out the voluntary spirit in his juniors and there is no argument about sharing the pack, the pots, the ponchos, and the gear as we file through the woods.

For the second year in succession the Lady present has caught the biggest fish. Last year of course it was just luck — we haven't too much respect for her casting — but this time what happened at Thomas Pool can't be laughed off. Luncheon was over; the fried trout, the big slabs of homemade bread toasted over the embers, the canned peaches, and John's thick black coffee ("That coffee really is able!" John remarks as he passes the enameled cups) had reduced Ted and me to the horizontal. We lay on our backs, resting those shoulder muscles unused to so much paddling. John leaned back against a tree, lit a cigarette, and sighed. "Well," he said, "if I had a farm I'd sell it and go guiding." Out of the corner of our eyes we saw Ma take the light rod and head down the piney corridor toward the pool, unruffled in the bright sun. "Watch your back cast," I murmured. Poor Ma, with those overhanging trees, she'd be lucky to get out fifteen feet, the leader and line all splashing down with a galump. Our smoke was broken by a shout that meant business; and as we ran, there, framed in bright light, was the picture — the bowed rod throbbing to the down pull, the big squaretail and the black back breaking water,

Ted and I shook hands silently when at last Gargantua had been netted, but it wasn't until that night that he expressed himself. "I didn't compliment you on your fish this afternoon," he said to his mother as he climbed into his blankets. "But I do. He's a great fish. Only I wish you wouldn't catch the biggest one every year; it embarrasses me when the boys ask who got the big one!"

Candor and consolation, the Lady contributes both. As on the following day when, having caught my favorite blue fly in a high branch, I elected to mount from the canoe to a steep rock from which I hoped to tip down the branch. To reach the rock I had to edge in over the birch branches of a beaver house, a fussy business which made me impatient. As I got a firm footing with one sneaker on the rock, all unconsciously I thrust away with my retaining foot in the canoe. The further the canoe retreated the further I stretched until, rather than split, I lunged into the water and scrabbled for the rock. No word was spoken until I had salvaged the fly. Then, "With all that commotion," remarked the Lady, "you shook down a dozen caterpillars. I wonder if a trout would take one." My wetness, stupidity, and barked knee were forgotten in the new possibility. She handed me one of the gray, silky, blue-lined caterpillars, and from the tip of my paddle I dropped it in the run. It drifted twenty feet; there was a sudden snack and it was gone. The little things that count.

Outcast ship and crew

The early novels about the war followed the pattern of experience: in form they were either a group of short stories or related episodes governing a single detachment. This was true of *A Walk in the Sun* by Harry Brown, the story of an infantry company inching its way beyond an Italian beachhead, and that other novel of Italy, *The Gallery*, by John Horne Burns; it was true of *Mister Roberts* and *Tales of the South Pacific*. *The Caine Mutiny* by Herman Wouk (Doubleday, \$3.95) has the same fundamental authenticity which recommended these others, and something more. It has the time sense, the enormous boredom, the sense of being hopelessly isolated and cut off from home, which every veteran remembers; it has the scope and the skill to reveal how men are tested, exposed, and developed under the long routine of war; finally, it has the slow-fused but inevitably accumulating tension of the Mutiny which gives both form and explosive climax to the story.

The story takes place aboard the U.S.S. *Caine*, an old four-piper from World War I, which had been converted into a destroyer-minesweeper and which by miracles of patchwork survives four years of hard usage in the Pacific. We get our first impressions of the *Caine* from Willie Keith, an ensign who gravitates into the Naval Reserve by way

of Princeton, Broadway night clubs, and Fernald Hall, Columbia. Willie, when he comes aboard, is a chubby, good-looking youngster, gay, casual, at his best composing ribald songs at the piano. Nothing in his training had prepared him for such a slovenly ship, nor for his berth in the clip shack, temperature 105°, ventilation straight from the funnel. De Vriess, his skipper, whom he first sees without a stitch of clothes on, seems to him a sardonic bully. It isn't until the ship has left Pearl Harbor that Willie begins to find an approximate evaluation of the other officers in the wardroom.

There are three themes which the novelist has woven together for his story. First, the life aboard ship with the community frictions and loyalty, with its pecking order as the strong men assert themselves, and with its instinctive reaction to the skipper. De Vriess with his competence and drive got a prodigious amount of work out of the crew when in action and was wise enough to ease up on them when in port. Captain Queeg who follows him runs the ship "by the book." His nagging and vindictive discipline, his antagonism of crew and wardroom, and his eccentric seamanship are the outward manifestation of a man who is inwardly a paranoiac and a coward. The ship is under Queeg's command for fifteen months: it does escort duty at Noumea and at Kwajalein, takes part in the assault on Saipan, gets caught in the very center of a typhoon in the Philippine Sea, and is hit by a Kamikaze off Okinawa. This life becomes an infinity of sleeplessness, querulous temper, and taut nerves under the insufferable Queeg.

The second theme is an ironic scrutiny of the whole Naval system as it is mocked, hated, but obeyed by the civilian officers who did not graduate from the Academy. Lieutenant Keefer, the communications officer, is the spokesman for the wardroom in this: a novelist in private life, he is very articulate in damning the *Caine* and the system. But Keefer, as events prove, is neither a fair judge nor a reliable officer when the crisis comes. And the third theme, and the most personal, is the development of men at sea, particularly the character of Willie Keith. Willie at first is so casual that for three days he forgets to decode an action dispatch which he thrust into a hind pocket in a moment of excitement. But it is a different Willie who emerges from the long ordeal under Queeg. In the process of his self-possession Willie frees himself from his mother's domination and comes to value his affection for May Wynn, an Italian night club singer, but these are minor incidents in a story of men, one of the best designed and best developed novels of the war yet published by an American.

Walpole and Strawberry Hill

It was in his twenty-ninth year, and when he had about \$5000 a year to spend on books, that

Wilmarth Lewis first began to think seriously about Horace Walpole. He had had some mild flirtations as an amateur collector before this: odds and ends of the English classics, Bruce's *Travels*, a fourth edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the complete firsts of John Massfield. Then he caught a tantalizing glimpse of some manuscript notes by Lady Louisa Stuart, the granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and before he knew it he was following her home to the eighteenth century. Like all courtiers, Mr. Lewis was at first hesitant to get in too deep. He had to convince himself that Walpole had not been the cause of the poet Chatterton's suicide. Satisfied that Walpole was blameless, he then turned to his best friend, Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker, for the clinching encouragement. "Instead of being just a gossip little dilettante, isn't Horace Walpole one of the major figures of the eighteenth century?" "Yes," replied Tinker. "And hasn't he been greatly undervalued?" "Yes." So begins one of the greatest quests in book collecting, a pursuit Mr. Lewis has described with disarming pride, charm, and perspicacity in his *Collector's Progress* (Knopf, \$5.00).

To his quest Mr. Lewis brought the indefatigable energy of American business and the dedication of a lover. It was his early hope that his collection would be "unrivaled," and today after twenty-five years it is precisely that. To his white Colonial farmhouse in Farmington, with its ells and its two new libraries, he has brought the books, the heirlooms, the manuscripts which Horry Walpole once owned. The newest is a capacious room, holding as it does all the editions of Walpole's works and eight hundred volumes from his library at Strawberry Hill; six thousand originals or photostats of the estimated seven thousand letters to and from Walpole still in existence; manuscripts, and thousands of index cards including a record of what is known of every day in Walpole's life from his twentieth year to his eightieth. Money alone could not have done this: it took persistence and ingenuity, great tact in dealing with people; it took the patience of a detective when he recovered copies of Walpole's plays which had been ripped apart from their bindings and distributed through the secondhand shops. All this he did in the clear, growing light of scholarship.

Collector's Progress is quite the best we have had about book collection since A. Edward Newton. Mr. Lewis is more single-minded and less capricious than the Pickwick of Philadelphia. He catches the spirit of the eighteenth century as he writes about Walpole and his friends just as he catches the character of the twentieth as he writes about himself and that goodly company of booksellers and scholars, Mr. X, Evans, "Tink," Paget Toynbee, and R. W. Chapman, who helped him so loyally on his way.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

The Inescapable Present

THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE by *Donald McKay*. (Harvard University Press, \$4.00.) An analysis by a historian of the strengths and weaknesses of past and present French and American foreign policy within the framework of the world power picture.

CRIME IN AMERICA by *Estes Kefauver*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) A personal account of crime and political corruption in this country by the Senator who headed up the sensational crime investigations.

INDIA SINCE PARTITION by *Andrew Mellor*. (Praeger, \$2.50.) A compact story of the internal affairs of a people crucial in contemporary history, by a newspaperman who reported the transfer of power for Britain's *Daily Herald*. Chapters on the riots, on Gandhi, on the constitution, on Indian economics, make this book a handy primer.

The Flight from Politics

HOW TO TRAVEL INCOGNITO by *Ludwig Bemelmans*. (Little, Brown, \$3.00.) The author, in typical style, illustrates his theme, which may be defined as a scrupulous guide to the fine art of freeloading while engaged in the heady life of European high society.

NO PEOPLE LIKE SHOW PEOPLE by *Maurice Zolotow*. (Random House, \$3.00.) An inexorable interviewer offers insights and outlooks on a number of famous people, amongst whom Jimmy Durante comes off best and Frank Fay second best.

SAILS AND WHALES by *Captain Harry Allen Chippendale*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00.) In the old New Bedford tradition, when whales had a sporting chance because mechanization was unheard of. An exciting gam about it all, including a white whale minus Moby Dick's anthropomorphic leer.

At Home with Immortality

LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT selected by *Richard Rumbold*. (Philosophical Library, \$3.75.) A slice of letters from the author of *Madame Bovary*. They take in a good range of his life and some of them are addressed to Maupassant, Zola, the Goncourt brothers, Baudelaire, his mother, and, of course, George Sand. Translated by J. M. Cohen.

PORTABLE HENRY JAMES edited by *Morton Dauwen Zabel*. (Viking, \$2.50.) Selections from short fiction, criticism, travel, correspondence, and autobiographic writings.

JOURNEY WITH GENIUS: Recollections and Reflections Concerning the D. H. Lawrences by *Witter Bynner*. (John Day, \$4.00.) The New Mexican poet who became Lawrence's friend tries to answer a great many questions about the British genius and his wife Frieda.

A WESTERN JOURNAL by *Thomas Wolfe*. (University of Pittsburgh Press, \$3.00.) Written in the summer of 1938, shortly before his death, the *Journal* is Thomas Wolfe's record of a thirteen-day trip by Ford automobile through the national parks of the West. A diary that was intended by the author to be the nucleus for a large Wolfean work, "the epic of a continent."

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Reader's Choice

BY

HARVEY BREIT



Just off this locked-up room I can hear my eight-year-old son's indignant and semihysterical voice. He is engaged in what is perhaps his first effort at criticism. "Here is a man," he is saying, "that has written a great story. And then there comes along a man from Walt Disney's studio — and he changes it and makes it worse. There is no pirates' song and there is no arrow that wounds Tink. I thought this Peter Pan was going to be wonderful. But no! I'm really mad. He leaves out the wonderful pirate song and takes out Tink's dying. Oh!"

Now, implicit in this angry monologue (converted from a dialogue with his mother) are two fundamental tenets of literary criticism that I hope to retain throughout all my waking hours. The first principle is to have a lively recognition of the masterpieces of the past. The second is to be young enough, intolerant enough, to be dismayed by the shoddy. The danger of reading "summer" novels in the summertime is that we relax our innermost demands on the literature in hand. I can hear a question from the wings: What is wrong with that? My reply is simply that pleasure derived from the suppression of the intelligence is a diluted pleasure very much akin to dissipation. At any rate, I don't think I can, at this juncture, relax whatever standards I have in my possession: the impact of a sermon not addressed to one's self but that enters intact through a shut door is all the more powerful for its accidental and innocent nature.

The two summer novels I have just read, J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* (Little, Brown, \$3.00) and Kenneth Fearing's *Loneliest Girl in the World* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), are nearly good enough of their kind for the reader to be immensely grateful — and to let it go at that. What is more interesting, and necessary, is to attempt to find out why Salinger's novel is a near miss and Fearing's a loud one.

Somewhere about halfway in Salinger's novel, the bright, terrible, and possibly normal sixteen-year-old protagonist follows a little boy who is singing quietly to himself "If a body catch a body coming through the rye." Later when the youthful hero's younger sister challenges him, demanding to know if there is anything in the world that he likes or wants to be, he can only think he wants to be "the catcher in the rye." It is significant because the

novel, for all its surface guilelessness, is a critique of the contemporary, grown-up world.

It isn't important whether Salinger had it in mind or not, but reading *The Catcher in the Rye* made me think of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Holden Caulfield struck me as an urban, a transplanted Huck Finn. He has a colloquialism as marked as Huck's: "You remember I said before that Ackley was a slob in his personal habits? Well, so was Stradlater, but in a different way. Stradlater was more of a secret slob. He always looked all right, Stradlater, but for instance, you should've seen the razor he shaved himself with. It was always rusty as hell and full of lather and hairs and crap." Like Huck, Holden is neither comical nor misanthropic. He is an observer. Unlike Huck, he makes judgments by the dozen, but these are not to be taken seriously; they are conceits. There is a drollery, too, that is common to both, and a quality of seeing that creates farce.

What is crucial is where Huck and Holden part company. T. S. Eliot once pointed out that we see the world through Huck's eyes. Well, we do not see it through Holden's. We see Holden as a smiling adult sees a boy, and we smile at his spectral, incredible world. I think that is the decisive failure: whatever is serious and implicit in the novel is overwhelmed by the more powerful comic element. What remains is a brilliant *tour de force*, one that has sufficient power and cleverness to make the reader chuckle and — rare indeed — even laugh aloud.

The only masterpiece *Loneliest Girl in the World* may conjure up is Fearing's earlier *The Big Clock*, or possibly those wonderful Graham Greene champions in the genre of psychological suspense. Fearing, in the thirties, was one of the most inventive of the young poets. In his new novel he reveals an easy mastery over language, and in the business of creating atmosphere and expectancy, a mastery possibly too sure-fire.

For just about one half of his book Fearing holds the reader. He has developed an absorbing situation. An attractive, shy, rich girl (who almost is the loneliest girl in the world) comes into possession of a fabulous "thinking" machine and a roomful of recordings, one of which — or some of which — appears to hold a powerful and valuable secret. It was time that a smart author fastened on to cybernetics, and Fearing fastens on with convincing adeptness. But the author succumbs to the temptations of the genre: the easy solution, the intoxicatingly gay resolution — and the jig is really up. How can an author who introduces the idea of cybernetics and uses it as an intrinsic part of his novel ignore it totally in his resolutions? Does facility, an engaging style, excuse such shoddiness? The poet Fearing knows better. Does the reader of a novel of suspense derive more pleasure than the operator of a crossword puzzle? I suspect it is the same *kind* of pleas-

ure, at any rate, the source of which is the minimal engagement of our complex total selves.

Into the arms of the bear

The stuff of a sound, contemporary novel is to be found in **Charlotte Haldane's *Truth Will Out*** (Vanguard, \$3.50). Mrs. Haldane is a literate Englishwoman, a former journalist, a novelist, and once a convinced and responsible member of the Communist Party. The book, another in the flourishing series of confessions that stamp this era as one predominantly concerned with the question of loyalty, takes on a double significance because her ex-husband, J. B. S. Haldane, is still one of England's leading Communists and highly regarded in the scientific world.

This is one of the better books of its kind because it is lacking in ostentation, it is innocent in many respects, and, without too much subjective torture, it suggests the process by which a reasonably cultivated woman could get herself entangled in the tentacular Communist network. Mrs. Haldane was, first of all, sensitive to racism and subsequently grew conscious of the threat and peril of Hitlerism. The Communist Party, sensitive to that sensitivity in people like Mrs. Haldane, accelerated its propaganda on those two counts: there was no racism in Russia; no anti-Semitism, no anti-Negro, no anti-minority anything in Russia; and the Soviet Union was the only country genuinely fighting Fascism and Nazism. Mrs. Haldane, because she believed the agit-prop campaigns, drifted into the arms of the nice bear.

It is one of the peculiar things about the book, by the way: Mrs. Haldane never lets you know just when she *did* join up. She was doing peripheral jobs, fellow-traveler jobs, and then one day she *is* a member. She is given the real job of taking care of the English chaps in Paris from where they are to be smuggled into Spain to fight with the International Brigade against Franco. Perhaps that is how the Communist Party operates: you get somebody who is idealistic (gullible in the language of double-truth) and you give him jobs to do that are consonant with any open and legal act he might do outside the Party. Then, one day, pop! You have got the fellow across from *open* to *conspiratorial* action just like that. The fat's in the fire.

I found Mrs. Haldane's book to

have the virtue of consistency. Just as she entered the Party without melodrama, and deals with her actions for the Party without theatrics, so she left the Party for a set of rather insignificant reasons all of which accumulated after she got to Stalin's Paradiso. It rings true: it's all sort of muddle and casualness. What is touching is Mrs. Haldane's account, after her disaffection, of her meeting with her husband and several of the Party whips and her careful efforts to explain to them why she can no longer be a party to the Party. What is disappointing is her failure, perhaps out of a too nice sense of propriety, to deal with the emotional life and ethical sense of her famous husband.

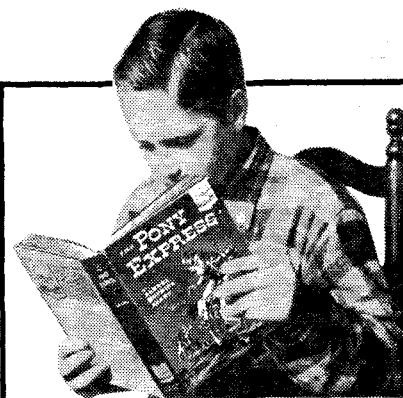
One fact is revelatory. Haldane loved and respected the great Russian geneticist Vavilov. But there was no comment from him when he learned that Vavilov had been definitely liquidated; only a rationalization, a spurious and inadequate reasoning. And, ironically, an oblique defense of another geneticist — the geneticist he had once dismissed, the political dictator of Russian geneticists, Lysenko. If only for that, Mrs. Haldane has done the reader a service. It is another turn of the screw — but a vastly corroborative one considering the once large stature of the British scientist. It was written in Samuel: How are the mighty fallen.

An anti-Communist Russian

In 1933 an author who was never mighty but who knew the mighty, who was an anti-Communist from the opening gun in 1917, was awarded the Nobel Prize. The Russian *émigré* **Ivan Bunin**, in a fitting last chapter to his new book, ***Memories and Portraits*** (Doubleday, \$3.00), records the fact that he was in a movie house in Grasse when an usher whispered in his ear, "A telephone call from Stockholm." It is indicative of the nature of this small book — really a series of unorganized notes — that when the reader comes upon this news, he experiences pleasure for and with the author.

For the American reader Bunin is famous only because of his short novel *The Gentleman from San Francisco*. *Memories and Portraits* turns out to be a happy reintroduction. In it the author recalls some of the great and talented and untalented but famous people he has known.

I find it exciting that someone as gifted as Bunin is alive to recall the



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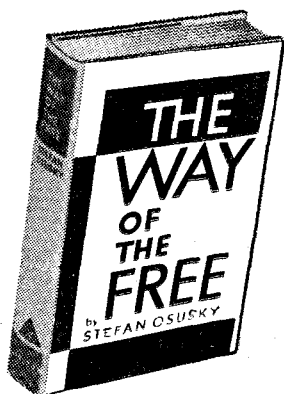
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living Tolstoy and can remember the long intimate days and nights he spent with Chekhov. The last scene with Tolstoy reads a little like a Russian novel: —

About ten years later I saw him for the last time. On a terribly cold night, walking along the Arbat among the dazzling lights in the ice-covered shop windows, I suddenly bumped into him running straight at me with his springy, sauntering step. I stopped and pulled off my cap. He stopped too and recognized me at once.

"Ah, it's you! How do you do? Please put on your cap. . . . How and where do you live? What are you doing?"

His aged face was so stiff and blue with cold that he looked pitiful. The knitted pale-blue thing that he was wearing on his head looked like an old woman's. The large hand which he pulled out of a pale-blue woolen glove was as cold as ice. After a few words he shook my hand firmly and affectionately, and again looked sorrowfully into my eyes, with lifted brows.

"Well, Christ be with you, Christ be with you. Good-by."

The portrait of Chekhov is far and away the best piece in the collection. One gets inside the short story master, beneath the impersonal, reticent man, is introduced to his gaiety, his crotchets, his heroism, his gloom.

"You'll see," Bunin has Chekhov say, "when Tolstoy dies, everything will go to the dogs."

"You mean literature?"

"Everything. Including literature."

The multifaced ocean

Of course, Chekhov was not in a position to know the kind of wonderful thing that could happen here in 1951 — for example, that a marine biologist would write what is a first-rate scientific tract with the charm of an elegant novelist and the lyric persuasiveness of a poet. **Rachel L. Carson**, in *The Sea Around Us* (Oxford, \$3.50), shows us the sea in all its faces and in so engaging a way that the reader will not believe how many facts and theories he has absorbed during his prolonged but invigorating swim against planetary tides and submarine waves and the long snowfall that has deposited two miles of sediment — a lush rug — on the floor of the Atlantic.

Some sections of this book have appeared in the *New Yorker*. I cannot vouch for the validity of Miss Carson's findings — or, rather, her synthesis of her and other oceanographers' findings — and possibly neither can the *New Yorker*. For, the story goes,

when the editor of the *New Yorker* was congratulated on running the profile of the multifaced ocean, he replied that he had asked a staff man to check Miss Carson's facts in the fact bin. And who had gotten the dope together in the fact bin but Miss Carson herself! The facts, though, *sound* right. And Miss Carson is scrupulously discerning between what is accepted as fact and what is proffered as hypothesis.

This summer the reader can find himself a completely metamorphosed beach lounge. If he sees a steep, peaked shape, and if bits of foam are spilling down and boiling and bubbling over the advancing face, it is probably a young wave, and one needn't do much more than yawn. But if, as it approaches the surf zone, it rears high, if the crest forms all along its advancing front and then begins to curl forward, if the whole mass of water plunges suddenly with a booming roar into its trough, receive it with humility. It comes a long way, from a very distant part of the ocean.

Among her other astonishing virtues, Miss Carson quotes with elegance, and her book wears one of the most charming front end-papers I've seen in a "length of fetch."

Potpourri

THE GATES OF HELL, by *Calder Willingham*. Vanguard, \$2.50.

The gates of hell, according to this aggregation of short stories, sketches, and fragments, are many and varied. Mr. Willingham (the author of the controversial novel, *End as a Man*), there is no doubt of it, has a mind for the hallucinated, the perverse, the psychopathic, and the unillusioned and unlovely in human being and human situation. He also has a fine, clear ear for speech, and some disturbingly independent notions on what is fit for telling and how to tell it. The results are not ingratiating. Mr. Willingham's hard-bitten irony and hard-hitting humors show more than a tinge of precocity and immaturity. As for the craft, it shines; it is swift, dexterous, fresh, and riveting.

MUSIC FOR GOD, by *Theresa Weiser*. Philosophical Library, \$3.75.

This heartfelt and unpretentious novel is an attempt to interpret, in a unified storytelling form, the life, musical works, and philosophy of the Austrian composer Anton Bruckner. Written with fervor, simplicity, and integrity of spirit, *Music for God* yet shares that distracting fault

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common to functional biographies of being neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. The line between fact and fancy is dissolved; one never knows where the biographee ends and the biographer begins. Further, Miss Weiser devotedly refuses him a single flaw — a constriction which tends to diminish Bruckner's dimensions rather than increase his stature. The portrait that emerges has consistency and nobility, but lacks either the reality of uncolored historical accuracy or that other reality one gets from the literary accuracy of a created, fictional character.

THE DEAD SEAGULL, by George Barker.
Farrar, Straus and Young, \$2.50.

Since it is for poetry, and exceptionally good poetry, that Mr. Barker is noted, it is not surprising that his brief and tragic novel is written with the imagery, symbolism, economy, and intensity of the poet. This is not to say that *The Dead Seagull* is a "poetical" novel. Rather it is a dramatic, brooding, and often powerful exploration of the moral enigmas involved in loving and in being loved, in which Mr. Barker considers the concept of original sin and the contradictions in sacred and profane love, and draws a partisan conclusion that the greatest human catastrophe is love itself.

THE LOST LIBRARY, by Walter Mehring.
Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50.

Mr. Mehring, a distinguished German poet, was forced to flee his country when Hitler took power. He has subtitled his volume "The Autobiography of a Culture," and strangely enough, the work emerges as such. Mr. Mehring's father (as the author reveals him) was one of those wonderful European liberals who believed in reason, in reasonable man, and who believed as well that the solutions to all the dilemmas of the human race were to be found in the proper books. This library that possessed all the secrets and riddles and solutions, the elder Mehring accumulated; and the younger Mehring, through the Lord knows what manipulations, had it successfully smuggled out of Germany.

It is with love and not a little bitterness that the author of this engaging book touches on the various tomes of his father's library; through such intellectual and symbolic "touching," the author touches, as it were, on the history of man's ideas, on the magnificence of his cultural progress, on the illusions of the man of good will, and on the eventual destruction of the beauty and ideals that man had been able to create. Mr. Mehring has a flair for summing up a book's meaning. In referring to Hans Christian Andersen, for example, he writes, "A Danish Francis of Assisi conversing with domestic utensils." Though this book may be rough going for the casual reader, it is a beautifully conceived and beautifully executed job. The author, at a guess, is in these untutored days a highly unexpedient man.

Selected for "Atlantic" Readers

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ACCENT ON LIVING



HEREWITH a few off-season notes on the wonders of television: —

One of the terrifying capacities of the human animal is its ability to get used to almost anything. Noises, scratchy underwear, bad art, hay fever — it makes no difference how uncomfortable or outlandish some detail of living becomes, a man can still learn to live with it. Worse, once he gets into the swing of living with it, he begins to become attached to the wretched thing. Years later he will look back mistily on some bakery doughnut that he had fallen into the habit of eating for breakfast. "They don't make doughnuts like that nowadays," he'll say, and he'll mean it.

I became aware of just such a tendency in myself when I fell into a routine of catching each night a TV weather report. TV being what it is, it obviously would not do to broadcast the next day's weather and let it go at that. Not at all. This bulletin came in the form of a sponsored playlet. It began with an overblown commercial for a bank. Music followed, a gay little air. Then curtains parted, disclosing two marionettes. The man marionette looked like one of those

sculptured roués featured on *Esquire's* cover — same mustache, spats, natty outfit, and beckoning eyes. The girl was bosomy.

Instead, I repeat, of just giving me the weather, these two marionettes were obliged to deliver it through an elaborate song-and-dance routine. "Oh Mis-ter Wea-ther Man," sang the female automaton, while alternately soaring through the air and dragging her legs in what passes for dance steps among marionette lovers.

Mr. Weather Man — for such was the *Esquire* roué, spats and all — teetered back and forth meanwhile, before picking up his own cue to soar and drag *his* legs. He soloed the weather report while the girl swayed on her cables, and the pair wound up with a duet in a veritable cat's-cradle of moorings.

Now nobody in a state of ordinary mental health would strike up a friendship with this Weather Man, but I found myself looking forward to him, humming the music, watching

the same erratic dance steps, with something approaching affection.

What restored me to my senses one evening was the realization that I was no longer paying any attention to the weather report itself. I was growing dopey. How pleasant, my musing went, to be a marionette dressed like an *Esquire* cover roué, with nothing to do but sing — or rather, have sung for me by the artificer — a simple verse about the weather. What about the weather? I was ceasing to care. I was marionette-happy, going a bit glassy-eyed, humming, not yet beginning to twitch and drag my legs, but well on the road to wooziness.

I switched for a few days to a man with weather maps and a pointer and much talk about "high" and "low" situations, but it wasn't the same. At that point I gave up TV weather altogether.

A similarly narrow escape was reported by a woman as we sat watching a Sid Caesar show. The sponsor, a frozen foods company, used a man — or a child* — masquerading as a bear

* It is still hard to tell on TV whether you are looking at a midget, giant, adult, or child, this being one of the dilemmas posed by a "life-size" image on a 17-inch screen.

to point up the commercial with knowing gestures. The bear came capering out, pointed to the can of frozen juice, hopped around, and exited capering.

"It gives me the creeps," said the woman, "but I found that I was actually liking that wretched bear. Now I don't look at it any more."

Radio in its mature years was rarely able to use child performers. Back in the cat's-whisker days, when anything would suffice, the kid vocalists, fiddlers, and piano-thumpers were a handy filler. But there was nothing to play off against the fact that they made horrid noises — no well-coached smirks and simpers, no toothy grins. You had to imagine the cowlicks and the dental omissions, and most radio listeners couldn't muster up that much saccharinity for indulging the little so-and-sos as low-budget entertainers.

Television solves that problem with the theory that because we can see as well as hear these wretched children do their stuff, we will be won over by their appearance. I realize that some of our incredulity is thus diminished: those who had doubted that such children existed, or that their parents would expose them to the sight of others outside the family, or that the noises they made came from a human agency and not some malign spook in the transmitter — such skeptics can see it all with their own eyes on TV. Worse, the art of tap dancing is added to the musical repertoire and TV is giving us both barrels. The children can not only whine such classics as "Body and Soul" but also throw in a bit of clogging and soft-shoe work at the same time.

Even TV needs a gimmick of some kind on which to hang a kid show. It wouldn't do simply to admit that

they were out of talent or hard up and had to lower the draft age. Thus the kid show is usually disguised as something like *A Half Hour with the Star Makers* or *Stars of Tomorrow* or a similar overstatement. The idea is that these kids have been scouted out from hordes of talented competitors as the very best the country holds. On this proposition, one can only conclude that the nation is in peril.

I had never thought to see the day when modern science plus production genius in this the richest land on earth would be serving up to me as the triumph of the twentieth century: —

A nasty, greasy-faced, fat, self-satisfied girl of eight, with a fifteen-dollar permanent and the standard number of front teeth missing, beating out on a piano — with variations — "The Glowworm."

CHARLES W. MORTON

ADVICE TO SPORTS WRITERS

by EDWIN NEWMAN

EDWIN NEWMAN is a former State Department correspondent of the *United Press* who is now in the London bureau of the *National Broadcasting Company*.

FOR the last three years, courtesy of the Marshall Plan, Britons have been crossing the Atlantic and returning loaded down with American techniques for their industries. The traffic all has been in one direction, but the New World also can learn from the Old, and I propose to give one American industry — sports writing — a bare idea of what it could learn in Britain if only it would.

The *Times* of London, referring to a man who had been left more than 2 million pounds, thought it a fair comment that he was "not unendowed with the world's goods." It also has remarked editorially that "to plunge into a third world war would not be the best means of defending peace." Since this style extends to its sports pages, this is the paper from which American sports writers unquestionably can learn most.

Take its pre-game story on the All-England soccer final. It begins plainly enough: the King and Queen will be there, the match is between Arsenal

and Liverpool, it will be played in Wembley Stadium, it is the 69th such final. With that, however, the *Times* man is off: —

"The teams will be birds of a strange plumage, indeed — Arsenal in shirts of old gold and white trimmings; Liverpool in white with red facings. But the disguises will in no



way cloak the simple fact that once more the ritual of a Cup Final will have been set in motion."

Having reassured those who might have thought that the new colors meant that the Final would *not* be played, he continues: —

"A crowd 100,000 strong will be ranged about the curving, elliptical

basin of Wembley, its clear rim far up, cutting the sky. Yet beyond that, and beyond exact computation, some millions will be there in spirit, linked by radio and television with this scene; for the Cup Final, like the Derby, the Grand National, and the Boat Race, is a sporting event of national interest that draws a whole people together."

Letting fly an "alas" — and knowing precisely when to let one fly is among the most highly specialized techniques in all British writing — the *Times* man yearns for "Kennington Oval, first home of the competition, where once the crowds, removing the horses from the shafts of Lord Kinnaird's carriage, drew the great man in his vehicle to the entrance of the pavilion for one of his nine appearances in the early finals."

He admits, though, that Wembley also has its points: exquisite velvet turf, community singing, the solemn moments of "Abide with Me," the feeling for ritual, the controlled excitement — "seldom has an afternoon passed there without its full share of dramatic upheaval."

By this time, perhaps, the reader could not be blamed for losing the thread. This the *Times* man is able to sense.

"Into this atmosphere," he says quickly, "now sharpened by a North v. South motif, will stride Arsenal, twice winners of the Cup, and Liverpool, who have yet to lay their hands on the trophy." And rather reluctantly, he mentions the teams' records, their personnel and playing styles, and their chances.

The man who wrote this story must be admired. He has burned his bridges. He has left himself nothing for next year.

The *Times* cares nothing for that old, spent rule about packing as much important information as possible into the first sentence. Note its approach to golf:—

"Walton Heath with a blue sky, a hot sun, and a cooling northeasterly wind before which the young birches bowed their heads in their new green liveries—what better conditions could anyone desire for the watching of golf?" The question is purely rhetorical, and the *Times* golf correspondent goes on: "This was the second day of the Daily Mail golf tournament, the end of which would see a sad chopping off of heads before the final two rounds on the third day."

Which heads were chopped off, which were not? Only the most pedestrian sports writer would tell. Instead: "As the hours wore on with comparatively few low scores, it seemed that Walton Heath had the better of the argument and the qualifying scores would be high." Here



there is a diversion to describe a round played by Alf Perry.

Presently, on the thirty-third line, we are informed that Perry's two-round total was 142, which gave him a two-stroke lead over Ward. On line 84, after a detour in which the *Times* golf correspondent remarked that Ossie Pickworth of Australia

was the man he most wanted to see and that he was not disappointed—on line 84 we are told that Pickworth came in with a 73 and was only one stroke behind Perry.

It is, naturally, in cricket, which has produced a vast literature of its own, that the literary allusion really flowers. Nobody writes reports on cricket; the essay is more appropriate. Thus, the *Times* correspondent from Sydney, Australia:—

"Once more your messenger enters to report a setback. But not, be it noted, with the sickening self-satisfaction of his ancient Greek counterpart whose probable sole delight was to catch the King in a moment of rare happiness and to tell him with sadistic prolixity that his summer palace was burnt to the ground and that his mother, in whose continued existence the King still fondly believed, was even now crossing the River Styx, then to leave the bemused monarch to the beard-waggings and breast-beatings of an ancient and admonitory chorus.

"No, the chorus will be controlled. But the King will recover, perhaps within the week. He has done so before. In short, our cricketers out here are like many fighters of repute. They need to be knocked down first. It is partly a matter of temperament. Their performance against Queensland just before the first Test match was too bad to be real. It is hoped by Australian as well as English spectators that the same may be true of their current performance at Sydney. After two days of play, M.C.C., with three batsmen gone, are still 479 runs behind an Australian eleven's total."

Precisely how this style should be adapted to baseball must be left to the men who cover that sport.

What can a boxing writer learn from the *Times*? To keep an eye open for the dramatic, the philosophical, and the patriotic:—

"Hopes and fears were nicely balanced in the chief contest at Harringay last night, with rather less intense feeling intermittently aroused by the efforts of the novices engaged in a heavyweight competition."

So! The novices engaged in a heavyweight competition aroused only moderately intense feeling. There's an opening to quicken anyone's interest. Would any American have thought of it? Let us carry on:—

"The interest in the two chief bouts also was nicely divided, though, in the titular sense, it was clearly

more important that Terry Allen, the Islington flyweight, should win a world championship recently given up by Rinty Monaghan than that Danny O'Sullivan, the bantam champion of Great Britain, should acquire



a European title as well." This may appear to overlook O'Sullivan's feelings in the matter, but he probably would be biased. Anyway, the *Times* man has established the relative values of the two bouts, and he continues:—

"Both were confronted by sufficiently formidable foreign boxers, and Allen's opponent, Honore Pratesi of France, had once outpointed him over ten rounds." Now he loses the dull fact: "This time, in a tiring rather than punishing fight, Allen won, and deserved to do so, on points."

This information digested, what, an American might ask, of O'Sullivan? Granted that it was not so important for him to win. Still, we might be given a clue. No, that is not the way. There must be first a strictly chronological account of the Allen-Pratesi bout, covering 575 words. Then:—

"The fight between Danny O'Sullivan and Luis Romero of Spain, a southpaw with a devastating punch in either hand, had a hair-raising start. It remained hair-raising to round 13, when Romero was declared the winner." After 300 words of another round-by-round account, there are two lines for the novices engaged in a heavyweight competition originally mentioned 1000 words back.

The *Times* is not alone in its learned approach. Far from it. The *Daily Telegraph*, for example, has written that one boxer's immense courage enabled him "to give perhaps a quarter of a Roland for an Oliver." It even turns up on the air. A BBC announcer once described a fighter as "a better puncher *qua* puncher" than his opponent.

What, summing up, is the chief lesson to be learned from British sports writers? The answer, clearly, is to suppress any inclination to unseemly haste. Here is a last example of how it is done, from the *Sunday Times*, which is unconnected, except in spirit, with the other *Times*: —

“It being impossible even in this age of speed to be in two places at the same time, I devoted part of a perfect Saturday afternoon to the White City, and part to the Chiswick Stadium.

“At the former,” the story goes on, “the first London Caledonian games ever held in London provided food for all tastes. I confess with shame that I have never yet seen a Highland games meeting on its native heath. I intend to remedy the deficiency at the earliest opportunity. There was a most impressive opening ceremony which did not seem in the least out of place, and the ‘call to the gathering’ made spectator, dancer, official and athlete alike feel that they were sharing in a fine common spectacle.”

Three more paragraphs — equally absorbing — follow, and then it comes: “Later in the afternoon, E. MacDonald Bailey won the 220 yards in 21.1 seconds. If this time were to be recognized, which is unlikely, it would beat by one-tenth of a second the British record made by W. R. Applegarth in 1914.”

It's hard to resist the feeling that Bailey should be ashamed of himself for intruding at all. Getting that reaction from one's readers is the ideal for which to strive.



A HOLLYWOOD CHILD STAR'S GARDEN OF VERSES. II

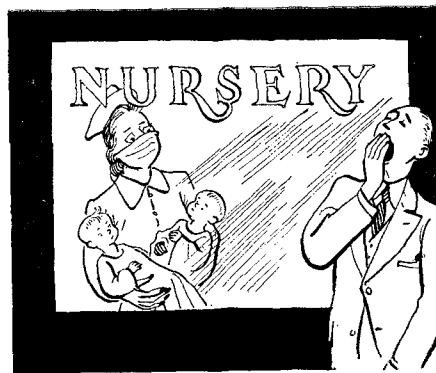
(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

by EDMUND J. KIEFER

ALL night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see my public, plain as day,
Forking over what ain't hay.

I SHOULD like a lot to go
Where the kids just play and grow;
Such a change would not be bad,
From supporting mom and dad.

ACCENT ON LIVING



FATHER OF THE TWINS

by PAUL H. ROHMANN

PAUL H. ROHMANN, a native of Brooklyn, New York, and a graduate of Antioch College, is now assistant manager of the Antioch Press, a printing and publishing house associated with the college.

I GOT my first inkling of what I was in for the day my wife returned from her five-month scrutiny at the clinic and brought the obstetrician with her. This was in itself no unusual token since he is a near neighbor and good friend even when not needed professionally and it was the end of his office hours for the day. But the two of them were assuming an air of mystery. I didn't understand it, because we already had two small sons.

“Let's all have a drink,” my wife began.

“Sure,” I said, “but not for me. I've got to work tonight.”

“Go ahead. You'd better have one anyhow,” said the doctor.

“Nope. Not even on a doctor's prescription,” I answered, pouring out two drinks. “I don't want to get muzzy.” I handed out the glasses and lit a cigarette. “Well, what's new at the clinic?”

“Paul,” the doctor said portentously, “your wife is going to have a baby.”

“I know that. What do you think she went over to see you about? Dyspepsia?”

“In fact,” he went on, “she's going to have two of them.”

“Is that right?” I said.

“Now don't you think you need that drink?”

“No, thanks. I've got to work.”

We went on to talk about how his suspicions had been aroused, how an X-ray had disclosed two heads — and, thank goodness, two spines — and the general excitement that had reigned at the clinic. When the doctor

left I sensed a vague disappointment in his manner. I realized later — much later — that I had failed to live up to my part. Here I was in one of the world's favorite comedy positions — the expectant father of twins — and I had not reacted in the expected manner.

The fact is that the possibility of twins is always in the back of an expectant parent's mind and the actual announcement is as much confirmation of an unvoiced suspicion as it is surprise. Also, a piece of news of these proportions takes a while to sink in. The first reaction is simply, “Gee, that's swell.” Then later, one by one, all the ramifications sink in. One day when our three-year-old was particularly obstreperous I suddenly thought, “In three years we'll have this same situation — doubled!” Again, while going to sleep one night, I calculated the number of diapers to be changed during a normal day. In the midst of the daily struggle to get the two boys ready for school and nursery school I would wonder, aghast, how it would be when there were four children to bundle off each day. And so on. I might add at once that the realities so far have not proved as dire as the prognostications.

All the same, I suppose I should have reacted more violently to the announcement. In the movies the father always faints or drops things, and who am I to go against the general cultural pattern?

In due time I found myself settled in the fathers' waiting room. But my calculations were off in one respect. I had figured that two would take at least as long as either of the singles had, and conceivably twice as long, but I was paged before I had got past the second corpse in the mystery



novel with which I had fortified myself.

“Mr. Rohmann?” the nurse asked. Then, with a big smile, “You may see your daughters now.”

"Daughters? That's fine."

I rose and followed, was introduced to the new girls, congratulated their mother, shot the breeze with the doctor, drove home, phoned the grandparents and siblings, went to bed, and finished my book.

My wife informed me later that I had again failed to live up to the role I was supposed to play — An Expectant Father of Twins (low comedy part). My failure was evidently the talk of the nurses' home. It seems I should have been at least twice as ex-



cited as the normal expectant father, or as the normal expectant father is expected to be. All the fathers-to-be I have encountered in hospital waiting rooms have been morose fellows given to chain smoking, staring moodily out of windows, or doing crossword puzzles. In addition, nothing is more discouraging to the free play of emotion than a hospital waiting room late at night. But the maternity ward nurses — who knew it was going to be twins, who knew *I* knew it was going to be twins, and who probably know more about how expectant fathers really do act than anyone else — evidently thought the least I could have done was a mild sword dance in the corridors. Poor things; if I had known how much they counted on it I would have worked up a display for them.

After that I tried to live up to my part as far as I could judge what it should be. I did such accepted things as giving out pairs of cigarettes instead of cigars and interlarded my conversations with feeble witticisms about "double trouble" and "seeing double." It was tough going but people seemed to appreciate it. Actually, I doubt whether I need have done anything. The initiative was taken from me; I was typed and could do nothing about it. When people hear you have had a baby, they smile. When they hear you have had twins, they laugh.

During the month after the twins were born, chance acquaintances and total strangers stopped me in the street to ask how the girls were doing and how it felt to be the father of two at once. Nobody has any idea of how many jokes have been made about twins unless he hears them all within the space of a week, as I did.

Most of this sort of thing died down in due time, but I got echoes of it all during the first year. For instance, the girls have been healthy and well behaved, gave up their 2 A.M. feeding at a reasonable age, and have given us very little trouble at night. But if anybody sees me yawn during the morning, I am bound to be regaled with, "What's the matter, Paul? Been up walking the floor with the two of 'em? Yuk! Yuk!" Even parents who, like us, have seldom had to rise during the night to soothe an infant seem to consider it natural for a father to spend all his nights pacing the floor with his baby. And the image of a man pacing the floor with two babies is excruciating.

I should have mentioned earlier that the girls are not identical twins in either appearance or personality. They look about as much alike as any two random babies of the same age — no more. And yet the visitors invariably ask, "How in the world do you tell them apart?" It is the favorite line in the play we find ourselves in. Our answer, depending on our relationship to the visitor, varies from, "Oh, a parent gets to know them quite well," accompanied by a simper, to a curt, "Take another gander and see for yourself." This applies only to adult visitors. Children, candid by nature, take one look at them and say, "Aw, they aren't twins at all."

It has taken my wife and me some time to catch on to all the preconceptions and clichés regarding twins, but we learned in time and even came to use some of them for our own ends. As I mentioned before, the girls have never given us any nighttime trouble and after a few months it was perfectly all right to leave the family in the care of a baby sitter — although most sitters blanched at the prospect. But we found that when an invitation for an evening out came along which appealed to neither of us we had only to murmur, "Well, I'm not sure. The twins, you know —" and the refusal was immediately accepted with profuse understanding.

We have had a selfishly pleasant year socially.

MORE NOTES OF AN UNNATURALIST

by DAVID McCORD

POINT OF VIEW

THE little bat hangs upside down,
And downside up the possum.
To show a smile they have to frown,
Say those who've run across 'em.



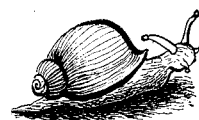
BUNNY

THE motto of the rabbit?
Amo, amas, amabbit.



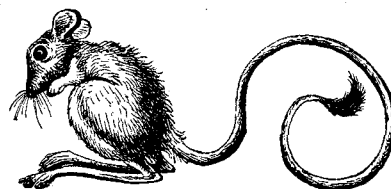
BACHELOR

IN the small scale
I admire the snail:
There is no spouse
In his house.



JERBOA, OR JACULUS JACULUS

Jaculus jaculus,
Nothing miraculous:
Rat of a sort,
Front legs too short,
Hind legs too long;
All rather wrong.
Small kangaroo,
But not for the Zoo.
Hard now to class him:
Mind if we pass him?

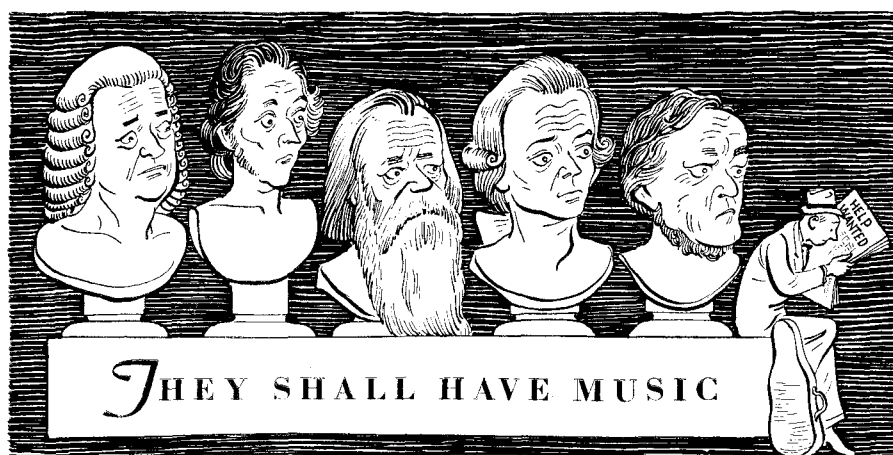


MIDGE

No te deum
For this *noceum* —
Latin, you know:
See Thoreau.
What a blighter!
What a biter!



ACCENT ON LIVING



THE VANISHING MUSICIAN

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman who is now an associate editor of *Pathfinder*. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the *Atlantic*.

THE American musician is a dying species. Like the blacksmith, the carriage maker, and the ice-factory worker, he is being displaced by machinery. But there is one difference: when the musician is gone, there won't be any music; the machine cannot create, it can only reproduce.

This is the prediction of a thoughtful man with some knowledge of what he is talking about — Herman D. Kenin, an executive of the American Federation of Musicians, its delegate to the International Labor Organization, and a true music lover. He spelled it out last year in the *Progressive*, after attending in Switzerland an ILO study-session on the problem of the professional artist. He hasn't changed his mind since.

Mr. Kenin's glum expectations are widely shared by other musical notables. They aren't hesitant, either, about where to lay the blame: music's murderer is mechanical reproduction — records, tapes, and transcriptions.

This automatically makes a partner in crime of everyone who buys records or equipment to play them with, or who listens to them played by radio stations. Rather prominent accessories before the fact, by this criterion, are the readers (not to mention the writer) of this column.

However, before anyone starts dismantling his hi-fi rig, shoveling his frrr records into the furnace, or writing hasty thousand-dollar checks to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, it may be astute to analyze the situation

briefly. The blame may not belong entirely where it's lodged. Even the fatal outcome may not be inevitable.

It can be admitted at the outset that transcription technology has done the musical profession as a whole serious injury — very serious injury. For instance, before movie soundtracks were invented, American theaters employed 20,000 musicians. Now they furnish work to only a couple of hundred. On restaurant musicians, "piped" music wreaked similar slaughter. To dance-band players, the juke box is the villain.

This leaves one musical contingent to be tallied. What happened during this same period to the so-called "serious" musicians, the performers of the classics? In 1926, when the electric microphone was just beginning to get in its dirty work, there were 33 symphony orchestras in the land. Now there are 172.

Musicians can (and will) protest that these figures are cruelly deceptive, in terms of bread and butter. Some of the 172 orchestras play but a couple of concerts a year. Even in the 28 so-called majors, the average performer can count on only 23 weeks' work, at \$78.50 a week. Furthermore, it could be added, prospects are darkening now even for serious music. Three major orchestras have bitten the dust in the last two years.

All this is true, but the fact remains that, in the past quarter century in America, there have been two trends, not just one, in the fortunes of music, and one of them (albeit the lesser economically) was good. Moreover, it was brought about by reproduction technology.

Musically speaking, the good old days weren't really very good. A cultured American might know his Shakespeare, his Gibbon, even his Virgil. But, unless he lived in one of a few favored cities, he probably

wouldn't know Verdi from Vivaldi. He didn't even know what he was missing.

He began to find out in the late 1920s, when the electrical mike and its associated gadgetry went to work. All at once, whole orchestras could record, relieving the tired tenors who had so long stood singing into horns. And — significantly, as Goddard Lieberson, Columbia Records' executive vice president, points out — recording costs were cut in half, encouraging manufacturers to be venturesome.

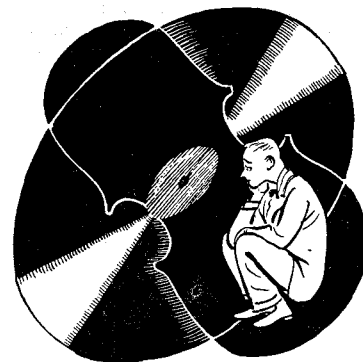
Venturesome they were, too, considering the fact that they were breaching a stone-cold market. By the early 1930s, college boys and girls were giving each other presents of Hamilton Harty playing the Beethoven Fourth, Stokowski playing the Césair Franck.

Radio, too, less tightly commercialized than now, did extraordinarily well by the classics. Toscanini and Walter Damrosch soon were household words. Mozart was no longer an utter stranger to Main Street.

Finally, even Hollywood recognized the trend. Leopold Stokowski's hands became almost as familiar as Jeanette MacDonald's teeth.

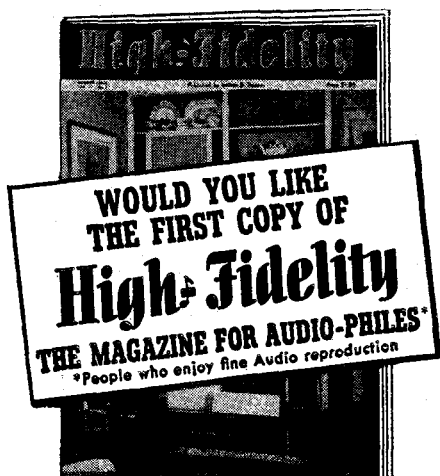
It was during this period that the 139 new symphony orchestras were established. The national audience for good music seemed to be growing without stop. Many musicians may have hoped that it was going to furnish them the living that had vanished when night-after-night work in theaters and restaurants dwindled.

Now they have stopped hoping. Instead of continuing to grow, the concert and symphony-broadcast audience appears to have stabilized numerically, or even begun to wane.



Radio networks are dropping their serious music programs.

It is this situation which has inspired the current dismay among musical leaders. Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the New York Phil-



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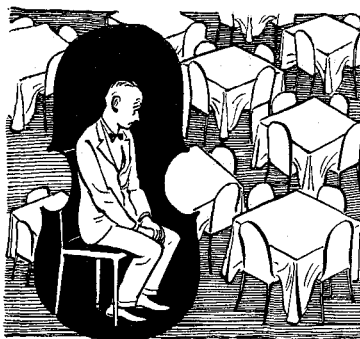
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HIGH-FIDELITY

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harmonic, and A. Rex Riccardi, of the AFM, claim that subsidies are necessary, even overdue — as probably they are. They calculate that less than 10 million dollars a year would put American music on its feet. The United States, it is pointed out, has handsomely subsidized foreign music through the Marshall Plan. On its own, however, it long has levied a 20 per cent amusement tax; so concert managements dare not even raise ticket prices to offset cost increases. (If this changes for the better, most of the credit probably should go to a stalwart opera-lover from Greenwich, Conn. — Congressman Albert



P. Morano.) The United States alone, among civilized nations, entertains the delusion that art — here meaning music — can pay its own way.

It never has, anywhere, explains Samuel R. Rosenbaum, trustee of the recording industry's Music Performance Trust Fund and an authority on the subject. "Good music," he says, "is a kept woman." Abroad, says Mr. Rosenbaum, the tradition of subsidy by princes is continued by state and local governments. Here we never had the princes and we haven't the tradition. Even the few music-minded tycoons we had are disappearing.

An even better way to support music, he adds, not very hopefully, would be some kind of performers' copyright law, subjecting all enterprises which benefit from reproduced music to a "modest payment" for its use. Musicians, unlike writers, get no such protection now. The ILO has been trying to frame a law along these lines. Disk jockeys and juke box operators are against it.

What tantalizes musicians is that, even while concert and radio-symphony listenership declines, phonograph record sales are at an all-time high. Last year 15 million classical albums were produced, mostly LP and largely recorded abroad.

This has led to suggestions like that of Alfred Wallenstein, director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. He proposes that the major orchestras form a sort of giant recording co-op, cutting costs to match those of European tape imports. The trouble here is, there are too many major orchestras. Goddard

Lieberson, who should know, says that two are enough to maintain Columbia's whole full-orchestra output; six would supply the entire industry.

Part of the whole trouble may be this fixation on the big orchestra. Naturally it has been the central feature in the promotion of classical music in America by radio, records,

and concert managements. It's dramatic, salable. Nevertheless, it is also a late-comer in musical history. Most of the best music wasn't written for it.

Furthermore, it's expensive to run. Hence, to keep anywhere near the black, it must stick to a

proven sure-fire repertory. Surveys show this amounts to about fifty works, played over and over again.

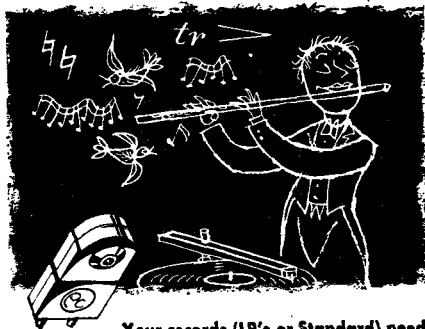
This makes it something less than a wild surmise to suppose that here is one explanation for the leveling-off of listenership. The "standard" repertory may well be pulling in new listeners at its former rate. But if, at the same time, it is losing its old ones, no ground is being gained.

As to where the lost listeners are going, there is at least a clue in the fact that somewhere in the neighborhood of a million high-fidelity installations have been sold in the past three years — especially when this is coupled with the boom in record sales. Not only does it represent a substantial diversion of funds (from box offices, for instance). It also gives evidence of vigorous dissatisfaction, among the vanguard of the army of music lovers, with the fare they've been getting.

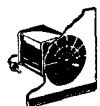
The dissatisfaction can be grounded in either musical or audio-technical values, or both. The man with the hi-fi rig needn't govern his schedule to hear the New York Philharmonic's blurred AM-network version of the Brahms First. He can hear it much better on records, and at a time of his own choosing.

Even live concerts are not proof against odious comparisons on aural grounds. In Washington recently, unbiased listeners compared a noted pianist's playing of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, heard from good gallery seats in Constitution Hall, with a performance on records by Clara Haskil and the Winterthur

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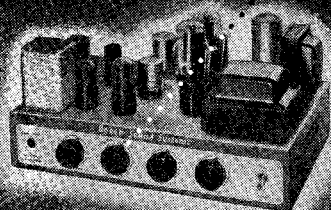
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Symphony (Westminster LP WL-5057). Miss Haskil, aided by a top-quality pickup and amplifier and a two-way speaker in a 9-cubic-foot cabinet, won a unanimous decision over her opponent, who was handicapped by the fact that Constitution Hall is one of the worst auditoriums in the Western Hemisphere.

However, against the same audio-technical background, other musical factors can produce equally significant effects. When concerts at the National Gallery of Art, featuring unusual music played by the Gallery's excellent 23-piece "little" orchestra, were broadcast by a high-fidelity FM station (WCFM), the live attendance went noticeably up.

In fact, high fidelity (including FM broadcasting and LP recording) may be giving musical history a chance to reverse itself. Initially, serious secular music was developed in living rooms (large ducal living rooms, perhaps, but still living rooms). Later, owing largely to the efforts of Ludwig van Beethoven and sundry Italian opera impresarios, it moved into public concert halls. It became more dramatic, more effective at first impact, less sophisticated and less durable under frequent repetition.

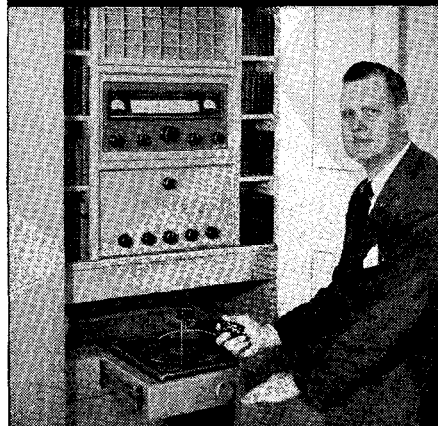
Now, the hi-fi set owner has moved back into the position of the pre-Beethoven prince. He can have music, reasonably lifelike, in his living room whenever he wants it. And it is quite possible that his taste may move in the direction of music written for the living room.

Granted, when Mr. X buys his hi-fi rig, his first record purchases will be his old Philharmonic loves: the Eroica, the Immolation Scene, the Pathétique. Next, drunk with the noise at his command, he will immerse himself in the thunders of Le Sacre, Also Sprach Zarathustra, and Mahler's Knaben Wunderhorn.

Then (in some cases, anyway) aural factors will join musical ones in sending him hunting again. He can't get "reality" in his living room, trying to funnel 110 instruments through a 15-inch speaker. Using a Klipsch or kindred corner-speaker system may help, or "reflecting" the speaker's output from a smooth wall, which spreads the illusory sound-source. But volume remains a handicap.

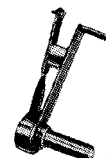
So Mr. X turns elsewhere, coached by FM broadcasters and small LP manufacturers, who operate on budgets too small for big orchestras. And he discovers something new and fine:

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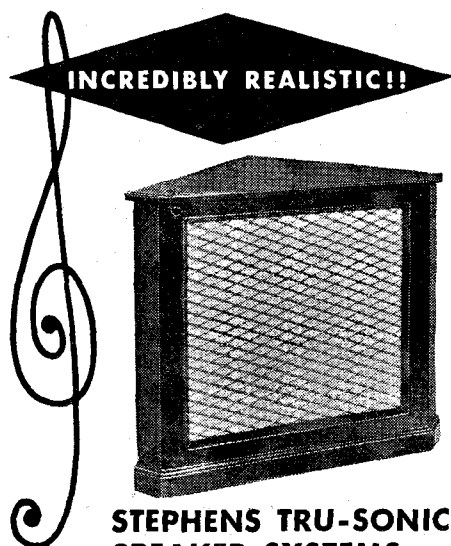
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It's also music of tremendous variety. Leonardo da Vinci wrote some, and so does Samuel Barber. Thomas Scherman, director of the Little Orchestra Society in New York, says there is a thousand years' repertory here. He's been exploring it busily, packing people into Town Hall (as well as into Hunter College Auditorium, for cut-rate rehearsal listening). The Little Orchestra pays its way, which no big symphonic unit does.

Even more interesting is the experience of Ira Hirschmann, president of the highbrow New York FM station WABF (winner this year of a Peabody citation for its musical services) and founder of the New Friends of Music. Mr. Hirschmann organized the New Friends in 1936 to furnish lieder and chamber music to people who had graduated, so to speak, from Carnegie Hall (an example followed in six other cities since). When high-fidelity FM arrived and he acquired WABF, he added another dimension.

“What we are doing, in effect,” he says, “is sending music from room to room. Chamber music is written for a small room. The form and the acoustical properties are in the right proportion. We had some vigorous debates and even conducted a poll among our listeners. The chamber music won hands down.” Last year Hirschmann asked listeners to pay for New Friends broadcasts. He set the figure at \$6000 and, without heckling, they came through with \$5700.

There may be a trend hidden in all this. If so, it is hardly news to record makers, who already are pushing it for all they're worth. Columbia has a five-year plan afoot to produce 30 American chamber works on records. Smaller outfits are deeply involved with small-ensemble compositions, dating from Pergolesi to Benjamin Britten.

Live music's organizers, however, seem hardly to have tried yet. *Musical America* lists only 20 little orchestras in operation, although some of them have won considerable

glory. That of the North Carolina Symphony played 44 concerts in 1950, and sold out nearly every one. Julius Hegyi, who conducted the San Antonio Little Symphony last year, reported “overwhelming” response.

Hegyi points out something else, too: that most communities could come closer to supporting a small orchestra than a large one, and that

it's likely to be a good deal better orchestra. It's also likelier to sound good in the housing available for its use.

It might pay musical organizations to help promote music of this type through radio and records. As yet, for instance, the AFM discriminates in favor of “es-

tablished” symphony orchestras in national recording rates. It also forgets promotional angles—and insists on straight “stand-by” rates—when ever a pair of small FM stations proposes trading tapes of live local concerts. (At the same time, it should be noted that the union itself has made considerable use of small groups in its expensive free-concert campaign to promote music in general.)

When and if music subsidies come, it's a safe bet that they will gravitate to major orchestras in major cities. It probably behooves musicians elsewhere to plan on living in the same age with electronic gadgetry and making the most of it. Used right, it may turn out not to be an enemy at all.

Some seasons it's hard to fill a column with memorable record-releases, but not Spring-Summer, 1951. The following constitute a scoop of the cream-of-the-cream. Releases marked with asterisks are describable as “intimate” music:—

* **Arne: Thomas and Sally** and **Purcell: Timon of Athens**, adapted by Frederic Woodhouse (Intimate Opera Company, directed by Frederic Woodhouse; London: 12" LP). These could be produced in a drawing room, yet the music is by A-1, genuine masters. Students of the seventeenth century may object to the adaptations; everyone else will find them irresistible. Fine recording; perfect intelligibility.

* **Barber, Samuel: Knoxville, Summer of 1915** (Eleanor Steber,



soprano, with Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra, William Strickland conducting) and *Four Excursions* (Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Columbia: 10" LP). This is a musical poem on the thoughts of a little boy lying on a quilt on a lawn in the dusk in Knoxville in 1915; nostalgic and beautifully done.

* **Beethoven: Trio No. 7 in B-flat Major, "Archduke"** (Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jascha Heifetz, violin, Emanuel Feuermann, cello; RCA Victor: 12" LP or five 45's). Feuermann's cohesive influence made this playing unsurpassable. And, as in other "Immortal Performance" reprints (notably the Toscanini-played Beethovens and the Rachmaninoff-played Rachmaninoffs), RCA engineer Albert Pulley has done a fine re-recording job.

* **Berg, Alban: Lyric Suite** (Juilliard String Quartet; Columbia: 10" LP). Warning: this is atonal — but fetching. The recording is superb.

Britten: Rejoice in the Lamb and **Kodaly: Missa Brevis** (Chancel Choir, National Presbyterian Church, Washington, Theodore Schaefer conductor-organist; WCFM: 12" LP). Browning ranked Christopher Smart, the praying madman-poet, with Keats and Milton. Benjamin Britten, from his treatment of Smart's *Rejoice*, obviously feels the same way. Buy this one.

* **Brahms: Clarinet Trio in A Minor and Mozart: Clarinet Trio in E-flat Major** (Sidney Forrest, clarinet, Carlton Cooley, viola, Bernard Greenhouse, cello, Erno Balogh, piano; Lyricord: 12" LP). Durable music, never recorded before.

* **Catches and Glees of the Restoration** (Allegro male quartet; Allegro: 12" LP). Ribald, hilarious, and convincingly put across. Those were the days!

Debussy: Iberia and Ravel: Valses Nobles et Sentimentales (Franz André conducting Brussels INR Symphony; Capitol-Telefunken: 12" LP or separate 78 and 45 albums). Not new material, but exemplary playing and recording.

* **Handel: Sonatas for Violin and Figured Bass** (Alexander Schneider, violin, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Columbia: three 10" LP's). Part of Columbia's almost unpublishized "Collectors' Series." Recording: adequate.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 100, "Military," and 95 in C Minor (Hermann Scherchen conducting the

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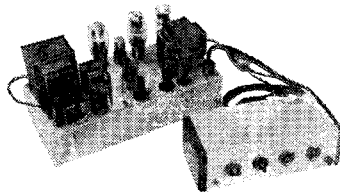
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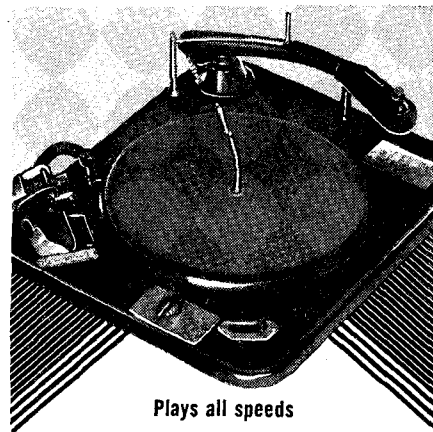
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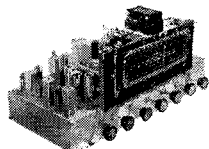


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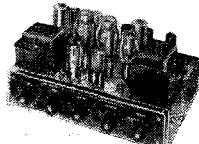
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* **Hovhaness: Piano Concerto** (Maro Ajemian, piano, and chamber orchestra; Dial: 12" LP). Young Alan Hovhaness seems to have done what Khatchaturian (and maybe even Rimsky-Korsakov) couldn't: captured the East in Western instrumentation, and it's fascinating. Another worthy Dial issue: Stravinsky's impudent barnyard opera, *Renard* (in English).

* **Ives, Charles: Sonata No. 2** and **Sessions, Roger: Duo** (Patricia Travers, violin, Otto Herz, piano; Columbia: 10" LP). Ives's handling of revival hymns herein is uproarious and yet, somehow, not irreverent. Splendid fidelity.

Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream (soloists, chamber choir, and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay conducting; Decca-Deutsche Grammophon: 12" LP). It's strange to hear "Hence away" in German, but the spirit's right and the recording very good.

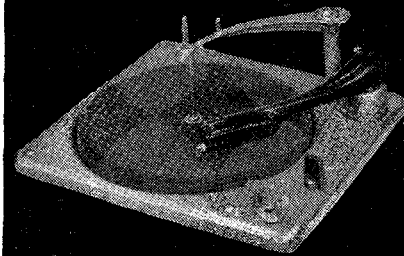
* **Mozart and Schubert: Songs** (Genevieve Warner, soprano, with Franz Rupp, piano; Columbia: 12" LP or five 78's). Columbia and the Met raced to sign up Miss Warner right after her initial appearance with the Little Orchestra Society, and her performance here shows why: voice plus brains plus taste.

Palestrina: Missa Papae Marcelli (Wagner Chorale, Roger Wagner conducting; Capitol: 12" LP or 45 or 78 album). Capitol's West Coast recordings suddenly have set a new high; this is one of the best choral jobs available.

Mahler: The Youth's Magic Horn — "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" (Lorna Sydney, mezzo, Alfred Poell, baritone, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Felix Prohaska conducting; Vanguard: two 12" LP's). Spectacular hi-fi; excellent delivery of Mahler's atmospheric songs with big, big orchestral accompaniment.

Spanish Songs of DeFalla and Granados (Conchita Supervia, mezzo, with Frank Marshall, piano; Decca: 10" LP). Supervia has been dead fifteen years now, but her passionate coloratura-mezzo voice is a legend. These aren't the world's best reproductions, but all singing-fanciers will want them.

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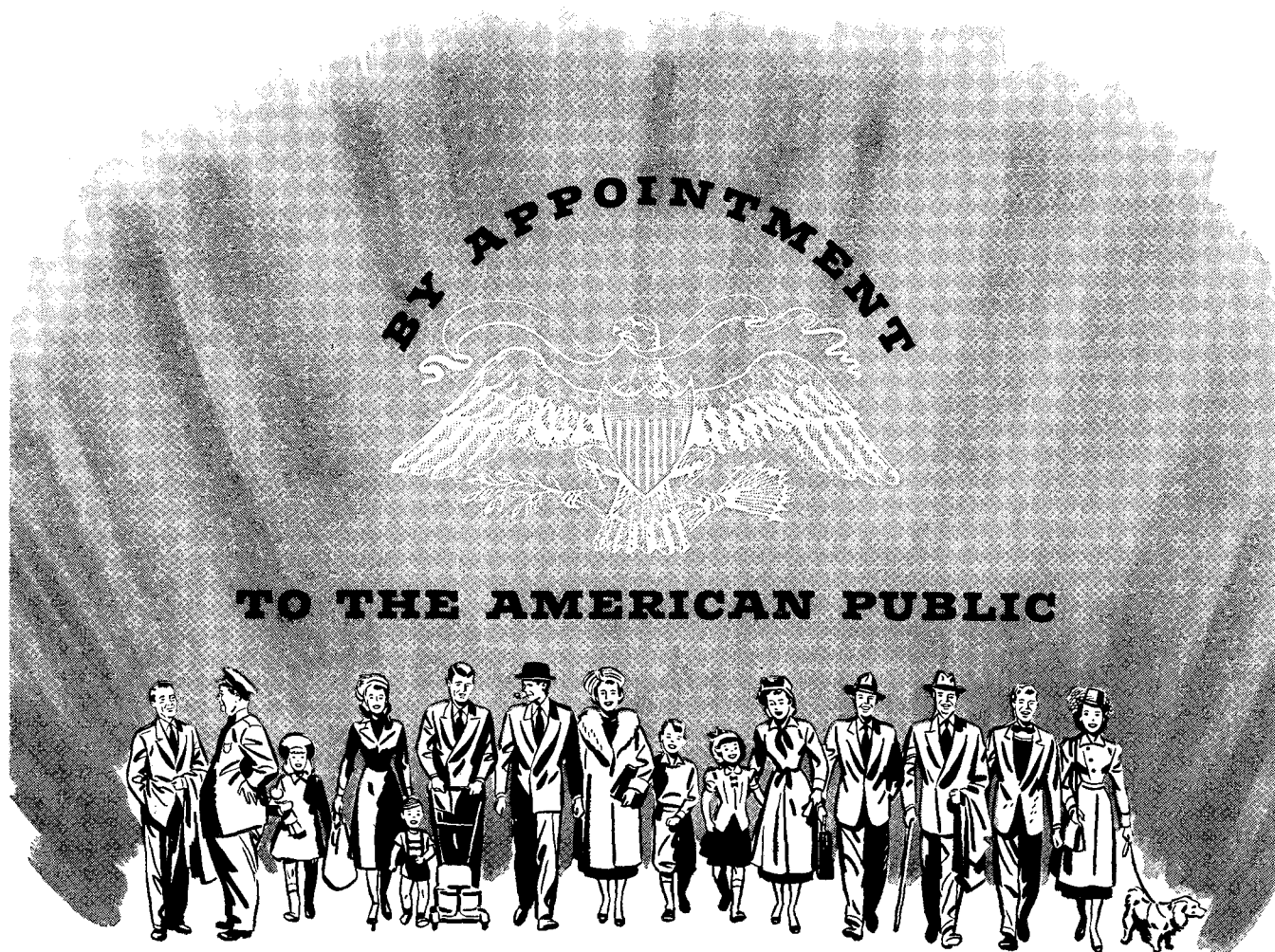
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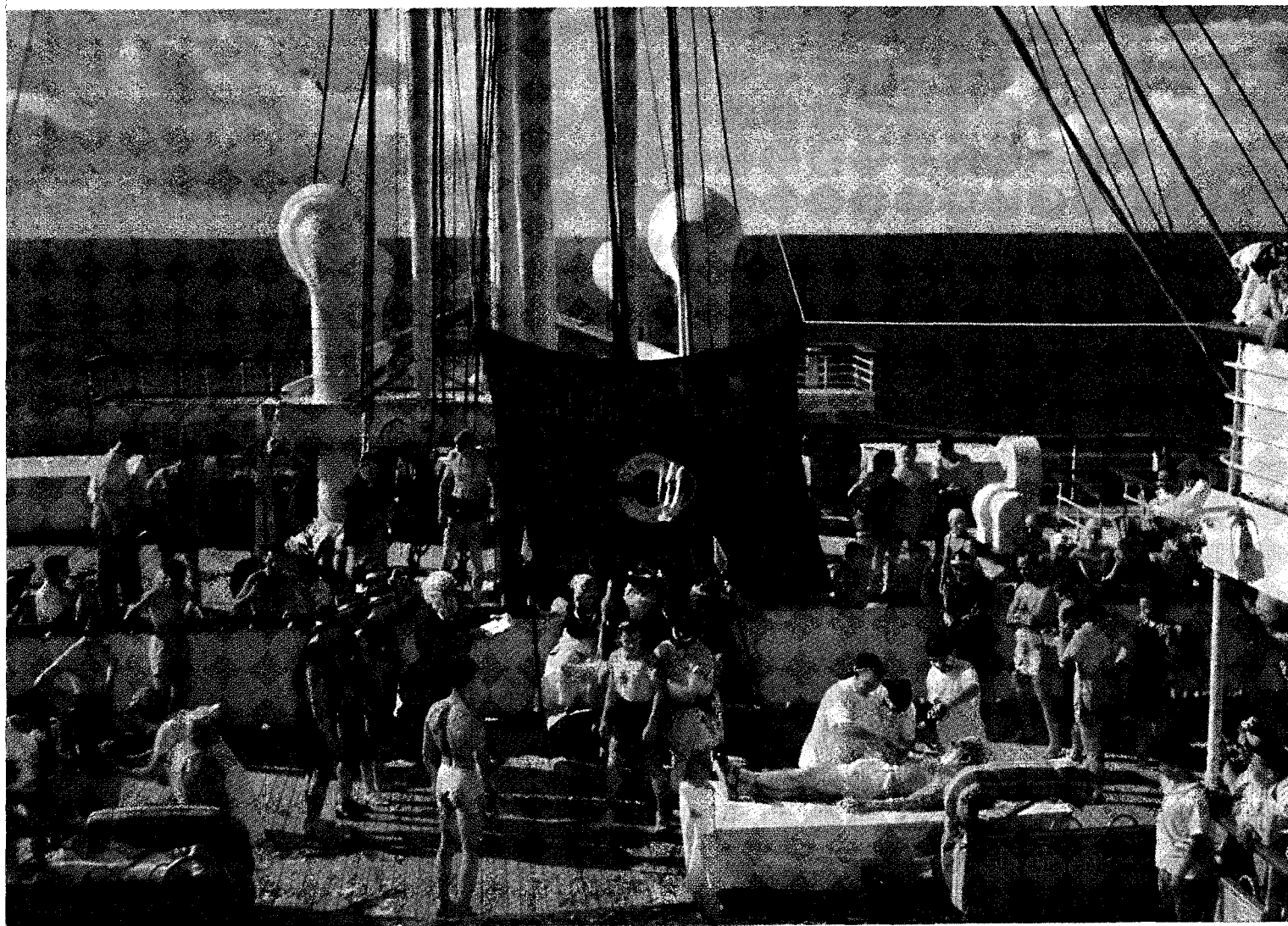
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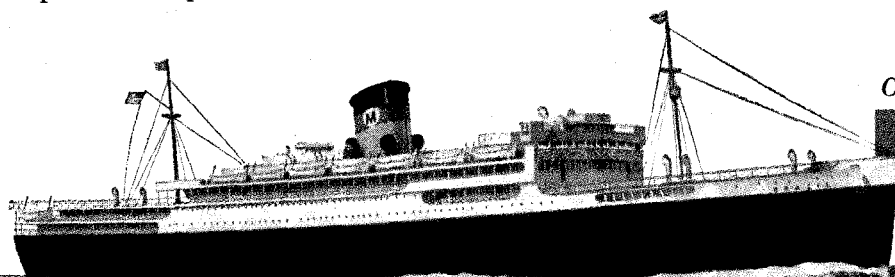


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